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ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Que faites vous là, seul et rêveur ?"—
"Je m'entretiens avec moi même."—
"Ah ! prenez garde du péril extrême
De causer avec un flatteur."

IN the winter of 1858-59 I was threading the streets of Glasgow, Scotland, seeking the residence of an old friend, formerly my father's confidential clerk, and who still, though an octogenarian, rejoiced in the name of John Wright, Junior.

It was a portion of the city that had grown up many years after I had known anything of Glasgow. Uncertain of my way and having for some time scrutinized the countenances of the passers-by, as is my wont before accosting any one in the street, I met a face that pleased me ; hale, ruddy, the shadow of some sixty years resting lightly and cheerfully upon it, despite the snow on head and beard : a benignant face, of leisure, that did not look as if it would grudge five minutes to a stranger. It lit up kindly when I asked how I should find the street I sought.

"I am going in that direction and shall be glad to walk with you." Then, after a pause : "You'll be a stranger

in Glasgow ?" The well-known accent and the turn of phrase brought all my youth back to me ; and, in reply to my smile, he added : "Or are you a Scotchman yourself, may be ?"

"I scarcely know," I replied, "whether to call myself a stranger or not. It is more than thirty years since I have seen your city, yet Glasgow is my native place."

"Ah ! In what part of the city were you born ?"

"In Charlotte Street."

"Were you ? But in which house was it ?"

"In the last house on the right hand, next to the Green ; close to the iron gates that used to close the street."

"Why, man ! That was David Dale's house ! How in the world did you happen to be born there ?"

"Very naturally. I am his grandson."

"An Owen, then ?"

"Yes."

He stretched out his hand ; and the

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firm, Scottish grip made my fingers tingle.

David Dale was a remarkable man; and he lived, and labored through a busy and prosperous life, during a remarkable period of time. He witnessed, and did his part in aiding, the world's first Titanic steps in Industrial Science.

Born in Ayrshire and in the year 1738, in humble circumstances; educated, as all children of reputable parents throughout Scotland even then were, in a strictly-disciplined public school; he evinced, even while at work as a journeyman weaver, what became afterwards his chief characteristic, — expending regularly a portion of his scanty wages in relieving his poorer neighbors. With the steady perseverance of his country he gradually won his way to riches and position: so that, ere he had much passed middle-age, he was already a wealthy merchant and bank-director.

When nearly forty he won the hand of Miss Ann Caroline Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, who, having been, during the rebellion of 1745, Cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, got together a body of still loyal troops, conveyed the specie belonging to his bank to the castle of Edinburgh which held out against the Pretender; and so, saved to the government a large amount of funds. This John Campbell came of a noted family and had a romantic history: his grandfather being a Scottish earl.

John Campbell of Glenorchy, born 1635 and created first Earl of Breadalbane in 1681, was (according to Nisbet) a man of sagacity, judgment, and penetration.* He aided King Charles II. and sought to induce Monk to declare for a free Parliament. He served in Parliament for the shire of Argyll, and was privy councillor under James II.

When King William had unsuccessfully endeavored to reduce the Highlands, Breadalbane undertook it singly with twelve thousand pounds; and "effected it in such a manner as to

obtain the thanks of James for saving his people whom he could not succor."[†]

Being accused of complicity in the massacre of Glencoe, the Parliament, in 1695, instituted a process of high treason against him; he was committed prisoner to Edinburgh castle, but afterwards released without trial; it is said because no evidence was found against him.

Macky, a contemporary, says of him, probably not without reason: "It is odds, if he live long enough, but he is a duke: he is of a fair complexion and has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel."[‡]

He died in 1716; leaving, by his wife, the Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the first Earl of Holland, —

1. Duncan, Lord Ormelie.

2. John, second Earl of Breadalbane.

3. The Honorable Colin Campbell, of Ardmaddie.

For this Colin Campbell, who was my great-great-grandfather, I have a far greater respect — with ample reason, I think — than I could ever entertain for that cold-blooded father of his, even if the complicity of the latter in the shocking affair of Glencoe had never been surmised. The son, who was an officer in the Life Guards, seems, indeed, to have had neither the gravity nor the cunning nor the worldly wisdom of his ancestor; but to have possessed instead, inherited perhaps from his mother, the richer qualities of the heart.

At all events this Colin, true to his pastoral name, fell desperately in love with a Miss Fisher, the handsome daughter of a respectable farmer living on his father's estate. If he had seduced and deserted her, it would no doubt have been passed over, as a mere peccadillo, to be expected in the career of any young noble of that day. But he committed that unpardonable sin, for which we have no appropriate

* Douglas, Peerage of Scotland, p. 238.

† Douglas, Peerage of Scotland, p. 239.

‡ Macky's Memoirs, p. 199.

word — not having yet learned (thank God !) to consider it a sin — but which the French call a *mésalliance*. So far as one can judge of the facts at this distance of time, he was irregularly but, according to Scottish law, legally married to one whom the old father no doubt contemptuously set down as “a peasant hussy.” And the culprit the son of one Earl and grandson of another ! Very shocking, of course !

The young officer tried to obtain the recognition of his bride by his parents ; and when his request was met by a haughty refusal, he left his native country ; residing, when off duty, in a French seaport ; and continuing to live with his wife until his death which occurred (at the age of twenty-nine) in 1703. He left one child only, whom its parents named after the grandfather, who persisted in ignoring its existence. Breadalbane died eight years after he lost his youngest son ; but whether he ever repented driving that son into exile to gratify family pride, does not appear.

At a later period the widow and her son brought suit to procure the acknowledgment of the marriage and the recovery of her husband's property. The terms upon which this suit was finally compromised sufficiently indicate the light in which the Breadalbanes regarded the matter. The family paid over to the claimants thirty thousand pounds ; a sum which, taking into account the difference in the value of money now and then, is to-day the equivalent of three or four hundred thousand dollars. But neither the mother's name nor the son's appears in the British Peerage ; and it may probably have been a condition of the compromise that this point should not be pressed. A wise woman, that peasant-ancestress of mine ! She accepted the substantial ; and refrained from insisting on reception by a family who imagined they had a right to look down upon her.

John Campbell — the Cashier, not the Earl — did well in the world. He married Lady Stirling of Glorit ; and

when she died without issue, contracted a second marriage with Miss Campbell of Tofts, by whom he had five children. Of these General Colin Campbell, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, was one, and my grandmother, Ann Caroline Campbell, another. Upon her seem to have descended the charms which may have led captive the Life Guardsman ; for my grandmother Campbell was noted throughout Scotland as one of the most beautiful women of her day ; though she failed, unfortunately, to transmit her fair looks to her grandchildren of the Owen branch.

David Dale's marriage with this lady was, as I have always heard, a most harmonious union ; and, in every respect save its comparatively brief duration, a happy one. She died when her eldest child, my mother, was but twelve years old ; and upon that child devolved thenceforth the care of a widowed father and four younger sisters ; a charge the duties of which she fulfilled with a devotion and prudence beyond her years.

But David Dale himself, and his connection with the marvellous events of his time, are better worth writing about than his wife's relatives or their fortunes.

George III. succeeded to the British throne in 1760, and it was the lot of that weak sovereign to witness, during his sixty years' rule, a succession of inventions and discoveries such as was never before crowded into the reign of earthly monarch. They revolutionized the producing powers of man.

Though the expansive force of steam was understood, and even mechanical effects were produced by its agency, before the Christian era, yet when George became king, the steam-engine proper was unknown. Watt was at work upon it in 1765, and patented his invention in 1768-69.

So, again, when George ascended the throne, the foundation of all textile fabrics — that is, thread, whether woollen, cotton, linen or silk — was spun on the single wheel ; the same of

which the hum is still to be heard in some of the cabins of the West : * the spinner, with utmost exertion, producing but a few hanks by a day's labor. Ere he died that same king, had he passed through his British dominions, might have found nearly half a million engaged, in vast factories, in spinning and manufacturing cotton ; each spinner turning out, on the average, some three hundred times as much yarn as before.

In 1771 the first cotton-mill — a small one, worked by horse-power — was built. Eleven years later Arkwright had four or five thousand persons employed in various mills, though his patents were still contested. He sought partnerships with capitalists ; they furnishing the money and he contributing the right to use his cotton-machinery. In 1782 my grandfather and he had entered into such a partnership ; the waters of the Clyde, † about thirty miles above Glasgow, to be used as motive-power.

In 1784 a village and several large cotton-mills were completed. The site was a strip of valley-land adjoining the river, about a mile from the ancient town of Lanark : and the entire waters of the Clyde, brought through a rock-tunnel a thousand feet long, formed the mill-race.

Then, for the first time, Arkwright (not yet Sir Richard) came to Scotland, to visit the new manufactory. Taking a post-chaise from Glasgow, Mr. Dale

and he reached the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the village, and on the gentle slope of which were laid out small garden spots, separated by gravel paths. It was a fine summer evening. Getting out of the carriage Mr. Dale led his partner to a favorable point, whence could be seen not only the entire establishment, including the vast factory buildings, the mechanics' shops, the school-house, and the rows of stone dwellings for the work-people, but also the picturesque river winding its way below the mills between abrupt walls of shrub-covered rocks, the landscape bounded by a beautiful champaign country stretching out on the other bank. Well do I remember the scene !

"How does it suit you ?" my grandfather asked at length.

Arkwright scanned the whole with a critical business eye for some time before he answered : "Capital ! That site was selected with great judgment."

"You like the way the streets are laid out and the mill-buildings placed ?"

"Very well, — could n't be better."

"Each family in the village has one of these garden patches."

"A very good idea."

"We had to tunnel the rock for a long distance at a heavy expense ; but we gained a fall of twenty-six or twenty-eight feet."

"It's a spot in a thousand," cried Arkwright. "Might have been made on purpose."

"I'm glad you like it."

"I do, very much." Then, after another long look over the village and all its surroundings, he added, pointing to a wooden cupola within which the factory bell was hung : "But that ugly steeple — or whatever it is — what made you put it off at the end of the building ?"

"Why, where would you have had it ?"

"Over the middle of the mill, of course."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. It's just right where it is."

"You think so ?" asked Arkwright.

* The ancient emblems of female industry, the distaff and spindle, have been in use certainly more than three thousand years. At what period these were superseded in India by the spinning-wheel is not on record : but four hundred years ago the spinning-wheel was unknown in Europe, having been first used by English workmen in the reign of Henry VIII. For thirty centuries (and how many more we know not) the invention of the world found nothing better wherewith to manufacture thread than a small wooden wheel impelled by the foot on a treadle, and giving motion by a cord or belt to a single spindle. And now ! A century since it would have required the manual labor of one third the population of the world to supply as much cotton yarn as is turned out to-day by the cotton-mills of Great Britain alone.

† The most important river of Scotland, passing by Lanark, Hamilton, Bothwell and Glasgow : and terminating, at Greenock, in the great estuary known as the Frith of Clyde.

"To be sure I do, or I would n't have put it there."

"Well, you've a curious idea of things. I'd like to hear a single good reason for having the thing stuck on to the end of that mill, the way you've got it."

"If a man's so blind he can't see that was the proper place, it is na worth while finding him reasons for it."

"Blind! A man with half an eye might have seen better. I don't care to argue with a man that has n't more common sense."

This was too much for my grandfather. "Arkwright," said he, "I don't care to have a man for a partner who would get stirred up anent such a trifle, and talk such nonsense about it too."

"Neither do I. So there's one thing we do agree about. I'm ready to sell out to you to-night."

"Good! Let's get into the carriage and I'll show you all over the place. Then we'll go back to the auld town" (so Lanark was usually called), "get something to eat and a glass of toddy,"—(my grandfather was a strictly temperate man, but no Scotchman in those days thought an occasional glass of Highland whiskey toddy an offence against temperance),—"and I daresay we can hit it off atween us."

That evening Richard Arkwright and David Dale dissolved partnership, the latter remaining sole proprietor of the village and mills of New Lanark.*

If such an issue in so important a matter seem strange, it was yet natural enough in the case of men born and circumstanced as these men had been. Successful strugglers both, through difficulty and opposition up to great success, accustomed as both had been, from their youth, to take their own way and to find that way the fortunate one, they had become unused to con-

tradiction. Men of strong, untrained energy, they had grown to be self-willed even in petty things.

Their success in life, however, was not wholly due to character and abilities. The lines had fallen to them in wondrous places. They were pioneer workers in the richest mine ever opened to human enterprise. It had not entered into the heart of man to conceive the physical results that were to follow a contrivance simple almost to commonplace: consisting, substantially, in the substitution of rollers, driven by machinery, for the human hand. That invention determined the fate of nations. Coupled with the modern application of steam, it was mainly instrumental in deciding the giant struggle between England and the first Napoleon.

The soft fleece of the cotton-plant is peculiar in character. When freed from seeds and impurities, its fine, strong fibres slip past each other readily, and can, with facility, be arranged so as to lie in parallel lines. In the earliest days the Hindoo, holding in his left hand a staff around one end of which was wrapped a portion of the vegetable fleece, drew out, with forefinger and thumb moist and delicate, and then deftly twisted, the thread. After tens of centuries Arkwright substituted, for human forefinger and thumb, two sets of rollers, revolving with unequal velocity: the lower roller of each pair fluted longitudinally, the upper covered with leather. This gave them a sufficient hold of the cotton as it passed between them.

The space between the two pairs of rollers was made somewhat greater than the length of the cotton fibre. The back pair, which received the cotton in the form of a band or ribbon, revolved much more slowly than the front pair, which delivered it. The effect was that, at the moment when this cotton ribbon was released from the grasp of the back pair of rollers, the front pair, because of their greater velocity, exerted upon it a slight, steady pull. The result of this was twofold: first to

* This anecdote, which I have heard many times from my father's lips, was confirmed to me, in all its essential particulars, by Mr. John Wright, during the visit to him referred to at the commencement of this chapter.

straighten out the fibres left crooked or double in the carding; secondly, to elongate the line of cotton presented to the action of these rollers, and thus diminish its calibre. In other words, the front pair of rollers drew the cotton out, as the finger and thumb, pulling on the contents of the distaff, had done; but with far more rapidity and regularity than human fingers ever attained. This process was repeated through three machines, and the cotton band was thus reduced in thickness by successive attenuations, and was then loosely twisted in long, cylindrical, revolving cans; (made into *rovings*, the mill-phrase was). By the front rollers of the last of these machines, usually called a *throstle-frame*, the cotton-cord was drawn out to the calibre or fineness of the thread to be produced; and underneath these rollers were stationary spindles (revolving with much greater velocity than the spindle of the cottager's wheel had done) on which the hard-twisted thread was finally wound.*

In this way, by an expedient so simple that a child may, at a glance, comprehend its operation, each set of four rollers, thus arranged in pairs, took the place of a human being; the metallic fingers, however, working much faster than those of flesh had done. The inanimate spinner, set in his frame, with a hundred other similar workmen ranged in rank beside him, turned out in a day several times the length of

thread which the most diligent housewife, toiling at her solitary spinning-wheel from morning till night, had been able to produce.

And each company of these *automata* had, for its leader or captain, not an adult, female or male, but a child, perhaps ten or twelve years old. The urchin learned to direct the ranks of his subordinates with unfailing skill. He noted their shortcomings, corrected their blunders, supplied their deficiencies. If some thick, rough portion of yarn escaped the iron lips, he caught and excluded it. If one of his *automata* suffered a thread to break, the child's quick eye detected it, and his deft fingers mended it (*pieced* it, as the mill-phrase was) on the instant.

Thus a tiny superintendent, boy or girl, took the place of a multitude of adult work-people. Myself at the age of twenty-three superintending a manufacturing establishment where some fifteen hundred operatives were employed, I had a thousand opportunities to witness the skill and fidelity with which these child-rulers acquitted themselves. I found that each one of them, aided by the magical rollers, was even then producing as much, in any given time, as two hundred cottage-spinners had done before Arkwright's day.

It need hardly be said that, during the first years of such an industrial revolution, the profits, in large establishments, after making allowance for imperfect machinery and other accidents incident to every new scheme, were very great. The prices then obtained seem to us now incredible. Yarn, of a quality which in 1815 was sold for three shillings a pound, brought, in the infancy of the manufacture, as high as thirty shillings. The "British mulled muslins" which, when first manufactured were eagerly bought up by the rich at two dollars and a half a yard, are now offered to the poor — of less durable quality however — for six cents a yard!

The population of New Lanark in 1784 was upwards of seventeen hun-

* It need hardly be said, except to those who have never entered a cotton factory or read the details of its operations, that, by an antecedent process, the raw cotton, after being cleansed and having its matted locks loosened and opened, and after being passed over cylindrical cards, whence it came out a thin broad sheet, was drawn together, converging into the continuous, soft, untwisted cord, or rather thick ribbon, of which I have above spoken.

Because the yarn made on the throstle-frame had a much harder twist than it had been possible to give it by the treadle of the old spinning-wheel, it was found that it could be fitly used for warp, for which, up to Arkwright's time, the weaver had been compelled to employ linen thread alone. This was a great advance.

I pass over the question whether thread-making by two sets of rollers was, originally, Arkwright's invention. We know that it was he who first brought that wonderful adaptation into practical operation.

dred, of whom several hundred were orphan children, from seven to twelve years of age; these being procured from the poor-houses of various parishes. It was, I believe, the largest cotton-spinning establishment at that time in Great Britain; employing about a thousand work-people. The orphan children were comfortably cared for, and but moderately worked; and they attended evening-school after the labor of the day was over.

My grandfather remained sole proprietor for thirteen years; that is, until 1797. He sought to make money, of course, as all business men do; but, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, he was not willing to do so at expense of the comfort of his work-people. Many of the manufacturers of that day, urged by the dazzling prospect of fabulous profits, became cruel taskmasters; demanding from children exertions which even from adults ought never to have been exacted. But David Dale was not one of those who, for gain, lay upon their fellows burdens grievous and heavy to be borne. A tourist, visiting New Lanark in 1796, thus describes its condition:—

“Mr. Dale deserves well of his country, dispensing happiness and comfort to many of his fellow-creatures by his attention not only to their health but to their morals; training them up in habits of industry, instructing them in the necessary branches of education, and instilling into their minds a knowledge of the important truths of Christianity. Four hundred children are entirely fed, clothed and instructed at the expense of this venerable philanthropist. The rest live with their parents in neat comfortable habitations, receiving wages for their labor. The health and happiness depicted on the countenances of these children show that the proprietor of the Lanark Mills has remembered mercy in the midst of gain. The regulations here to preserve health of body and mind present a striking contrast to those of most large manufactories in this kingdom, the

very hotbeds of disease and contagion. It is a truth that ought to be engraved in letters of gold, to the eternal honor of the founder of New Lanark, that out of nearly three thousand children who have been at work in these mills throughout a period of twelve years, only fourteen have died and not one has suffered criminal punishment.”*

The character of the man is well illustrated by an incident which occurred I know not at what precise date, but some years after the New Lanark mills were in full operation, and when their owner already saw what a large fortune he was reaping from Arkwright's patent. One of the principal factory buildings was destroyed by fire, throwing some two hundred and fifty persons out of employment. As soon as the news reached Mr. Dale at Glasgow where he then was, he hastened to the spot and found the work-people lamenting their hard fate, and expecting to be turned adrift at once. He caused them to assemble in the principal school-room, and when he rose to speak many of them shed tears. After pausing to control his own emotion, he said,—the Scottish idiom mixing in, as it always did in familiar talk with his own countrymen, especially when much moved,—

“Dinna greet my children. You've helped me to muckle sillier by your labor; and I can weel afford to spend some of it in taking care of you till that mill's built up and started. You shall bide where you are till then. I'll employ as many of you as I can in clearing off the rubbish and other jobs. But I'll pay you all the same wages you've had till now. And be gude bairns till ye can go to work again. The Deil finds mischief, ye ken, for idle hands to do.”

It was long ere the mill was rebuilt and refitted; for the construction of the new machinery, in those days, was a very tedious process, the demand exceeding the supply. Between twenty and thirty thousand dollars were ex-

* Life of Robert Owen. Philadelphia, 1866; pp. 61, 62.

pended before the people were again at work. I can well understand how the villagers, even in my day, had preserved the memory of my grandfather's very words, and were wont to speak of "gude David Dale" as the best man the sun ever shone upon.

From my father's autobiography we learn that Mr. Dale was very religious, being at the head of a sect of "Independents"; that he had charge of about forty churches in different parts of Scotland, and preached every Sunday to his congregation in Glasgow.* These Independents were an order of Presbyterians who, conscientiously believing that the Word of God should be taught to men without money and without price, gave their pastors no salary nor other remuneration. Their preachers, in consequence, followed secular occupations; some, like my grandfather, being merchants or manufacturers; some, members of various professions; while others, in humbler position, labored, like Paul, with their hands. But after my grandfather's death the sect over which he had presided fell off; the doctrine embodied in a well-known text prevailing in spiritual matters; namely that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Strict Presbyterianism was my grandfather's belief, to the day of his death. But the abundant geniality of the man saved him from the intolerance, and the harshness toward offenders, which often ally themselves with such a creed. My father, who knew him intimately for years, and who was himself, even then, outspoken in his heresies, testifies to his father-in-law's unfailing good temper. He says: "Mr. Dale was one of the most liberal, conscientious, benevolent, and kind-hearted men I ever met with through my life: one universally respected for his simplicity and straightforward honesty of character. . . . From my marriage to his death he and I never exchanged one unpleasant expression or unkind word. Yet our religious opinions were widely

different, and we distinctly knew this difference."† My father mentions, also, that Mr. Dale was wont to close their frequent discussions kindly and affectionately, with some such expression as, "Thou needest be very right, for thou art very positive,"—which was doubtless quite true.

A trifling tradition, current in the family, illustrates his good-natured mode of dealing with sinners. Passing down the garden behind his house in Charlotte Street, early one morning, he discovered, crouched behind a large gooseberry-bush, a man with a bag evidently half filled with what in that country is a favorite fruit. Mr. Dale stepped quietly up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and—adopting a friendly Scottish mode of address toward one of inferior rank—asked: "Honest man, what are ye about there?" The culprit, confounded, stammered out some apology about his being very hungry, to which my grandfather replied: "Aweel, tak the berries and gang yer way; but think o' yer soul, man, and steal nae mair." A lad, who chanced to be in the vicinity, overheard and repeated this conversation; and, when the story got wind, David Dale's notion of an "honest man" excited many a smile among the friends who loved him.

Like most of his countrymen he had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and keenly enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense. One fine winter morning—being then advanced in years and having become quite corpulent, especially around the waist—he appeared, in his business office in St. Andrew's Square, his clothes bespattered with snow.

"Hae the bairns been snowballing ye, Mr. Dale?" laughingly asked an old friend who had been awaiting his arrival.

"Hoot no," replied my grandfather; "but it's slippery, and I just fell doon on the sma'" (small) "of my back."

"Weel, that's news to me, auld friend," rejoined the other; "I never

* Life of Robert Owen, written by himself. London, 1837; p. 71.

† Autobiography, pp. 71, 72.

kenned afore that ye *had* a sma' to yer back."

When my grandfather came home to the family dinner, that day, he repeated the jest with great glee.

He was generous to the poor, almost to a fault; "giving away," my father says, "large sums, often in mistaken charities."* My mother estimated that he must have expended for benevolent purposes, in the course of his life, more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Such a man — rich but open-handed, determined yet tender, sturdily upright but merciful to those who went astray, eminently religious yet feeling kindly toward those who differed from him in opinion, simple, humorous, familiar with all, high and low — was just the character to be appreciated by his countrymen. There were more distinguished men in Scotland, toward the close of the last century, than David Dale; but not one, perhaps, more generally loved. His townsmen mourned his death, which occurred in 1806, as a public calamity; and every shop in Glasgow was closed on the day of his funeral.

That funeral is, of all my childish recollections, one of the earliest and most distinct. I was then between four and five years old, for I was born November 7, 1801; and, as usually happens as to events dating from such an age, things important and unimportant retain their places with equal persistence. The coming from the tailor's of a suit of black, the unprecedented fact that I was hurriedly dressed in it the moment it arrived; the stream of visitors, the unexampled stir in the house and the vast assemblage around it; the show, the carriages and the interminable procession; the long walk, with my hand in my father's, just behind the hearse; the crowds along every street as we passed on, — all remain vividly stamped on my memory, as if of yesterday. A more dim reminiscence is of my grandfather himself: his gold-headed cane; his portly form filling the large easy-chair; then the

hand on my head and the face lighted up with kindness, — the nicest face, I thought, in the world, — that always welcomed me when I was brought to see him and talk with him in the parlor after dinner.

The next event that comes in life-like traits before me, dating about a year later, is a visit to Rosebank, my grandfather's country-seat on the banks of the Clyde, some four miles above Glasgow. It was occupied, at that time, by four maiden aunts, who vied with each other in efforts to spoil their eldest nephew, — not without success.

The sky-born charm that hallows certain familiar spots is a current phrase, not always meaning much. But the strange glamour under which my young eyes regarded what then seemed veritable fairy-land — the quaint old-fashioned mansion, with its honey-suckle-shaded porch, its pointed gables, its dormer-windows, the sunk area that surrounded it like a moat, its unexpected nooks and corners, and its perfume of mignonette from boxes set in window-sills; then the marvellous garden in front, with its succession of terraces, its gigantic evergreen-hedges, its enigmatical sundial, its wonderful bowling-green, and its wilderness of roses with a thousand unknown flowers beside; again, off to the left, the long, dim, pleached avenue of venerable beeches, with a ha-ha stone fence on one side whence a spacious lawn swept down to the river-bank; then, farther off beyond the garden, a mysteriously-shaded winding road that led down, through a dark alley, to another part of the Clyde — the inexplicable glamour, I say, which invested all this made the place, for me, an abode of bliss apart from the real world: its trees, its flowers, its mystical paths, all its accessories and its surroundings, like none other upon earth; instinct with vague fancies, feelings, obscure emotions, the like of which I may realize in the next world, but have never found since, in this.

There was, too, an element of wonder, rising to awe, that intervened among gentler excitements. A mile or

* Autobiography, p. 72.

more distant and on the opposite side of the river loomed up the "Clyde Iron Works," a large establishment with extensive foundries and rolling-mills. Its fires never went out; and the red flames that shot from its tall chimneys lit up, with lurid glare, the night landscape. I had never seen, or heard of, anything like it; I had no distinct idea what was going on there; and, when I gazed on it through the darkness, the scene called up the pictures, which my good mother had deemed it her duty to set before me, of a burning hell. Fancy peopled its mysterious regions of fire and smoke with grim, swart, unearthly figures, like the demons I had been told of, as inhabiting the Brimstone Lake.

But these visions vanished when day dawned on my fairy-world. All was rose-hued then.

What influence a brief episode in my life at Rosebank may have had in coloring its day-dreams I cannot tell; nor whether the incident itself was due to impulses inherited, in somewhat precocious phase, from my ancestor, the Life Guardsman. I had wandered off alone, one sunny day, into the shady Beach Walk, some distance from the house. There I met a certain little maid, a stray from a neighboring farm-house, (five past, she told me, her last birthday,) very neatly dressed in tartan, and, to my thinking, the prettiest creature my eyes had ever seen. We were soon well acquainted, walking up and down the ancient avenue, as older lovers no doubt had done before us. After a time it occurred to us that we might be intruded on in so public a place. Just back of the Beach Walk was a tall, thick hawthorn hedge in which we found a gap large enough for a Newfoundland dog to creep through. This admitted us to a meadow in which the grass was nearly as high as our heads, and there we found a charming resting-place where, day after day, we used to spend hours together; terribly afraid, at first, of being found out; but finally gaining confidence in the verdant screen that sheltered us.

If we had been readers of Campbell, we might have called to mind that description of his (carped at by Byron in one of his cynical moods) touching a sequestered spot "where transport and security entwine"; but I am not sure whether, at that time, the lines were written. My little love was somewhat coy at first; but after we had faithfully promised each other that we would be married as soon as we "grew big," we came to an excellent understanding, and had long talks about the sort of house we were to have built, and the nice time we were to have in it together, when it was finished.

Our nest was never discovered; and the birds singing in the fragrant hedge near by were not more blithe-hearted than we. Our love was warm and honest; and so were the tears we shed when at last, after a few weeks, — altogether too short weeks they were, — our prospects of domestic happiness were broken in upon, and I had to leave my land of enchantment for the work-a-day world at New Lanark, — or rather at Braxfield, for that was then my father's residence.

Robert Owen, born in Newtown, North Wales, in 1771, was, like my grandfather, a self-made man. His specific plans, as a Social Reformer, proved on the whole and for the time a failure; and this, for lack of cultivated judgment and critical research, and of accurate knowledge touching what men had thought and done before his time; also because he strangely overrated the ratio of human progress; but more especially perhaps because, until late in life, he ignored the spiritual element in man as the great lever of civilized advancement. Yet with such earnestness, such vigor, such indomitable perseverance, and such devotion and love for his race did he press, throughout half a century, these plans on the public, and so much practical truth was there, mixed with visionary expectation, that his name became known, and the influence of his teachings has been more or less felt, over the civilized world. A failure in gross has been at-

tended by sterling incidental successes ; and toward the great idea of co-operation — quite impracticable, for the present at least, in the form he conceived it — there have been, even since his death, very considerable advances made, and generally recognized by earnest men as eminently useful and important.

His father, also named Robert Owen, seems originally to have been what used to be called a man of substance ; but having lost in a lawsuit — as he believed through bribery of the lawyer he employed — an estate worth five hundred pounds a year,* he afterwards made a modest living in the saddlery and ironmongery business. Of his ancestors I know nothing save what my father has vaguely left on record in his Autobiography. He tells us that, at the age of nine, he was the daily companion of a young gentleman, ten years older than himself, Mr. James Donne, then studying at Oxford or Cambridge, for the church. The theological student afterwards became Dr. Donne of Oswestry, well known and highly respected for his learning and research. In 1817, when all England was stirred up by my father's public speeches to thousands at the City of London Tavern, Dr. Donne wrote to him stating that, in the course of his genealogical studies, he had traced my father's pedigree, in regular descent, from the native princes of North Wales, and offering to send him particulars.† My father, at that time engrossed by the exciting delusion that he was about suddenly to revolutionize society and reform the world, "cared," Gallio-like, "for none of these things," and over-

looked the friendly offer. If the Doctor ever sent him a chart of the family tree, the matter has not come to my knowledge.

At the age of ten, his travelling expenses paid and ten dollars in his pocket, Robert Owen found himself in London whither he had been sent, to the care of an elder brother, to "push his fortune." Six weeks afterwards he obtained a situation as shopboy with an honest, kind Scotchman, Mr. James McGuffog, a linen-draper of Stamford, Lincolnshire, where he remained four years ; the first year for board and lodging only ; afterwards with a salary added, of eight pounds the second year and a gradual increase thereafter, — an independence for the child, who thenceforth maintained himself. The labor was moderate, averaging eight hours a day. McGuffog was childless ; but he adopted a niece, two years younger than his Welsh apprentice ; and between the two children there grew up a warm friendship. When my father finally decided, at fourteen years of age, to return to London, he and the family parted with mutual regrets.

He then became salesman in the long-established haberdashery-house of Flint and Palmer, on Old London Bridge. There he had twenty-five pounds a year, with board and lodging ; but he was occupied often till one or two o'clock in the morning, arranging and replacing goods, so that he was scarcely able to crawl, by aid of the balusters, up to bed. The details of the morning toilet I give in his own words : "We were up, had breakfast, and were dressed to receive customers at eight ; and dressing then was no slight affair.

* The probable equivalent, in our day, of five thousand dollars' rental.

† I fear the line may have run back to a certain truculent hero, sung by Gray (translating from Gwalchmai, the son of Meir) in the ode beginning : —

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift ran I Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem,
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart."

The drawback is that this "dragon-son of Mona" was chiefly famed for his "wide-wasting sword" ; as the succeeding lines (describing a famous battle

gained by him, in 1157, over the combined forces of Iceland, Denmark and Norway) indicate : —

"Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinal rolls his flood ;
While heaped, his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground."

And, in the original, the concluding sentiment is : "And the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him praise."

Gwyneth is the ancient name for North Wales. Owen succeeded his father, Griffith ap Cynan, in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1137.

Boy as I was, I had to wait my turn for the hairdresser to powder and pomatum and curl my hair, — two large curls on each side and a stiff pigtail, — and until all this was nicely done, no one thought of presenting himself behind the counter.”*

He endured this ceremonious slavery for half a year; then found another, easier situation, and a larger salary with Mr. Satterfield in Manchester, which he kept for four years and until he was between eighteen and nineteen.

His life, so far, had been passed entirely in subordinate positions; in which, however, he acquired habits of regulated industry, strict order, and persistent attention to business.

For a few months after this he was in partnership with a Mr. Jones, manufacturing cotton machinery. While thus engaged, he received a cordial letter from his former master, McGuffog, now become old and wealthy, with a proposal, if Owen would join him in business, to supply all the capital and give him half the profits at once; and with the further intimation that he would surrender the entire establishment to him in a few years. It appears that the niece had conceived a childish attachment to her playmate, though the object of her affection did not discover that she had, till many years afterwards; and, perhaps, a knowledge of this may have influenced the uncle. “If I had accepted,” says my father in his Autobiography, “I should most likely have married the niece, and lived and died a rich Stamford linen-draper.” Why, then, only nineteen years old, he refused an offer in every way so eligible, does not appear. If, as is probable, he then expected large profits from his present enterprise, he soon discovered his mistake; separating from his partner, in whom he had lost confidence, after a few months, and taking, as his share of stock, three mule-machines only.

With these, however, he did well; engaging three men to work them and superintending the business himself.

* Autobiography, p. 19.

He bought *rovings* at twelve shillings a pound and sold them, spun into thread, for twenty-two shillings; thus gaining two dollars on each pound of yarn he turned out. At these rates the profits soon ran up to thirty dollars a week; a fact which lets one into the secret of the enormous fortunes then made in this business.

Some months passed, when one Monday morning he read an advertisement by a Mr. Drinkwater, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer, for a factory manager. A sudden impulse induced him to present himself, an applicant for the place.

“You are too young,” was Mr. Drinkwater’s curt objection.

“They used to object to me,” said my father, “on that score four or five years ago; but I did not expect to have it brought up now.”

“Why, what age are you?”

“I shall be twenty in May next.”

“How often do you get drunk in the week?”

My father blushed scarlet. “I never,” he said indignantly, “was drunk in my life.”

This seemed to produce a good impression. The next question was: “What salary do you ask?”

“Three hundred a year” (that is, three hundred pounds; as much as from two to three thousand dollars to-day).

“Three hundred a year! Why, I’ve had I don’t know how many after the place here, this morning; and all their askings together would n’t come up to what you want.”

“Whatever others may ask, I cannot take less. I am making three hundred a year by my own business.”

“Can you prove that to me?”

“Certainly. My books will show.”

“I’ll go with you, and you shall let me see them.”

He inspected them, was so far satisfied; and then my father referred him to Satterfield, McGuffog, and Flint and Palmer.

Ten days later Robert Owen was installed manager of what went by the name of the “Bank Top Mill.” A raw

youth, whose entire experience in the operations of cotton-spinning was limited to the running of three mules, — who had never entered a large factory in his life, — found himself suddenly at the head of five hundred work-people. It might conceal his first blunders, but in reality it added to the difficulty of the position, that Mr. Lee, the working partner and a practical cotton-spinner, had just formed another business connection and deserted Mr. Drinkwater, who, though an experienced fustian manufacturer and a successful importing merchant, knew nothing practically of the new manufacture then coming into vogue.

It was the turning-point in my father's fortunes. There is not, probably, one young man in a thousand, coming suddenly to a charge so arduous and for which no previous training had fitted him, who would not have miscarried, and been dismissed ere a month had passed. But Robert Owen had received from nature rare administrative capacity, large human sympathy, and a winning way with those he employed. For six weeks, he tells us, he went about the factory, looking grave; saying little, but silently inspecting everything; answering requests for instructions as laconically as possible, and giving no direct order in all that time; at night studying Mr. Lee's notes and drawings of machinery. Then he took the reins, and so managed matters that, in six months there was not, in Manchester, a more orderly or better disciplined factory. He had gained the good-will of employer and work-people; and had greatly improved the quality and reputation of the Bank Top yarn. He had also become an excellent judge of cotton; and, early in 1791, he bought, from a Mr. Robert Spear, the two first bags of American Sea Island cotton ever imported into England.

Then, one day, Mr. Drinkwater sent for him to his country residence. He describes his feelings when he received the unexpected invitation. "An ill-educated, awkward youth," he calls

himself; "alive to his defects of education; speaking ungrammatically a sort of Welsh-English; sensitive among strangers and dissatisfied with his own speaking and acting when in company: then also painfully subject to blushing which no effort of his could prevent."* (His eldest son, Robert Dale, inherited in full both bashfulness and ungovernable blushing; but I have bravely got over the first; and though I have not lost the habit of blushing, it is in moderation and no longer with painful consciousness.)

Mr. Drinkwater had an offer to make to his young manager, — a salary of four hundred pounds for the second year, five hundred for the third; after that, a partnership with himself and his two sons, with a fourth of the profits. It was gratefully accepted, and the contract signed ere they parted.

It was during the period of this contract that my father, boarding in Brazen Nose Street, Manchester, at the same house as Robert Fulton, of steam-boat celebrity, became intimate with that inventor, then much straitened for means. He advanced to Fulton, at various times, to aid the "project of running boats independent of locks," the sum of a hundred and seventy pounds. Of this the other repaid him sixty pounds in 1797; but was never able to acquit the remainder of the debt.

The contract with Drinkwater was never fulfilled. Before the third year closed there was a new son-in-law, who wished to take my father's place as partner. Mr. Drinkwater offered any salary that my father might name as manager, if the partnership was waived. In reply my father, who had his contract with him, thrust it into the fire, saying: "I desire no partnership in any case where it is unwelcome; but I decline to continue manager." And all Mr. Drinkwater could obtain from him was a promise to remain till some one else could be found to fill his place.

But by this time my father's name

* Autobiography, p. 31.

was up as one of the best fine-cotton spinners in England, and offers of partnership flowed in upon him. He finally connected himself, in the spring of 1797, with two rich and long-established firms, Borrodaile and Atkinson of London and the Bartons of Manchester, under the name of the "Chorlton Twist Company." Soon after, business took him to Scotland; and there, both as regards his domestic life and his future career, public and private, he met his fate.

A sister of the Robert Spear above mentioned happened, at that time, to be on a visit to my grandfather; and my father, walking near the Cross of Glasgow one day, met and recognized her. She introduced him to a young lady who was with her, Miss Ann Caroline Dale, David Dale's eldest daughter; and, turning, he walked with the ladies some distance. Miss Dale and the young cotton-spinner seem to have been mutually attracted from the first. She offered him an introduction to her uncle, then manager of her father's establishment at New Lanark; suggesting, at the same time, that the Falls of Clyde, a mile or two beyond the mills, were well worth seeing. The offer was eagerly accepted, and the lady then added that, when he had made the trip, she would be glad to hear from him how he liked it.

Of course he called, on his return to Glasgow, to render thanks for her kindness. Fortune favored the young people. Mr. Dale was absent; the morning was fine; a walk in the "Green" (the park of Glasgow) was proposed, and my father accompanied Miss Dale and her sisters to the banks of the Clyde. The young lady dropped a hint—not quite as broad as Desdemona's—that they would probably be walking there early next day.

But "on this hint" my father, less adventurous than Othello, spake not. He joined the party, indeed; but the day after he returned to his snug bachelor quarters at a country-house called Greenheys, near Manchester.

The standing and reputation of

David Dale dismayed him: not alone his wealth, his eminence as a manufacturer, his prominence as a popular preacher and bounteous philanthropist, his position as chief of the two directors, in the Glasgow branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland; but, more than these, his former station as one of the magistrates of Glasgow.

We of America are unfavorably situated, at this day, to appreciate the exalted respect with which the magistrates of Scotland's chief cities were then regarded; and which, to a great extent, they have retained till now. During a week which I spent, in 1859, with Robert Chambers, the well-known author and publisher, at his Edinburgh residence, I questioned him closely as to the manner in which the municipal affairs of the city were conducted. His replies surprised me. "I have never," he said, "heard even a suspicion whispered, affecting the unblemished integrity of our city magistrates. There is not a man who would dare approach one of them with any offer or suggestion touching official action inconsistent with the strictest honor. He would know that, if he did, he might expect to have a servant rung for, and bidden to show him into the street."

"And the contracts," I asked, "by the City Councils, as for building, street alterations, and the like,—how are they managed?"

"With better judgment and more economy, it is generally admitted, than the average of contracts by private individuals."

"Who are these incorruptible men? What are their antecedents?"

"Usually gentlemen who have made large fortunes here; eminent merchants or manufacturers or others who have retired, perhaps, from active business, and who consider it the crowning glory of their lives to take place among the magistracy of Edinburgh."

I must have smiled sadly, I suppose, for Chambers asked: "You are thinking of New York and some others of your own cities, with their universal suffrage?"

"Yes."

But my father was thinking of a Glasgow magistrate, such as held office toward the close of the last century; and he despaired of winning the great man's daughter. Nor is it likely that he would have seriously attempted the citadel, had it not been betrayed by the sympathetic imprudence of one of its fair allies.

Miss Spear, probably taking compassion on my father's lonely condition, told tales out of school.

"I could let you into a secret worth knowing," she said to him one day; "I don't think I ought to tell it, but it would make you very happy."

Of course my father earnestly begged to be made happy, and solemnly promised to make no improper use of what might be revealed.

Then it came out that, when my father, the first time he walked with Miss Spear and her Scotch friend, had parted from them, Miss Dale had made special inquiry as to who and what that Englishman was; and that, when her curiosity was satisfied, she had confessed to her friend, after a pause: "Well, I don't know how it is; but, it seems to me, if I ever marry, that is to be the man."

This breach of confidence by Miss Spear caused a third visit to Glasgow and more walks on the Green. After a while the younger sisters—discreet girls!—got into the way of straying off and giving my father a chance. The great life question was put, and the lady answered, like a dutiful child: "You must get my father's consent, or you can never have mine"; adding, however, like a dear, frank girl as she was: "I daresay he won't agree; and if he does n't, I do not intend to marry at all."

I should be ashamed of my father, if he had not found some way out of this difficulty. But he was equal to the occasion. He had heard a vague report about the Lanark mills being for sale, and he resolved to make that a pretext for calling on the old gentleman. When he asked Mr. Dale's

terms, the reply was: "Why, *you* don't want to buy them. You're too young."

"But I'm in partnership with older men who have capital enough. We are cotton-spinners ourselves."

"Have you seen New Lanark?"

My father said he had taken a cursory view of it.

"Well, have a good look at it; see your partners, and bring them to me if they want to buy."

My father thought this was a put-off; but as Mr. Dale gave him a letter authorizing him to examine every part of the works, he posted to New Lanark at once, went over the mills and workshops thoroughly, and came to the conclusion (perhaps thinking of Miss Dale the while) that the property was a desirable purchase.

On his return to Manchester he brought over his partners to his views, and persuaded two of them to return with him to Glasgow. After brief negotiation, they purchased the entire establishment for sixty thousand pounds. This was in the summer of 1797.

The outworks were carried, but still the garrison held out. Miss Ann had spoken to her father of the suitor who had won her heart. But David Dale, like many of his countrymen, had his prejudices against the English (shared by his grandson Robert in the nursery, and for years after) as the oppressors of their northern neighbors and the murderers of William Wallace. He felt disposed to resent the attempt of a *land-louper* (foreign interloper) to carry off one of his daughters. So the lady wrote to her lover saying that he would have to resign her, and advising him to look for a better wife in England. Later, when they met at New Lanark, she repeated to him the assurance that, as her father held out against their union, she should never marry.

But my father, as might be expected in a character so strongly stamped as his with perseverance, had no idea of condemning his lady-love to a life of celibacy. Two years brought great changes. A Mr. Scott Moncrief, co-director with my grandfather in the

Royal Bank, and his wife were won over by the young couple to their interests. The lover had frequently to meet Mr. Dale on business, and took pains to please him; the young lady adhered to her resolution, refusing several eligible offers; and the father was indulgent, calling to mind what a faithful little housekeeper his daughter had been to him. And so it was brought about that, on the 30th of September, 1799, Miss Dale became Mrs. Robert Owen.

The Rev. Mr. Balfour, of the Scottish kirk, officiated. He bade the bride and bridegroom stand up, and asked them, respectively, if they took each other as husband and wife. They nodded assent, and he added: "Then you're married; you may take your seats." When my father expressed his surprise, Mr. Balfour replied: "I usually explain to the young couple the duties of married life; but with Mr. Dale present, and to his children, I

could not presume to do what he doubtless has already, and much better, done." Surely a modest and sensible speech.

For a few months my father remained manager of the Chorlton Mills. Then his partners wished him to take charge of New Lanark; which he did, at the commencement of the present century, — about the first of January, 1800.

At first, the newly-married couple spent their winters in Charlotte Street, and their summers in a cottage, with garden attached, near the centre of New Lanark. But, after a few years, my father took a long lease of Braxfield, a country-seat about a quarter of a mile from the village, belonging to Lord Braxfield, a judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland.

And thus it happened that it was to Braxfield House I returned, when I had taken leave of my indulgent aunts, and of that charming little country maiden at Rosebank.

Robert Dale Owen.

A WISH.

LOVE, love, would I were thy taper slim,
Waxen and white, with a tall flower-like flame,
Thy breath should make to tremble when I came
To light thee to thy fragrant chamber, dim
With lonely shadows; where thy hand should trim
My fire so pale, that for thee, gentle dame,
Consumes my life and wastes my mortal frame
With burning anguish, till in fire I swim.

Then would I gaze my fill, O lily fair,
Upon thy fairness and thy matchless grace,
And through the mist-wreath of thy cloudy hair
My rays should make a halo round thy face.
Then would a coolness pass between thy lips,
And all my longing vanish in eclipse.

Marshal Oliver.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

I.

UP THE SAGUENAY.

ON the forward promenade of the Saguenay boat which had been advertised to leave Quebec at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, Miss Kitty Ellison sat tranquilly expectant of the joys which its departure should bring, and tolerantly patient of its delay; for if all the Saguenay had not been in promise, she would have thought it the greatest happiness just to have that prospect of the St. Lawrence and Quebec. The sun shone with a warm yellow light on the Upper Town, with its girdle of gray wall, and on the red flag that drowsed above the citadel, and was a friendly lustre on the tinned roofs of the Lower Town; while away off on the south and east and west wandered the purple hills and the farm-lit plains in such dewy shadow and effulgence as would have been enough to make the heaviest heart glad. Near at hand the river was busy with every kind of craft, and in the distance was tenderly mysterious with silvery vapors; little breaths of haze, like an ethereal colorless flame, exhaled from its surface, and it all glowed with a lovely inner radiance. In the middle distance a black ship was heaving anchor and setting sail, and the voice of the seamen came soft and sad and yet wildly hopeful to the dreamy ear of the young girl, whose soul at once went round the world before the ship, and then made haste back again to the promenade of the Saguenay boat. She sat leaning forward a little with her hands fallen into her lap, letting her unmastered thoughts play as they would in memories and hopes around the consciousness that she was the happiest girl in the world, and blest beyond desire or desert. To have left home as she had done, equipped for a single day at Niagara, and then to have come

adventurously on, by grace of her cousin's wardrobe, as it were, to Montreal and Quebec; to be now going up the Saguenay, and finally to be destined to return home by way of Boston and New York;—this was more than any one human being had a right to do; and, as she had written home to the girls, she felt that her privileges ought to be divided up among all the people of Eriecreek. She was very grateful to Colonel Ellison and Fanny for affording her these advantages; but they being now out of sight in pursuit of state-rooms, she was not thinking of them in relation to her pleasure in the morning scene, but was rather regretting the absence of a lady with whom they had travelled from Niagara, and to whom she imagined she would that moment like to say something in praise of the prospect. This lady was a Mrs. Basil March of Boston; and though it was her wedding journey and her husband's presence ought to have absorbed her, she and Miss Kitty had sworn a sisterhood, and were pledged to see each other before long at Mrs. March's home in Boston. In her absence, now, Kitty thought what a very charming person she was, and wondered if all Boston people were really like her, so easy and friendly and hearty. In her letter she had told the girls to tell her Uncle Jack that he had not rated Boston people a bit too high, if she were to judge from Mr. and Mrs. March, and that she was sure they would help her as far as they could to carry out his instructions when she got to Boston.

These instructions were such as might seem preposterous if no more particular statement in regard to her Uncle Jack were made, but will be imaginable enough, I hope, when he is a little described. The Ellisons were a West Virginia family who had wandered up into a corner of Northwest-

ern New York, because Dr. Ellison (unceremoniously known to Kitty as Uncle Jack) was too much an abolitionist to live in a slaveholding State with safety to himself or comfort to his neighbors. Here his family of three boys and two girls had grown up, and hither in time had come Kitty, the only child of his youngest brother, who had gone first to Illinois and thence, from the pretty constant adversity of a country editor, to Kansas, where he joined the Free State party and fell in one of the border feuds. Her mother had died soon after, and Dr. Ellison's heart bowed itself tenderly over the orphan. She was something not only dear, but sacred to him as the child of a martyr to the highest cause on earth; and the love of the whole family encompassed her. One of the boys had brought her from Kansas when she was yet very little, and she had grown up among them as their youngest sister; but the doctor would not let her call him father, and in obedience to the rule which she soon began to give their love, they all turned and called him Uncle Jack with her. Yet the Ellisons, though they loved their little cousin, did not spoil her,—neither the doctor, nor his great grown-up sons whom she knew as the boys, nor his daughters whom she called the girls, though they were wellnigh women when she came to them. She was her uncle's pet and most intimate friend, riding with him on his professional visits till she became as familiar a feature of his equipage as the doctor's horse itself; and the doctor educated her in those extreme ideas, tempered by humor, which formed the character of himself and all his family. They loved Kitty, and played with her, and laughed at her when she needed ridiculing; they made a *jest* of their father on the one subject on which he never jested, and even the antislavery cause had its droll points turned to the light. They had seen danger and trouble enough at different times in its service, but no enemy ever got more amusement out of it. Their house was a principal

entrepôt of the underground railroad, and they were always helping anxious travellers over the line; but the boys seldom came back from an excursion to Canada without adventures to keep the family laughing for a week; and they made it a serious business to study the comic points of their beneficiaries, who severally lived in the family records by some grotesque mental or physical trait. They had an irreverent name among themselves for each of the humorless abolition lecturers who unfailingly abode with them on their rounds; and these brethren and sisters, as they called them, paid with whatever was laughable in them for the substantial favors they received.

Miss Kitty, having the same natural bent, early began to share in these harmless reprisals, and to look at life with the same wholesomely fantastic vision. But she remembered one abolition visitor of whom none of them made fun, but treated with a serious distinction and regard,—an old man with a high, narrow forehead, and thereon a thick upright growth of gray hair; who looked at her from under bushy brows with eyes as of blue flame, and took her on his knee one night and sang to her "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" He and her uncle had been talking of some indefinite, far-off place that they called Boston, in terms that commended it to her childish apprehension as very little less holy than Jerusalem, and as the home of all the good and great people outside of Palestine.

In fact, Boston had always been Dr. Ellison's foible. In the beginning of the great antislavery agitation, he had exchanged letters (corresponded, he always used to say) with John Quincy Adams on the subject of Lovejoy's murder; and he had met several Boston men at the Free Soil Convention in Buffalo in 1848. "A little formal perhaps, a little reserved," he would say, "but excellent men; polished, and certainly of sterling principle": which would make his boys and girls laugh, as they grew older, and sometimes pro-

voke them to highly colored dramatizations of the formality of these Bostonians in meeting their father. The years passed and the boys went West, and when the war came, they took service in Iowa and Wisconsin regiments. By and by the President's Proclamation of freedom to the slaves reached Erie creek while Dick and Bob happened both to be home on leave. After they had allowed their sire his rapture, "Well, this is a great blow for father," said Bob; "what are you going to do now, father? Fugitive slavery and all its charms blotted out forever, at one fell swoop. Pretty rough on you, is n't it? No more men and brothers, no more soulless oligarchy. Dull lookout, father."

"O no," insinuated one of the girls, "there's Boston."

"Why, yes," cried Dick, "to be sure there is. The President has n't abolished Boston. Live for Boston."

And in fact the doctor did live for an ideal Boston, thereafter, so far at least as concerned a never-relinquished, never-fulfilled purpose of some day making a journey to Boston. But in the meantime there were other things; and at present, since the Proclamation had given him a country worth living in, he was ready to honor her by studying her antiquities. In his youth, before his mind had been turned so strenuously to the consideration of slavery, he had a pretty taste for the mystery of the Mound Builders, and each of his boys now returned to camp with instructions to note any phenomena that would throw light upon this interesting subject. They would have abundant leisure for research, since the Proclamation, Dr. Ellison insisted, practically ended the war.

The Mound Builders were only a starting-point for the doctor. He advanced from them to historical times in due course, and it happened that when Colonel Ellison and his wife stopped off at Erie creek on their way East, in 1870, they found him deep in the his-

tory of the Old French War. As yet the colonel had not intended to take the Canadian route eastward, and he escaped without the charges which he must otherwise have received to look up the points of interest at Montreal and Quebec connected with that ancient struggle. He and his wife carried Kitty with them to see Niagara (which she had never seen because it was so near); but no sooner had Dr. Ellison got the despatch announcing that they would take Kitty on with them down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and bring her home by way of Boston, than he sat down and wrote her a letter of the most comprehensive character. As far as concerned Canada his mind was purely historical; but when it came to Boston it was strangely re-abolitionized, and amidst an ardor for the antiquities of the place, his old love for its humanitarian pre-eminence blazed up. He would have her visit Faneuil Hall because of its Revolutionary memories, but not less because Wendell Phillips had there made his first antislavery speech. She was to see the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and if possible certain points of ancient colonial interest which he named; but at any rate she was somehow to catch sight of the author of the "Biglow Papers," of Senator Sumner, of Mr. Whittier, of Dr. Howe, of Colonel Higginson, and of Mr. Garrison. These people were all Bostonians to the idealizing remoteness of Dr. Ellison, and he could not well conceive of them asunder. He perhaps imagined that Kitty was more likely to see them together than separately; and perhaps indeed they were less actual persons, to his admiration, than so many figures of a grand historical composition. Finally, "I want you to remember, my dear child," he wrote, "that in Boston you are not only in the birth-place of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal and enlightened in the national life has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its

people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where color, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence."

Kitty got her uncle's letter the night before starting up the Saguenay, and quite too late for compliance with his directions concerning Quebec; but she resolved that as to Boston his wishes should be fulfilled to the utmost limit of possibility. She knew that nice Mr. March must be acquainted with some of those very people. Kitty had her uncle's letter in her pocket, and she was just going to take it out and read it again, when something else attracted her notice.

The boat had been advertised to leave at seven o'clock, and it was now half past. A party of English people were pacing somewhat impatiently up and down before Kitty, for it had been made known among the passengers (by that subtle process through which matters of public interest transpire in such places) that breakfast would not be served till the boat started, and these English people had the appetites which go before the admirable digestions of their nation. But they had also the good temper which does not so certainly accompany the insular good appetite. The man in his dashing Glengarry cap and his somewhat shabby gray suit took on one arm the plain, jolly woman who seemed to be his wife, and on the other, the amiable, handsome young girl who looked enough like him to be his sister, and strode rapidly back and forth, saying that they must get up an appetite for breakfast. This made the women laugh, and so he said it again, which made them laugh so much that the elder lost her balance, and in regaining it twisted off her high shoe-heel, which she briskly tossed into the river. But

she sat down after that, and the three were presently intent upon the Liverpool steamer which was just arrived and was now gliding up to her dock, with her population of passengers thronging her quarter-deck.

"She's from England!" said the husband, expressively.

"Only fancy!" answered the wife. "Give me the glass, Jenny." Then, after a long survey of the steamer, she added, "Fancy her being from England!" They all looked and said nothing for two or three minutes, when the wife's mind turned to the delay of their own boat and of breakfast. "This thing," she said, with that air of uttering a novelty which the English cast about their common-places, — "this thing does n't start at seven, you know."

"No," replied the younger woman, "she waits for the Montreal boat."

"Fancy her being from England!" said the other, whose eyes and thoughts had both wandered back to the Liverpool steamer.

"There's the Montreal boat now, comin' round the point," cried the husband. "Don't you see the steam?" He pointed with his glass, and then studied the white cloud in the distance. "No, by Jove! it's a saw-mill on the shore."

"O Harry!" sighed both the women, reproachfully.

"Why, deuce take it, you know," he retorted, "I did n't turn it into a saw-mill. It's been a saw-mill all along, I fancy."

Half an hour later, when the Montreal boat came in sight, the women would have her a saw-mill till she stood in full view in mid-channel. Their own vessel paddled out into the stream as she drew near, and the two bumped and rubbed together till a gangway plank could be passed from one to the other. A very well dressed young man stood ready to get upon the Saguenay boat, with a porter beside him bearing his substantial valise. No one else apparently was coming aboard.

The English people looked upon him

for an instant with wrathful eyes, as they hung over the rail of the promenade. "Upon my word," said the elder of the women, "have we been waitin' all this time for one man?"

"Hush, Edith," answered the younger, "it's an Englishman." And they all three mutely recognized the right of one Englishman to stop, not only the boat, but the whole solar system, if his ticket entitled him to a passage on any particular planet, while Mr. Miles Arbuton of Boston, Massachusetts, passed at his ease from one vessel to the other. He had often been mistaken for an Englishman, and the error of those spectators, if he had known it, would not have surprised him. Perhaps it might have softened his judgment of them as he sat facing them at breakfast; but he did not know it, and he thought them three very common English people with something professional, as of public singing or acting, about them. The young girl wore, instead of a travelling-suit, a vivid light blue dress; and over her sky-blue eyes and fresh cheeks a glory of corn-colored hair lay in great braids and masses. It was magnificent, but it wanted distance; so near, it was almost harsh. Mr. Arbuton's eyes fell from the face to the vivid blue dress which was not quite fresh and not quite new, and a glimmer of cold dismissal came into them, as he gave himself entirely to the slender merits of the steamboat breakfast.

He was himself, meantime, an object of interest to a young lady who sat next to the English party, and who had something soft and Quaker-like or dove-like in the gentleness of her face and manner. She glanced at him from time to time, out of tender gray eyes, with a furtive play of feeling upon a sensitive face. To her he was that divine possibility which every young man is to every young maiden; and, besides, he was invested with a halo of romance as the gentleman with the blond mustache, whom she had seen at Niagara the week before, on the Goat Island Bridge. To the

pretty matron at her side, he was exceedingly handsome, as a young man may frankly be to a young matron, but not otherwise comparable to her husband, the full-personed good-humored looking gentleman who had just added sausage to the ham and eggs on his plate. He was handsome, too, but his full beard was reddish, whereas Mr. Arbuton's mustache was flaxen; and his dress was not worn with that scrupulosity with which the Bostonian bore his clothes; there was a touch of slovenliness in him that scarcely consorted with the alert, ex-military air of some of his movements. "Good-looking young John Bull," he thought concerning Mr. Arbuton, and then thought no more about him, being no more self-judged before the supposed Englishman than he would have been before so much Frenchman or Spaniard. Mr. Arbuton, on the other hand, if he had met an Englishman so well dressed as himself, must at once have arraigned himself, and had himself tacitly tried for his personal and national difference. He looked in his turn at these people, and thought he should have nothing to do with them, in spite of the long-lashed gray eyes.

It was not that they had made the faintest advance towards acquaintance, or that the choice of knowing them or not was with Mr. Arbuton; but he had the habit of thus protecting himself from the chances of life, and a conscience against encouraging people whom he might have to drop for reasons of society. This was sometimes a sacrifice, for he was not past the age when people take a lively interest in most other human beings. When breakfast was over, and he had made the tour of the boat, and seen all his fellow-passengers, he perceived that he could have little in common with any of them, and that probably the journey would require the full exercise of that tolerant spirit in which he had undertaken a branch of summer travel in his native land.

The rush of air against the steamer was very raw and chill, and the for-

ward promenade was left almost entirely to the English professional people, who walked rapidly up and down, with jokes and laughter of their kind, while the wind blew the girl's hair in loose gold about her fresh face, and twisted her blue drapery tight about her comely shape. When they got out of breath they sat down beside a large American lady, with a great deal of gold filling in her front teeth, and presently rose again and ran races to and fro from the bow. Mr. Arbuton turned away in displeasure. At the stern he found a much larger company, most of whom had furnished themselves with novels and magazines from the stock on board and were drowsing over them. One gentleman was reading aloud to three ladies the newspaper account of a dreadful shipwreck; other ladies and gentlemen were coming and going forever from their state-rooms, as the wont of some is; others yet sat with closed eyes, as if having come to see the Saguenay they were resolved to see nothing of the St. Lawrence on the way thither, but would keep their vision sacred to the wonders of the former river.

Yet the St. Lawrence was worthy to be seen, as even Mr. Arbuton owned, whose way was to slight American scenery, in distinction from his countrymen who boast it the finest in the world. As you leave Quebec, with its mural-crowned and castled rock, and drop down the stately river, presently the snowy fall of Montmorenci, far back in its purple hollow, leaps perpetual avalanche into the abyss, and then you are abreast of the beautiful Isle of Orleans, whose low shores, with their expanses of farmland, and their groves of pine and oak, are still as lovely as when the wild grape festooned the primitive forests and won from the easy rapture of old Cartier the name of Isle of Bacchus. For two hours farther down the river either shore is bright and populous with the continuous villages of the *habitans*, each clustering about its slim-spined church, in its shallow vale by the water's edge,

or lifted in more eminent picturesqueness upon some gentle height. The banks, nowhere lofty or abrupt, are such as in a southern land some majestic river might flow between, wide, slumbrous, open to all the heaven and the long day till the very set of sun. But no starry palm glasses its crest in the clear cold green from these low brinks; the pale birch, slender and delicately fair, mirrors here the wintry whiteness of its boughs; and this is the sad great river of the awful North.

Gradually, as the day wore on, the hills which had shrunk almost out of sight on one hand, and on the other were dark purple in the distance, drew near the shore, and at one point on the northern side rose almost from the water's edge. The river expanded into a lake before them, and in their lap some cottages, and half-way up the hillside, among the stunted pines, a much-verandaed hotel, proclaimed a resort of fashion in the heart of what seemed otherwise a wilderness. Indian huts sheathed in birch-bark nestled at the foot of the rocks, which were rich in orange and scarlet stains; out of the tops of the huts curled the blue smoke, and at the door of one stood a squaw in a flame-red petticoat; others in bright shawls squatted about on the rocks, each with a circle of dogs and papooses. But all this warmth of color only served, like a winter sunset, to heighten the chilly and desolate sentiment of the scene. The light dresses of the ladies on the veranda struck cold upon the eye; in the faces of the sojourners who lounged idly to the steamer's landing-place, the passenger could fancy a sad resolution to repress their tears when the boat should go away and leave them. She put off two or three old peasant-women who were greeted by other such on the pier, as if returned from a long journey; and then the crew discharged the vessel of a prodigious freight of onions which formed the sole luggage these old women had brought from Quebec. Bale after bale of the pungent bulbs were borne ashore in the careful arms

of the deck-hands, and counted by the owners; at last order was given to draw in the plank, when a passionate cry burst from one of the old women, who extended both hands with an imploring gesture towards the boat. A bale of onions had been left aboard; a deck-hand seized it and ran quickly ashore with it, and then back again, followed by the benedictions of the tranquillized and comforted beldam. The gay sojourners at Murray Bay controlled their grief, and as Mr. Arbuton turned from them, the boat, pushing out, left them to their fashionable desolation. She struck across to the southern shore, to land passengers for Cacouna, a watering-place greater than Murray Bay. The tide, which rises fifteen feet at Quebec, is the impulse, not the savor of the sea; but at Cacouna the water is salt, and the sea-bathing lacks nothing but the surf; and hither resort in great numbers the Canadians, who fly their cities during the fierce, brief fever of the northern summer. The watering-place village and hotel is not in sight from the landing, but, as at Murray Bay, the sojourners thronged the pier, as if the arrival of the steamboat were the great event of their day. That afternoon they were in unusual force, having come on foot and by omnibus and calash; and presently there passed down through their ranks a strange procession with a band of music leading the way to the steamer.

"It's an Indian wedding," Mr. Arbuton heard one of the boat's officers saying to the gentleman with the ex-military air, who stood next him beside the rail; and now, the band having drawn aside, he saw the bride and groom,—the latter a common, stolid-faced savage, and the former pretty and almost white, with a certain modesty and sweetness of mien. Before them went a young American, with a jaunty Scotch cap and a visage of supernatural gravity, as the master of ceremonies which he had probably planned; arm in arm with him walked a portly chieftain in black broadcloth, prepos-

terously adorned on the breast with broad flat disks of silver in two rows. Behind the bridal couple came the whole village in pairs, men and women, and children of all ages, even to brown babies in arms, gay in dress and indescribably serious in demeanor. They were mated in some sort according to years and size; and the last couple were young fellows paired in the equal tipsiness. These reeled and wavered along the pier; and when the other wedding guests crowned the day's festivity by going aboard the steamer, they followed dizzily down the gangway. Midway they lurched heavily; the spectators gave a cry; but they had happily lurched in opposite directions; their grip upon each other's arms held, and a forward stagger launched them victoriously aboard in a heap. They had scarcely disappeared from sight, when, having as it were instantly satisfied their curiosity concerning the boat, the other guests began to go ashore in due order. Mr. Arbuton waited in a slight anxiety to see whether the tipsy couple could repeat their manœuvre successfully on an upward incline; and they had just appeared on the gangway, when he felt a hand passed carelessly and as if unconsciously through his arm, and at the same moment a voice said, "Those are a pair of disappointed lovers, I suppose."

He looked round and perceived the young-lady of the party he had made up his mind to have nothing to do with resting one hand on the rail, and sustaining herself with the other passed through his arm, while she was altogether intent upon the scene below. The ex-military gentleman, the head of the party, and apparently her kinsman, had stepped aside without her knowing, and she had unwittingly taken Mr. Arbuton's arm. So much was clear to him, but what he was to do was not so plain. It did not seem quite his place to tell her of her mistake, and yet it seemed a piece of unfairness not to do so. To leave the matter alone, however, was the simplest,

safest, and pleasantest; for the presence of the pretty figure lightly thrown upon his arm had something agreeably confiding and appealing in it. So he waited till the young lady, turning to him for some response, discovered her error, and disengaged herself with a face of mingled horror and amusement. Even then he had no inspiration. To speak of the mistake in tones of compliment would have been grossly out of place; an explanation was needless; and to her murmured excuses, he could only bow silently. She flitted into the cabin, and he walked away, leaving the Indians to stagger ashore as they might. His arm seemed still to sustain that elastic weight, and a voice haunted his ear with the words, "A pair of disappointed lovers, I suppose"; and still more awkward and stupid he felt his own part in the affair to be; though at the same time he was not without some obscure resentment of the young girl's mistake as an intrusion upon him.

It was late twilight when the boat reached Tadoussac, and ran into a sheltered cove under the shadow of uplands on which a quaint village perched and dispersed itself on a country road in summer cottages; above these in turn rose loftier heights of barren sand or rock, with here and there a rank of sickly pines dying along their sterility. It had been harsh and cold all day when the boat moved, for they were running full in the face of the northeast; the river had widened almost to a sea, growing more and more desolate, with a few lonely islands breaking its expanse, and the shores sinking lower and lower till, near Tadoussac, they rose a little in flat-topped bluffs thickly overgrown with stunted evergreens. Here, into the vast low-walled breadth of the St. Lawrence, a dark stream, narrowly bordered by rounded heights of rock, steals down from the north out of regions of gloomy and ever-during solitude. This is the Saguenay; and in the cold evening light under which the traveller approaches its mouth, no landscape could

look more forlorn than that of Tadoussac, where early in the sixteenth century the French traders fixed their first post, and where still the oldest church north of Florida is standing.

The steamer lies here five hours, and supper was no sooner over than the passengers went ashore in the gathering dusk. Mr. Arbuton, guarding his distance as usual, went too, with a feeling of surprise at his own concession to the popular impulse. He was not without a desire to see the old church, wondering in a half-compassionate way what such a bit of American antiquity would look like; and he had perceived since the little embarrassment at Cacouna that he was a discomfort to the young lady involved by it. He had caught no glimpse of her till supper, and then she had briefly supped with an air of such studied unconsciousness of his presence that it was plain she was thinking of her mistake every moment. "Well, I'll leave her the freedom of the boat while we stay," thought Mr. Arbuton as he went ashore. He had not the least notion whither the road led, but like the rest he followed it up through the village, and on among the cottages which seemed for the most part empty, and so down a gloomy ravine, in the bottom of which, far beneath the tremulous rustic bridge, he heard the mysterious crash and fall of an unseen torrent. Before him towered the shadowy hills up into the starless night; he thrilled with a sense of the loneliness and remoteness, and he had a formless wish that some one qualified by the proper associations and traditions were there to share the satisfaction he felt in the whole effect. At the same instant he was once more aware of that delicate pressure, that weight so lightly, sweetly borne upon his arm. It startled him, and again he followed the road, which with a sudden turn brought him in sight of a hotel and in sound of a bowling-alley, and therein young ladies' cackle and laughter, and he wondered a little scornfully who could be spending the summer there. A bay of the river loftily shut in by rugged hills lay

before him, and on the shore, just above high-tide, stood what a wandering shadow told him was the ancient church of Tadoussac. The windows were faintly tinged with red as from a single taper burning within, and but that the elements were a little too bare and simple for one so used to the rich effects of the Old World, Mr. Arbuton might have been touched by the vigil which this poor chapel was still keeping after three hundred years in the heart of that gloomy place. While he stood at least tolerating its appeal, he heard voices of people talking in the obscurity near the church door, which they seemed to have been vainly trying for entrance.

"Pity we can't see the inside, is n't it?"

"Yes; but I am so glad to see any of it. Just think of its having been built in the seventeenth century!"

"Uncle Jack would enjoy it, would n't he?"

"O yes, poor Uncle Jack! I feel somehow as if I were cheating him out of it. He ought to be here in my place. But I *do* like it; and, Dick, I don't know what I can ever say or do to you and Fanny for bringing me."

"Well, Kitty, postpone the subject till you can think of the right thing. We're in no hurry."

Mr. Arbuton heard a shaking of the door, as of a final attempt upon it before retreat, and then the voices faded into inarticulate sounds in the darkness. They were the voices, he easily recognized, of the young lady who had taken his arm, and of that kinsman of hers as he seemed to be. He blamed himself for having not only overheard them, but for desiring to hear more of their talk, and he resolved to follow them back to the boat at a discreet distance. But they loitered so at every point, or he unwittingly made such haste, that he had overtaken them as they entered the lane between the outlying cottages, and he could not help being privy to their talk again.

"Well, it may be old, Kitty, but I don't think it's lively."

"It *is* n't exactly a whirl of excitement, I must confess."

"It's the deadliest place I ever saw. Is that a swing in front of that cottage? No, it's a gibbet. Why, they've all got 'em! I suppose they're for the summer tenants at the close of the season. What a rush there would be for them if the boat should happen to go off and leave her passengers!"

Mr. Arbuton thought this rather a coarse kind of drolling, and strengthened himself anew in his resolution to avoid those people.

They now came in sight of the steamer, where in the cove she lay illumined with all her lamps, and through every window and door and crevice was bursting with the ruddy light. Her brilliancy contrasted vividly with the obscurity and loneliness of the shore where a few lights glimmered in the village houses, and under the porch of the village store some desolate idlers — *habitans* and half-breeds — had clubbed their miserable leisure. Beyond the steamer yawned the wide vacancy of the greater river, and out of this gloomed the course of the Saguenay.

"O, I hate to go on board!" said the young lady. "Do you think he's got back yet? It's perfect misery to meet him."

"Never mind, Kitty. He probably thinks you did n't mean anything by it. I don't believe you would have taken his arm if you had n't supposed it was mine, *any way*."

She made no answer to this, as if too much overcome by the true state of the case to be troubled by its perversion. Mr. Arbuton, following them on board, felt himself in the unpleasant character of persecutor, some one to be shunned and escaped by every manœuvre possible to self-respect. He was to be the means, it appeared, of spoiling the enjoyment of the voyage for one who, he inferred, had not often the opportunity of such enjoyment. He had a willingness that she should think well and not ill of him; and then at the bottom of all was a sentiment of superiority, which, if he had given it

shape, would have been *noblesse oblige*. Some action was due to himself as a gentleman.

The young lady went to seek the matron of the party, and left her companion at the door of the saloon, wistfully fingering a cigar in one hand, and feeling for a match with the other. Presently he gave himself a clap on the waistcoat which he had found empty, and was turning away, when Mr. Arbuton said, offering his own lighted cigar, "May I be of use to you?"

The other took it with a hearty, "O yes, thank you!" and, with many inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, lighted his cigar, and returned Mr. Arbuton's with a brisk, half-military bow.

Mr. Arbuton looked at him narrowly a moment. "I'm afraid," he said abruptly, "that I've most unluckily been the cause of annoyance to one of the ladies of your party. It isn't a thing to apologize for, and I hardly know how to say that I hope, if she's not already forgotten the matter, she'll do so." Saying this, Mr. Arbuton, by an impulse which he would have been at a loss to explain, offered his card.

His action had the effect of frankness, and the other took it for cordiality. He drew near a lamp, and looked at the name and street address on the card, and then said, "Ah, of Boston! My name is Ellison; I'm of Milwaukee, Wisconsin." And he laughed a free, trustful laugh of good companionship. "Why yes, my cousin's been tormenting herself about her mistake the whole afternoon; but of course it's all right, you know. Bless my heart! it was the most natural thing in the world. Have you been ashore? There's a good deal of repose about Tadoussac, now; but it must be a lively place in winter! Such a cheerful lookout from these cottages, or that hotel over yonder! We went over to see if we could get into the little old church; the purser told me there are some lead tablets there, left by Jacques Cartier's men, you know, and dug up in the neighborhood. I don't think it's

likely, and I'm bearing up very well under the disappointment of not getting in. I've done my duty by the antiquities of the place; and now I don't care how soon we are off."

Colonel Ellison was talking in the kindness of his heart to change the subject which the younger gentleman had introduced, in the belief, which would scarcely have pleased the other, that he was much embarrassed. His good-nature went still further; and when his cousin returned presently, with Mrs. Ellison, he presented Mr. Arbuton to the ladies, and then thoughtfully made Mrs. Ellison walk up and down the deck with him for the exercise she would not take ashore, that the others might be left to deal with their vexation alone.

"I am very sorry, Miss Ellison," said Mr. Arbuton, "to have been the means of a mistake to you to-day."

"And I was dreadfully ashamed to make you the victim of my blunder," answered Miss Ellison penitently; and a little silence ensued. Then as if she had suddenly been able to alienate the case, and see it apart from herself in its unmanageable absurdity, she broke into a confiding laugh, very like her cousin's, and said, "Why, it's one of the most hopeless things I ever heard of. I don't see what in the world can be done about it."

"It is rather a difficult matter, and I'm not prepared to say myself. Before I make up my mind I should like it to happen again."

Mr. Arbuton had no sooner made this speech, which he thought neat, than he was vexed with himself for having made it, since nothing was further from his purpose than a flirtation. But the dark, vicinity, the young girl's prettiness, the apparent freshness and reliance on his sympathy from which her frankness came, were too much: he tried to congeal again, and ended in some feebleness about the scenery, which was indeed very lonely and wild, after the boat started up the Saguenay, leaving the few lights of Tadoussac to blink and fail behind

her. He had an absurd sense of being alone in the world there with the young lady; and he suffered himself to enjoy the situation, which was as perfectly safe as anything could be. He and Miss Ellison had both come on from Niagara, it seemed, and they talked of that place, she consciously withholding the fact that she had noticed Mr. Arbuton there; they had both come down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, and they had both stopped a day in Montreal. These common experiences gave them a surprising interest for each other, which was enhanced by the discovery that their experiences differed thereafter, and that whereas she had passed three days at Quebec, he, as we know, had come on directly from Montreal.

"Did you enjoy Quebec very much, Miss Ellison?"

"O yes, indeed! It's a beautiful old town, with everything in it that I had always read about and never expected to see. You know it's a walled city."

"Yes. But I confess I had forgotten it till this morning. Did you find it all that you expected a walled city to be?"

"More, if possible. There were some Boston people with us there, and they said it was exactly like Europe. They fairly sighed over it, and it seemed to remind them of pretty nearly everything they had seen abroad. They were just married."

"Did that make Quebec look like Europe?"

"No, but I suppose it made them willing to see it in the pleasantest light. Mrs. March — that was their name — would n't allow me to say that I enjoyed Quebec, because if I had n't seen Europe, I *could* n't properly enjoy it. 'You may *think* you enjoy it,' she was always saying, 'but that's merely fancy.' Still I cling to my delusion. But I don't know whether I cared more for Quebec, or the beautiful little villages in the country all about it. The whole landscape looks just like a dream of 'Evangeline.'"

"Indeed! I must certainly stop at Quebec. I should like to see an American landscape that put one in mind of anything. What can your imagination do for the present scenery?"

"I don't think it needs any help from me," replied the young girl, as if the tone of her companion had patronized and piqued her. She turned as she spoke and looked up the sad, lonely river. The moon was making its veiled face seen through the gray heaven, and touching the black stream with hints of melancholy light. On either hand the uninhabitable shore rose in desolate grandeur, friendless heights of rock with a thin covering of pines seen in dim outline along their tops and deepening into the solid dark of hollows and ravines upon their sides. The cry of some wild bird struck through the silence of which the noise of the steamer had grown to be a part, and echoed away to nothing. Then from the saloon there came on a sudden the notes of a song; and Miss Ellison led the way within, where most of the other passengers were grouped about the piano. The English girl with the corn-colored hair sat, in ravishing picture, at the instrument, and the commonish man and his very plain wife were singing with heavenly sweetness together.

"Is n't it beautiful!" said Miss Ellison. "How nice it must be to be able to do such things!"

"Yes? do you think so? It's rather public," answered her companion.

When the English people had ended, a grave, elderly Canadian gentleman sat down to give what he believed a comic song, and sent everybody disconsolate to bed.

"Well, Kitty?" cried Mrs. Ellison, shutting herself inside the young lady's state-room a moment.

"Well, Fanny?"

"Is n't he handsome?"

"He is, indeed."

"Is he nice?"

"I don't know."

"Sweet?"

"Ice-cream," said Kitty, and placid-

ly let herself be kissed an enthusiastic good night. Before Mrs. Ellison slept she wished to ask her husband one question.

"What is it?"

"Should you want Kitty to marry a Bostonian? They say Bostonians are so cold."

"What Bostonian has been asking Kitty to marry him?"

"O, how spiteful you are! I did n't say any had. But if there should?"

"Then it'll be time to think about it. You've married Kitty right and left to everybody who's looked at her since we left Niagara, and I've worried myself to death investigating the character of her husbands. Now I'm not going to do it any longer,—till she has an offer."

"Very well. *You* can depreciate your own cousin, if you like. But I

know what *I* shall do. I shall let her wear all my best things. How fortunate it is, Richard, that we're exactly of a size! O, I am so glad we brought Kitty along! If she should marry and settle down in Boston—no, I hope she could get her husband to live in New York—"

"Go on, go on, my dear!" cried Colonel Ellison, with a groan of despair. "Kitty has talked twenty-five minutes with this young man about the hotels and steamboats, and of course he'll be round to-morrow morning asking my consent to marry her as soon as we can get to a justice of the peace. My hair is gradually turning gray, and I shall be bald before my time; but I don't mind that if you find any pleasure in these little hallucinations of yours. *Go on!*"

W. D. Howells.

SONG.

WE sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer.
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lighthouses kindle far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
Thou dearest! We are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

Celia Thaxter.

THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

"WE are in a wilderness without a single footstep to guide us." Thus wrote Madison to Jefferson, in June, 1789, from his seat in Congress, when President Washington, not yet three months in office, and without a Cabinet, was surveying the thousand difficulties of his position; "the whole scene," as the gloomy mind of Fisher Ames conceived it, "a deep, dark, and dreary chaos."

The government of the United States at that moment consisted of General Washington, Congress, and a roll of parchment; the last named being the Constitution, the sole guide out of the "wilderness" of which Mr. Madison wrote. Footstep there was none. No nation had travelled that way before; though all nations may be destined to follow the path which the United States have since "blazed" and half beaten. Everything was to be done, and there seemed nothing to do it with, not even money to pay the government's board; there being as yet no treasury, no treasurer, and no treasure. And worse: this outline, this sketch, this shadowy promise of a government was confronted with what seemed to the simple souls of the time a giant Debt,—a thousand-armed Briareus,—debt in all forms, paper of every kind known to impecunious man. The total approached fifty-four millions of dollars; to say nothing of the debts of the several States, amounting to twenty-one millions more. Worst of all, fifteen millions of the general debt was arrears of interest! Hence, the credit of the government was low; not so low as that of the late Congress, whose Promise to Pay to Bearer one dollar had passed, as money, in 1787, for eight cents; but so low that the money lent it to subsist upon for the first few months was lent chiefly as a mark of confidence in the men who solicited it.

There was not much real money in the country. No one, not even the richest man, could raise a large sum of unquestionable cash. The estate of General Washington was extensive, and not so unproductive as many; but, during the first year and a half of his Presidency, he was often embarrassed, and was once obliged to raise money on his own note to Tobias Lear, at two per cent a month, in order to enable "The Steward of the Household" to pay off the butcher and the grocer before leaving for Mount Vernon. Years later, we find the Secretary of the Treasury taken to task in Congress for presuming to advance the President a quarter's salary. The first Congress was paid, in part, by anticipating the duties at the custom-houses, each member receiving a certificate of indebtedness, which the collectors were required to receive for duties. The personal credit of the Secretary of the Treasury (when at last there was one) helped members to many a liberal shave, and lured from the Bank of New York several timely loans, which kept the life in a starving government.

"What are we to do with this heavy debt?" the new President asked of Robert Morris, who had so long superintended the finances of the confederacy, both in war and in peace. The answer was, "There is but one man in the United States who can tell you; that is Alexander Hamilton." Colonel Hamilton probably agreed with Robert Morris in this opinion. He had had an eye upon the office of Secretary of the Treasury; not from any common-place ambition; but because, feeling equal to the post, he believed he could be of more service in it than in any other. "I can restore the public credit," said he to Gouverneur Morris. It was not in the nature of that cool, consummate disciple of Epicurus to sym-

pathize with the spirit of martyrdom ; and hence he endeavored to dissuade his young friend from encountering the obloquy and distrust which then so often assailed ministers of finance. Hamilton's reply was, that he expected calumny and persecution. "But," said he, "I am convinced it is the situation in which I can do most good." Washington was scarcely sworn in before he told Hamilton he meant to offer him the department of finance ; and the next day Colonel Hamilton called upon his old comrade, Colonel Troup, then a thriving lawyer in New York, and asked him if he would undertake to wind up his law business. Troup remonstrated against his making so great a sacrifice. Hamilton replied to him as to Morris, that the impression upon his mind was strong that, in the place offered him, he could essentially promote the welfare of the country. Without being devoid of a proper and even strong desire to distinguish himself, doubtless he accepted the office in the spirit in which he urged some of his friends to take places under the experimental government. "If it is possible, my dear Harrison," he wrote to one of those who shrunk from the toil, the wandering, and poverty of the Supreme Bench, "*give yourself* to us. We want men like you." Good and able men were wanted, because, as he said in the same letter, "I consider the business of America's happiness as yet to be done !"

It is the privilege of Americans, despite the efforts of so many misinterpreters of the men of that time, to believe that every member of General Washington's administration accepted office in the same high, disinterested spirit. Every one of them sacrificed his pecuniary interest, and most of them sacrificed their inclinations, to aid in giving the government a start. The salaries attached to their places were almost as insufficient as they are now. Not a man of them lived upon his official income, any more than the members of the government of to-day live upon theirs. In 1789 there seemed

(but only seemed) a necessity for fixing the salaries of the dozen men upon whom the success of the system chiefly depended, at such a point that their service was generosity as much as duty. There is an impression that we owe to Jefferson the system of paying extravagantly low salaries to high men. Not so. He was far too good a republican to favor an idea so aristocratic. Make offices desirable, he says, if you wish to get superior men to fill them. In giving his ideas respecting the proposed new constitution for Virginia, he dwelt upon this point, and returned to it. There is nothing in the writings of Jefferson which gives any show of support to temptation salaries or to ignorant suffrage,—the bane and terror of our present politics.

Henry Knox, whom President Washington appointed Secretary of War, had been, before the Revolution, a thriving Boston bookseller, with so strong a natural turn for soldiering that he belonged to two military companies at once, and read all the works in his shop which treated of military things. From Bunker Hill, where he served as volunteer aid to General Artemas Ward, to Yorktown, where he commanded and ably directed the artillery, he was an efficient, faithful soldier ; and, after the war, being retained in service, he had the chief charge of the military affairs of the confederacy, high in the confidence of the disbanded army and its chief. He was a man of large, athletic frame, tall, deep-chested, loud-voiced, brave, delighting in the whirl and rush of field artillery and the thunder of siege guns. But a Secretary of War is the adviser of the head of the government on all subjects ; and General Knox was only acquainted with one. Nor was he a man of capacious and inquisitive mind. He was one who must take his opinions from another mind, or not have any opinions. But such men, since they lack the only thing in human nature which is progressive,—original intelligence,—have usually a bias toward what we now call the conservative

side of politics. We hear sometimes of "the car of progress." Intellect alone appears to be the engine which draws that celebrated vehicle: everything else within us being burden or brake. Not only are indolence, ignorance, timidity, and habit conservative, but love and imagination also cling fondly to the old way, to the old house at home, and to all things ancient and sanctioned; so that, often, the highest genius in the community and its stolidest clodhopper belong to the same political party. Thackeray owned that he preferred the back seat in the car aforesaid, because it commanded a view of the country which *had been* traversed, — Queen Anne's reign, instead of Queen Victoria's, — and we observe the same tendency in most men of illustrious gifts.

It is only intellect, the fearless and discerning mind, that discovers the better path, or welcomes the news that a better path has been discovered. Happy the land where this priceless force has free play; for small as it ever is in quantity, we owe to it every step that man has made from the condition of the savage.

General Knox had much faith in the tools he was accustomed to use. His original remedy for the ills of the confederacy was as simple and complete as a patent medicine: Extinguish the state governments and establish an imposing general government, with plenty of soldiers to enforce its decrees. In the Cabinet of President Washington, he was the giant shadow of his diminutive friend Hamilton. When Hamilton had spoken, Knox was usually ready to say in substance, "My own opinion better expressed."

These two men were established as members of the Cabinet as early as September, 1789; Mr. Jay continuing to serve as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and all of them were highly valued by their chief. How honorable and how right was the conduct of this group of men in setting the government in motion! What an honest soul breathes in this first note which the President ever wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury:

"From a great variety of characters who have made a tender of their services for *suitable offices*, I have selected the following. If Mr. Jay and you will take the further trouble of running them over to see if among them there can be found one who, under *all circumstances*, is more eligible for the Post-Office than Colonel O——, I shall be obliged to you for your opinion thereon by eleven o'clock. Another paper, which is enclosed, will show how the appointments stand to this time. And that you may have the matter *fully* before you, I shall add, that it is my *present* intention to nominate Mr. Jefferson for Secretary of State, and Mr. Edmund Randolph as Attorney-General, though their acceptance is problematical, especially the latter."

It was in this spirit that everything was done: public good the object, patient inquiry the means.

Edmund Randolph, who accepted the post of Attorney-General, besides being a Randolph and a Virginian, had this claim to the regard of General Washington: he had been disinherited by his father for siding with the Revolution. He was a rising lawyer twenty-two years of age when his father, the king's Attorney-General, withdrew to England, — an act upon which the son commented by mounting his horse and riding by the side of General Washington as his volunteer aid, until the General could organize his military household. This marked "discrepancy" cost the young man his estate and made his fortune. The next year, 1776, young as he was, Virginia sent him to the convention which called upon Congress to declare independence. At twenty-six he was a member of the war Congress, in which he served three years, and at thirty-three was governor of Virginia. Being a Randolph, we might infer, even without Mr. Wirt's full-length portrait of him in the *British Spy*, that he was a man of great but peculiar talents, — resembling his eccentric kinsman, John Randolph of a later day, but sounder

and stronger than that meteoric personage. Tall, meagre, emaciated, loose-jointed, awkward, with small head, and a face dark and wrinkled, nothing in his appearance denoted a superior person except his eyes, which were black and most brilliant. Mr. Wirt, who knew him some years later when, after much public service, he had resumed the leadership of the Virginia bar, tells us that he owed his supremacy there to a single faculty, that of seeing and seizing at once the real point at issue in a controversy. "No matter what the question," says Mr. Wirt, "though ten times more knotty than the gnarled oak, the lightning of heaven is not more rapid nor more resistless than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision." John Randolph possessed a residuum of the same talent in his power of condensing one side of a question into an epigram of ten words which pierced every ear and stuck in every memory.

But Edmund Randolph, keen and bold as he was before judge and jury, where the responsibility of deciding lay with others, was timid and hesitating when it was his part to utter the decisive word. He saw clearly, he saw correctly; but when the time came to vote, his ingenious mind conjured up difficulties, and he often gave his voice to the side his head disapproved; his argument supporting one party and his vote the other; or, as Jefferson expressed it, he sometimes gave the shells to his friends and the oyster to his enemies. Most men whose profession it has long been to use words would experience the same difficulty when called upon to deal with things; so much easier is it to be eloquent than to be wise. How confident the hero of the platform or of the editorial page; what vigorous blows he gets in at enemies remote or imaginary; how striking the skill with which he barbs, and the audacity with which he shoots, the poisoned arrow which will rankle a lifetime in an unseen breast! But put the same man

in a situation which requires him on his honor to *decide* the smallest practical question, and his confidence is gone! A government of orators and editors would never do, unless at or near the head of it there was one unflinching man trained in the great art of making up his mind.

Such were the gentlemen who were gathered round the council table at the President's house in New York in 1790. How interesting the group! At the head of the table, General Washington, now fifty-eight, his frame as erect as ever, but his face showing deep traces of the thousand anxious hours he had passed. Not versed in the lore of schools, not gifted with a great sum of intellect, the eternal glory of this man is that he used all the mind he had in patient endeavors to find out the right way; ever on the watch to keep out of his decision everything like bias or prejudice; never deciding till he had exhausted every source of elucidation within his reach. Some questions he could not decide with his own mind, and he knew he could not. In such cases, he bent all his powers to ascertaining how the subject appeared to minds fitted to grapple with it, and getting *them* to view it without prejudice.

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Carlyle can seldom hear the name of Washington pronounced without breaking forth with an explosion of contempt, especially, it is said, if there is an American within hearing. Washington is the exact opposite of a fell Carlylean hero. His glory is, that he was *not* richly endowed, *not* sufficient unto himself, *not* indifferent to human rights, opinions, and preferences; but feeling deeply his need of help, sought it, where alone it was to be found, in minds fitted by nature and training to supply his lack. It is this heartfelt desire to be *RIGHT* which shines so affectingly from the plain words of Washington, and gives him rank so far above the gorgeous bandits whom hero-worshippers adore.

On the right of the President, in the place of honor, sat Jefferson, now forty-

seven, the senior of all his colleagues ; older in public service, too, than any of them ; tall, erect, ruddy ; noticeably quiet and unobtrusive in his address and demeanor ; the least pugnacious of men. Not a fanatic, not an enthusiast ; but an old-fashioned Whig, nurtured upon "old Coke," enlightened by twenty-five years' intense discussion — with pen, tongue, and sword — of Cokean principles. Fresh from the latest Commentary upon Coke, — the ruins of the Bastille, — and wearing still his red Paris waistcoat and breeches, he was an object of particular interest to all men, and, doubtless, often relieved the severity of business by some thrilling relation out of his late foreign experience.

Opposite him, on the President's left, was the place of Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in all the alertness and vigor of thirty-three years. If time had matured his talents, it had not lessened his self-sufficiency ; because, as yet, all his short life had been success, and he had associated chiefly with men who possessed nothing either of his fluency or his arithmetic. A positive, vehement little gentleman, with as firm a faith in the apparatus of finance as General Knox had in great guns. He was now in the full tide of activity, lobbying measures through Congress, and organizing the Treasury Department, — the most conspicuous man in the administration, except the President. As usual, his unseen work was his best. In organizing a system of collecting, keeping, and disbursing the revenue, he employed so much tact, forethought, and fertility, that his successors have each, in turn, admired and retained his most important devices. He arranged the system so that the Secretary of the Treasury, at any moment, could survey the whole working of it ; and he held at command all the resources of the United States, subject to lawful use, without being able to divert one dollar to a purpose not specially authorized. He could not draw his own pittance of salary without the signatures of the four chief officers of the de-

partment, — comptroller, auditor, treasurer, and register.

"Hamilton and I," Jefferson wrote, "were pitted against each other every day in the Cabinet like two fighting cocks." Age had not quenched the vivacity of either of the four secretaries : Jefferson, forty-seven ; Knox, forty ; Randolph, thirty-seven ; Hamilton, thirty-three. When, in the world's history, was so young a group charged with a task so new, so difficult, so momentous ? At first, what good friends they were ! No "opposition," in the party sense, seems to have been thought of. "I remember," said a lady who was living in 1858, "how Hamilton and Madison would talk together in the summer [of 1789], and then turn and laugh and play with a monkey that was climbing in a neighbor's yard." But how suddenly was all this changed when the administration set to work in earnest ! An opposition sprang into being full-formed. By the time Jefferson took his seat in the Cabinet, it had attained even menacing proportions ; and it was chiefly due to Hamilton's inexperience and precipitation, his ignorance of man and his ignorance of America.

In September, 1789, when his appointment to the place of minister of finance had set the seal of Washington's approval to his reputation, his position before the country was commanding. The dead corpse of the public credit, of which Mr. Webster spoke (repeating the tradition of his father's fireside), took a startling leap even before Hamilton could be supposed to have "touched" it : thirty-three per cent from January to November. The mere establishment of a government "clothed," as Hamilton expressed it, "with powers capable of calling forth the resources of the community," had wrought this third part of a miracle. The appointment of Hamilton, who was known to be in favor of using those powers to the uttermost, accelerated the rise, which received a further impetus when Congress, late in September, before adjourning over till

January, referred the knotty subject of the public credit to the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting him to report a plan for its restoration. He threw himself upon this work with honorable ardor, not disdaining to consult Madison, Morris, and all accessible men competent to advise on a matter so full of difficulty. The rumor of what he intended to recommend had such effect upon the market that the debt rose in price fifty per cent more in the last two months of 1789; making a rise of eighty-three per cent in the year. The day on which the Report was read in the House of Representatives, January 14, 1790, was memorable for the throng of eager auditors that gathered to hear it in gallery and lobby, and the breathless interest with which so difficult a paper was listened to. The Senate still sat with closed doors, in secrecy meant to be awful; but the public were admitted to what the Federalists were pleased to designate the Lower House.

Hamilton's Report on the public credit is one of the most interesting documents in the archives of the United States. It began the strife of parties under the new Constitution. It was hailed with triumphant rapture by the moneyed few, and received by the landed many with doubt and distrust, which soon became opposition, hostility, rancor, mania.

How much does the reader suppose the Revolution cost per annum? Seventeen millions and a half of dollars; about six days' expenditure of the late war. Such was "the price of liberty." The debt of the United States in January, 1790, was \$ 54,124,464.56; of which, as before remarked, nearly fifteen millions were arrears of interest; and, besides this general debt, there was a chaos of State debts amounting, as the Secretary erroneously computed, to twenty-five millions more. Not eighty millions in all; not a month's expenditure during the Rebellion. But if the billions of our present debt were multiplied by two, the stupendous total would not affright us half as much as these figures did the people of 1790, four

millions in number, mostly farmers and fishermen, without steam, without cotton, without the mines, without a West. It was a grave question with intelligent men, whether it was possible for the country to pay the interest and carry on the general government at the same time. The expenses of supporting the government could not be kept, Hamilton thought, under six hundred thousand dollars a year, and the interest of the whole debt was four millions and a half. Would the country stand such a drain? The Secretary thought it possible, but not probable. "It would require," he said, "an extension of taxation to a degree and to objects which the true interest of the public creditor forbids." This was a polite way of stating the case, but the meaning was sufficiently clear: The people will not bear a tax of a dollar and a quarter each per annum. What then?

The Secretary's answer to this question was: Fund the debt at a lower rate of interest. But how could a country borrow at a lower rate, which already owed fifteen millions of unpaid interest? It was in answering this question that the young financier displayed too much ingenuity and not enough wisdom. He answered it very much as John Law would have done, if John Law had been a man of honor. His suggestions were so numerous, so complex, and so refined as to suggest to opponents the idea that he had contrived them on purpose to puzzle the people. Nothing could be more unjust. He was a financier of thirty-three, whose mind was as full of ideas as his pockets were empty of money and his life devoid of experience. But every page of his Report is warm with the passion of honesty which possessed the author's mind. If some cool, practised man of the world, like Gouverneur Morris, had gone over this Report, stricken out three out of every four of Hamilton's ingenuities, kept his best ideas and given them the simplest expression, an admirable result might have been attained. But what could the most uncommercial and uncaptivated

of all people on earth be expected to think of a scheme which would require the United States to embark in the business of selling annuities, and contracting loans "on the principles of a tontine, to consist of six classes"? I think I see the country gentleman of the period puzzling over the Secretary's lucid explanations of the annuity business: "One hundred dollars, bearing an interest of six per cent for five years, or five per cent for fifteen years, and, thenceforth, of four per cent, (these being the successive rates of interest in the market,) is equal to a capital of \$122.510725 parts, bearing an interest of four per cent; which, converted into a capital bearing a fixed rate of interest of six per cent, is equal to \$81.6738166."

A valuable suggestion was to turn the waste lands to account in paying part of the debt. He wished to raise one loan by giving every holder of the debt the option to fund his whole amount at six per cent, or, receiving one third of it in land at twenty cents an acre, fund the rest at four per cent. Another loan of ten millions he proposed to effect on Law's own plan of utilizing depreciated bonds: every man subscribing one hundred dollars, to pay half in money and the other half in Congress paper; the whole to bear an interest of five per cent. A third scheme was founded upon the erroneous opinion that the rate of interest would decline from six per cent to four in a few years. Besides suggesting six different plans of luring money from the public in aid of the government, he proposed a stiff duty upon liquors, wines, tea, and coffee. But even his tariff had the vice of complication. Each grade of tea (four in number) had its special rate of duty; and every barrel of liquor was to be tested by "Dica's hydrometer" to ascertain exactly how many degrees it was above or below proof. There were to be six rates upon liquor, beginning with twenty cents a gallon upon spirits ten per cent below proof, and rising to forty cents a gallon if it were forty per cent

above proof. If the Report *had* been contrived, as some of its heated opponents charged, to perplex the people and multiply custom-house officers, it could hardly have been better done. Even the loans on "the tontine plan" were to be of "six classes."

Congress, of course, disregarded the refinements and the ingenuities, and adopted the substance of the Report; the opposition concentrating upon two points.

The public debt, as the Secretary remarked, was "the price of liberty." The veterans of the Revolution, a kind of sacred class at this period, had been the most numerous original holders of it; and many of them, through the failure of Congress to pay the interest, had been obliged to sell their claims for a small fraction of their amount. It was not as when a poor widow in a hard time sells her diamond for a quarter of its value; for in the case of the Revolutionary soldier it was neither his fault nor his necessity that lessened the value of his property, but the government's inability to keep its promise. Hence there was a wide-spread feeling in the country that, in funding the debt, original holders should be credited with the full amount of their claims; but the "speculator" should receive only what he had paid for his certificate, with interest, and the rest should go to the original holder. The Secretary of the Treasury, anticipating this opinion, argued against it with equal ability and good feeling. Probably there is not to-day a man in Wall Street nor in the Treasury Department at Washington who will not give his approval to Hamilton's reasoning upon this point. But, in 1790, an immense number of the most able and just-minded men denounced it with bitterness. What! pay a speculator a thousand dollars, with ten years' arrears of interest, for a bond which he had bought from a veteran of the Revolution for a hundred and fifty! Yes, even so; because it is not in the power of so cumbrous a thing as a government to execute any scheme for avoiding this

twofold wrong which would not cause more wrong than it would prevent. To those who have shall be given, and from those who have not shall be taken away that which they have. Such is the scheme of the universe, which man's devices can but regulate and mitigate; but in a large number of instances this profoundly beneficent law appears to the sufferers to work sheer cruelty. After a long and severe struggle, in which Madison strove worthily for the soldiers' interests, Congress accepted Hamilton's conclusion as the law of necessity governing the case.

This contest was at its height while Jefferson was floundering through the mud from Virginia to New York. Immersed at once upon his arrival in the business of his own department, and having a dislike of financial questions, he took no part in the strife. But Hamilton, unhappily, had cumbered his Report with a recommendation that Congress should assume the debts of the States. To him, born in a little sugar island, from which he had early escaped, and therefore unable to comprehend or sympathize with the hereditary love of the native citizen for the State in which he was born, nothing seemed more natural or more proper than this sweeping measure. Debt is debt. The people of the United States owe this money. How much better to arrange it all under the same system! He surveyed this tangled scene of debt as Bonaparte may be supposed to have looked upon the map of Europe when he was about to piece out a new kingdom for one of his brothers. Here is a nice little duchy to round off that corner; this pretty province will make a capital finish to the western boundary; and, to fill up this gap on the north, we'll gouge a piece out of the king of Prussia, poor devil. The reader, perhaps, in looking upon the map of New England, has sometimes thought what an improvement it would be to the symmetry of things to obliterate the lines which make Rhode Island a separate State, with its own apparatus of government; not expensive, indeed,

but superfluous. If the reader has ever had this bold thought, let him, the next time he finds himself in Thames Street, Newport, propose the scheme of merging Rhode Island into Massachusetts to the inhabitants of that too narrow thoroughfare. The idea will seem to the worthy sons of Newport too preposterous to be considered; but if you could succeed in convincing one of them that the plan was seriously entertained, with some remote possibility of success, you would perhaps discover why Hamilton's plan of assumption excited, not disapproval merely, but passion. It cut deeply into State pride. It gave the party which had held out longest against the new Constitution an opportunity to turn upon the Federalists with a bitter, Did we not tell you so? What is *this* but consolidation?

Besides, the rapid rise in the value of the public debt, and especially the jump toward par which it gave when the funding resolution was passed, had had the usual effect (so familiar to us of this generation) of enriching several individuals not the most estimable of men, and of luring from honest industry a considerable class of speculators. Whoever saw exaggerated Wall Street when gold was going up and down the scale ten per cent a week, or whoever has read of the precisely similar scenes in Paris when Louis XIV. had died insolvent, leaving France littered with every kind of fluctuating paper for John Law to operate with and upon, can form some idea of the horror excited in the unsophisticated minds of country members in 1790 by the spectacle of sudden wealth gained by speculation in the public debt. As a rule, no sudden fortune is made without wrong to some and injury to many. It is in the highest degree undesirable for money to be made fast; and, in a healthy, proper state of things, it will seldom be done. During the colonial period, it is questionable if one individual had made a fortune even in so short a period as ten years, except by wrecking or privateering; and privateer fortunes were proverbially demor-

alizing and evanescent. It was thought remarkable that Franklin should have gained a competence in twenty years by legitimate business, and he never ceased to speak of it himself with grateful wonder. And what made these paper fortunes of 1790 and 1791 so aggravating to country gentlemen was, the serious decline in the value of their own lands. In Hamilton's Report upon the public credit occurs this sentence: "The value of cultivated lands, in most of the States, has fallen, since the Revolution, from twenty to fifty per cent." And here were speculators in the public debt setting up their carriages in the face of honorable members of hereditary estates, hard put to it to pay their board! At that period, *all* Southern members were country members; the whole South, except Charleston, being "country."

On public grounds, too, the mania for getting rich in a week was deplorable, since it injured those who lost and spoiled those who gained. It was a true mania, as Hamilton himself admits. "In the late delirium of speculation," he wrote, after the worst of it was over, "large sums [of the public debt] were purchased at twenty-five per cent above par and upwards"; which was just what happened when John Law "touched the corpse" of French credit in 1717. "Since this Report has been read," exclaimed a fiery member from Georgia, "a spirit of speculation and ruin has arisen, and been cherished by people who had an access to the information the Report contained, that would have made a *Hastings* blush to have been connected with, though long inured to preying on the vitals of his fellow-men. Three vessels, sir, have sailed within a fortnight from this port, freighted for speculation; they are intended to purchase up the State and other securities in the hands of the uninformed, though honest citizens of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. My soul rises indignant at the avaricious and moral turpitude which so vile a conduct displays."

Thus, the virtuous Georgian. And, indeed, few persons then perceived the usefulness of speculators,—the men who employ themselves in applying the redundancy of one place to the scarcity of another. Too many nutmegs in London, not enough nutmegs in New York: it is the speculator who remedies both evils at a stroke, with occasional advantage to himself. But how far a speculator may honorably avail himself of special knowledge is a question upon which Wayland's "Moral Philosophy" (school edition) is clear and decisive, but which presents difficulties in practical life. Those three fast-sailing schooners play a great part in the journalism and politics of the time. Whether they were phantom vessels or genuine two-masted schooners is not certain, but they excited profound and general horror. "If any man burns his fingers," said the indignant Jackson of Georgia, "which I hope to God, with all the warmth of a feeling heart, they may, they will only have their own cupidity to blame."

Now, the proposed assumption of the State debts, even if the principle could be admitted, even if the measure could be thought desirable or timely, was open to the obvious objection that it would throw upon the market twenty-one millions more of the fuel that had caused this alarming conflagration. It would be like putting gallons of tar into the furnace of a Mississippi steamboat already making nineteen miles an hour, with a colored boy on the safety-valve; a proceeding usually applauded by the gamblers and betting men on board, though extremely unpleasant to steady-going passengers.

Some of the States, moreover, had paid off half their war debt; others were making strenuous efforts in that direction; but some had not diminished their indebtedness at all, nor tried to do so. The proposed assumption placed all the States upon a level. The five foolish virgins were to have their lamps filled for them at the door of the mansion, and to be allowed to flaunt into the banquetting-room on the

same footing as their wise companions. The bad apprentice and the good apprentice were each to marry his master's daughter, inherit the business, and be lord-mayor.

For these and other reasons, a small majority of the House (31 to 29), in spite of the outcries of an army of creditors, and in spite of Hamilton's dazzling prestige and irrepressible resolution, rejected the plan of assumption. So acrimonious had been the debate, so intense the feeling on both sides, on the floor, in the lobby, in "the street," that when at last the rash scheme was rejected, it seemed as if the experiment of a general government had failed. Congress assembled every morning as usual, but only to adjourn at once; as the two sides were "too much out of temper to do business together." It was a case of Town *versus* Country, North against South, centralism against the rights and dignity of the State governments.

But why so much ill-humor? Because Hamilton and his friends, the men who were conducting the experiment of Federal government by the people, had no faith in the principle. It was not in their blood to submit at once, without a word, to the decision of a majority. The cogent arguments of Madison and the republican members against assumption, instead of instructing this brilliant young pupil of John Law, only irritated him, only made him the more resolute to carry his point, only convinced him the more that the people do not know what is best for them. He had an unteachable mind. "I will not give him up yet," he said, when he heard of Madison's opposition; as though it were a moral aberration in a friend to object to his measures; and when it became clear that Madison was fixed in his opposition, he had the immeasurable insolence to say, "Alas, poor human nature!" The idea never crossed his mind of dropping the scheme. And we may be sure that, at such a time, the clamor of an interested lobby will make itself heard; for the vote against

assumption was a shivering blow to many a paper fortune.

In this extremity, to whom, of all men in the world, should Hamilton apply for assistance but Jefferson, his colleague of three weeks' standing, up to the eyes in the work of his own department! Chance gave him the opportunity. On an April day, as the Secretary of State was walking from his house, 54 Maiden Lane, to the President's mansion, at the corner of Pearl and Cherry Streets, Hamilton met and joined him, and broke into the topic that filled his mind. The distance being much too short for his purpose, he "walked" his colleague to and fro in front of the President's house for half an hour, descending upon the situation, dwelling especially upon the dangerous temper into which Congress had been wrought, and the fierce disgust of members whose States were supposed to have more to receive than to pay. That word of fearful omen, *secession*, was then first uttered in connection with the politics of the United States. There was danger, Hamilton said, of the secession of the opposing members, and the separation of their States from the Union. At such a crisis, he thought, members of the administration should rally round the *President*, who was "the centre on which all administrative measures ultimately rested," and give a united support to such as he approved. This misinterpretation of the situation shows us how much he was "bewitched by the British form." The man was incapable of comprehending the crisis. There was no crisis, except of his own making. One of the suggestions of his Report having been rejected by the House of Representatives, he and his friends had only to acquiesce in becoming silence, and all was well. But, confused by their familiarity with the English system, excited by the clamor of the street, and having an ample share of false pride, they must needs persist until they had produced a crisis.

Thus appealed to, Jefferson fell back upon the expedient which had been so

successful in Paris during the French crisis of August, 1789, — a dinner. He told his anxious colleague that he was a stranger to the whole subject, not having yet informed himself of the system of finance adopted, and unable, therefore, to decide how far this measure of assuming the State debts was "a necessary sequence." But of one thing there could be no doubt: if its rejection was really perilous to the Union at this early stage of its existence, all partial and temporary evils should be endured to avert that supreme catastrophe. "Dine with me to-morrow," he continued, "and I will invite another friend or two, and bring you into conference together. I think it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, can fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which is to save the Union."

The conference occurred. Jefferson, as usual with him on such occasions, did not join in the discussion, but only exhorted his friends to conciliation, and quieted their minds by his serene presence. A compromise was effected; but, unhappily, it was not a compromise of opinion. Contending interests had to be assuaged; and thus a vast permanent wrong was done in order to tide over a temporary inconvenience. Nay, two permanent wrongs: log-rolling was invented, and the city of Washington was sprawled over the soft banks of the Potomac.

As early as September, 1789, the question of a capital of the United States had been debated in Congress, and debated with that warmth and irritation which such a subject excites always. A Ring loomed up dimly upon the imaginations of members, supposed to have been formed "out of doors," in order to fix the capital at "Wright's Ferry on the Susquehanna"; a place which has since developed into Wrightsville, containing, according to the *Gazetteer*, "two saw-mills and thirteen hundred and ten inhabitants." Few, perhaps, of these thirteen hundred and ten inhabitants know what a

narrow escape their secluded village had of being the capital of their country. The members from New England and New York agreed in preferring it, as the point nearest the centre of population, wealth, and convenience; and for many days it seemed to have a better chance than any of the other places proposed, — Harrisburg, Baltimore, New York, Germantown, Philadelphia. Wright's Ferry was shown in the debates to be the veritable "hub of the universe," a region favored by nature above others; where, as one member remarked, not merely the soil, the water, and the "advantages of nature" were unsurpassed, but where, "if honorable gentlemen were disposed to pay much attention to a dish of fish, he could assure them their table might be furnished with fine and good from the waters of the Susquehanna."

But Wright's Ferry lost its chance through the opposition of the Southern members; and the Ring rumor was the ass's jawbone which they used to kill the project. "Preconcerted out of doors," said Madison. "I am sorry the people should learn," remarked the loud Jackson of Georgia, whose home was a thousand miles from Wright's Ferry, "that the members from New England and New York had fixed on a seat of government." Such a report, he thought, would "blow the coals of sedition and endanger the Union."

The members from New England and New York denied the offensive charge, and contended that Wright had fixed his ferry at the point which would be "the centre of population for ages yet to come." With regard to the country west of the Ohio, "an immeasurable wilderness," Fisher Ames was of opinion (and it was everybody's opinion) that it was "perfectly romantic" to allow it any weight in the decision at all. "When it will be settled, or how it will be possible to govern it," said he, "is past calculation." Southern gentlemen, on the other hand, denied the "centrality" of Wright, and

maintained that the shores of the noble Potomac presented the genuine centre to the nation's choice. The Potomac! Horror! A deadly miasma hung over its banks; and no native of New England could remain there and live. "Vast numbers of Eastern adventurers," said Mr. Sedgwick of Massachusetts, "have gone to the Southern States, and *all* have found their graves there; they have met destruction as soon as they arrived." Centre of population? "Yes," said Sedgwick, "if you count the slaves"; but "if *they* were considered, gentlemen might as well estimate the black cattle of New England."

One remark made by Madison in the course of this long and too warm discussion has a particular interest for us who live under a network of telegraphic wires. "If," said he, "it were possible to promulgate our laws by some instantaneous operation, it would be of less consequence, in that point of view, where the government might be placed." But even in that case, centrality, he thought, would be but just, since the government would probably expend every year as much as half a million of dollars, and every citizen should partake of this advantage as equally as nature had rendered it possible.

And so the debate went on day after day. The Susquehanna men triumphed in the House; but the Senate sent back the bill with "Susquehanna" stricken out, and "Germantown" inserted. The House would not accept the amendment, and the session ended before a place had been agreed upon. The subject being resumed in the Spring of 1790, it was again productive of heat and recrimination; again the South was outvoted, and the Potomac rejected by a small majority. Baffled in the House, Southern men renewed their efforts over Mr. Jefferson's wine and hickory-nuts in Maiden Lane. Two sets of members were sour or savage from the loss of a measure upon which they had set their hearts; Southern men had lost the capital, and North-

ern men assumption. Then it was, that the original American log-roller—name unrecorded—conceived the idea of this bad kind of compromise. The bargain was this: Two Southern members should vote for assumption and so carry it; and, in return for this concession, Hamilton agreed to induce a few Northern members to change their votes on the question of the capital, and so fix it upon the Potomac. It was agreed, at length, that for the next ten years the seat of government should be Philadelphia, and, finally, near Georgetown. How much trouble would have been saved if some prophetic member had been strong enough to carry a very simple amendment, to strike out ten years and insert one hundred! And, in that case, what an agreeable task would have devolved upon this generation, of repealing Georgetown and beginning a suitable capital at the proper place!

To the last of his public life, Jefferson never ceased to regret the part he had innocently taken in this bargain. Even as a matter of convenience (leaving principle out of sight) he thought the separate States could reduce their chaos of debts to order, and put them in a fair way to be discharged better, sooner, and cheaper than it could be done by the general government. But while the crisis lasted, the minds of all men were filled with dismay and apprehension; for the threat of disunion had then lost none of its terrors by repetition and familiarity. The letters of the time are full of the perils of the situation. Jefferson himself, in a letter to his young friend Monroe, dated June 20, 1790, held this fearful language: "After exhausting their arguments and patience on these subjects, members have been for some time resting upon their oars, unable to get along as to these businesses and indisposed to attend to anything else till they are settled. And, in fine, it has become probable that, unless they can be settled by some plan of compromise, there will be no funding bill agreed to, and our credit (raised by late

prospects to be the first on the exchange at Amsterdam, where our paper is above par) will burst and vanish, and the States separate to take care every one of itself."

And so Hamilton triumphed. The young Republic rose in the estimation of all the money streets of Christendom, and in Amsterdam, a few months later, a new United States loan of two and a half millions of florins was filled in two hours and a half. What a contrast from the time when all Mr. Adams's pertinacity and eloquence, united with Mr. Jefferson's tact and suavity, had only been able to wring florins enough from Holland to keep the servants of Congress in Europe supplied with the necessaries of life! At home, the sudden increase in the value of the widely scattered debt enriched many people, improved the circumstances of more, and gave a lift to the whole country. America began to be. New York entered upon its predestined career. Corner lots acquired value. But the corpse of the public credit, having got firmly upon its feet, began soon to dance, caper, leap, and execute gymnastic wonders; for the young gentleman at the head of the treasury must needs apply the galvanic fluid once more. That "Bank of the United States," of which he had dreamed by the camp-fires of the Revolution, he was now in a position to establish. Deaf to the warnings of the prudent and the arguments of the wise, he forced it through Congress, and sat up all night writing a paper to convince the President that he ought to sign the bill. The books were opened. In a day—as fast, indeed, as the entries could be made—the shares were all taken, and large numbers of people were still eager to subscribe.

Then arose in the United States just such a mania for speculation as France experienced when the gambler, Law, and the *roué*, Regent, put their heads together in 1717. Every scrap of paper issued by the United States or bearing its sanction, whether debt

or shares, acquired a fictitious value. "What do you think of this scrippomania?" asks Jefferson of a friend in August, 1791. "Ships are lying idle at the wharfs, buildings are stopped, capitals are withdrawn from commerce, manufactures, arts, and agriculture, to be employed in gambling, and the tide of public prosperity, almost unparalleled in any country, is arrested in its course and suppressed by the rage of getting rich in a day. No mortal can tell when this will stop; for the spirit of gaming, when once it has seized a subject, is incurable. The tailor, who has made thousands in one day, though he has lost them the next, can never again be content with the slow and moderate earnings of his needle." Hamilton, too, was alarmed at the "extravagant sallies of speculation," which, he said, disgusted all sober citizens and gave "a wild air to everything." Such periods, happily, can never be of long duration; under the magic touch of Law, the corpse of French credit kept upon its feet eight months; then collapsed, and "a hundred thousand persons ruined." The period of inflation in the United States lasted about the same time, and was followed by the usual depression and the sudden return of the speculating tailor to his needle.

We laugh at those periods of collapse when they are past; but, while they are passing, the hurricanes of the West Indies, the simooms of Sahara, the earthquakes of the Andes, are not more terrible. They once threatened to play the same part in the spiritual history of America as the "terrible aspects of nature" did in that of Spain, where, as Mr. Buckle remarks, famines, epidemics, and earthquakes kept the human mind in a bondage of terror, and rendered it the easy prey of the priest.

The Secretary of State, meanwhile, was grappling with the weighty, un conspicuous duties of his place. No one knew, at first, what those duties were, or were not. For a while he was Postmaster-General, and we find him

inviting Colonel Pickering to dinner to confer upon a dashing scheme of sending the mail over the country at the furious pace of one hundred miles a day. His idea was to employ the public coaches for the service; but as they only travelled by day, he wished to "hand the mail along through the night till it may fall in with another stage the next day." He was commissioner of patents as well; and, in that capacity, saw what "a spring" was given to invention by the patent law. Happy were the inventors to find so appreciative an examiner of their devices! Oddly enough, too, it was to him the House referred a pretended discovery of one Isaacs for converting sea water into fresh. He gave a quietus to the claim of the enterprising Isaacs by inviting him to try his hand upon a few gallons of salt water in the presence of Rittenhouse, Wistar, Hutchinson, and himself, all members of the Philosophical Society. The process proved to be mere distillation, (known and practised for many years,) veiled by a little hocus-pocus of Mr. Isaac's own contriving. He reported against the claim, and advised that a short account of the best way of extemporizing a still on board ship be printed on the back of all ship's clearances, with an invitation to forward results of such attempts to the Secretary of State.

The question of establishing a mint was referred by a lazy House of Representatives to the Secretary of State. Shall we send abroad to get our coins made, or manufacture them at home? At home, said Mr. Jefferson. "Coinage is peculiarly an attribute of sovereignty. . . . To transfer its exercise into another country, is to submit it to another sovereign." So the mint was established at Philadelphia, workmen were invited from abroad, and a quantity of copper ordered from Europe to be made into American cents.

Some questions which would now be answered by the Supreme Court were referred to him for an opinion. One was this: If the President nomi-

nates an ambassador, has the Senate a right to change the grade of the nominee to plenipotentiary? It has not, was the opinion given. Even the validity of a grant of land was referred to him. Many a day of arduous toil, and many an hour of earnest consultation, were devoted by Jefferson in the summer of 1790 to a Report, called for by the House, of a plan of establishing uniformity in coinage, weights, and measures, — a subject familiar to his mind for many years. In this most elaborate and able paper, packed close with curious knowledge and illumined with happy suggestions, he made one more attempt to introduce the decimal system. If his advice had been followed, school-boys, to-day, might be "saying" their tables in this fashion: "Ten points one line; ten lines one inch; ten inches one foot; ten feet one deced; ten deceds one rood; ten roods one furlong; ten furlongs one mile." But this was too audacious for Congress to accept. The only decimal table adopted was the one relating to the new Federal money. But the people long clung to the familiar difficulties of pounds, shillings, and pence, aggravated by the intricacies of the different State currencies. After the lapse of eighty-two years, — so inveterate is habit, — we are not yet universally submissive to the easy yoke of the decimal currency. "Dime" comes slowly into use; the words "sixpence" and "shilling" linger after the coins are gone; and the popular propensity is to call an eagle a "ten-dollar piece."

In addition to these domestic duties, it devolved upon the Secretary of State to superintend the laying out of the District of Columbia, and the planning of the public edifices in the dense forest that covered the site of Washington. Hence, perhaps, the general resemblance of that city to ancient Williamsburg in Virginia, where the Secretary of State attended college, studied law, played the violin, and loved Belinda. If Jefferson could have forgotten the spacious, pleasant old town, there was "dear Page" at his

side and plenty of other graduates of William and Mary to remind him of it.

In the autumn of 1790 the government packed up its traps and removed from New York to Philadelphia. New-Yorkers took the loss good-humoredly enough, if we may judge from the newspapers. "And so Congress is going to Philadelphia," said one. "Well, then there is an end of everything; no more pavement; no more improvements of any kind." And the editor wound up a long, jocular article by telling the story of Charles II. and the Lord Mayor of London. "What did the king say?" asked his Lordship of a deputation of aldermen just returned from court. "He says, if we don't give him more money, he'll remove his court to Windsor." "Is that all?" cried the Mayor. "I thought his Majesty said he'd take the Thames away." New York, too, has found its Thames sufficient.

In November, then, of 1790, the Secretary of State, after a delightful month at Monticello, was established in Philadelphia, living in "four rooms" of a spacious lodging-house on the pleasant outskirts of the city, not far from where Dr. Franklin flew his immortal kite. Near by the Secretary had a stable and coach-house with stalls for six horses, four of which were occupied; so that Madison, Monroe, and himself could enjoy a canter together along the delicious banks of the Schuylkill. It was oftener a walk than a ride. Once it was a "wade." "What say you," he writes to Madison, during a rainy week in April, 1791, "to taking a wade into the country at noon? It will be pleasant above head at least, and the party will finish by dining here." He was raised to the dignity of grandfather in February, 1791. "Your last two letters," he writes to his daughter, "gave me the greatest pleasure of any I ever received from you. The one announced that you were become a notable housewife; the other, a mother. The last is undoubtedly the keystone of the arch of matrimonial happiness, as the first is

its daily aliment." Monticello waited for him to name the baby. "Anne" was his choice, because it was a name frequent in both families.

He had also the honor, at this time, of being a kind of martyr to his principles,—an *ex post facto* martyr. It was Jefferson who had taken the lead in destroying the ancient system of primogeniture and entail in Virginia, and one of the first great heirs who suffered by the reform was his own son-in-law, Randolph. The father of the young husband, a brisk and social old gentleman of the old school, gave alarming symptoms of a second marriage. A girl in her teens was the object of his choice, upon whom he proposed to make a settlement so lavish as to greatly abridge the inheritance of the young couple, as well as to throw a great part of the charge of their immediate settlement upon Mr. Jefferson. The letter which he wrote to his daughter on this occasion has been a thousand times admired, and will be admired again as often as it is read by a person in whose disposition there is anything of magnanimity or tenderness. He told her that Colonel Randolph's marriage was a thing to have been expected; for, as he was a man whose amusements depended upon society, he could not live alone. The settlement upon the old man's bride might be neither prudent nor just, but he hoped it would not lessen their affection for him.

"If the lady," he continued, "has anything difficult in her disposition, avoid what is rough, and attach her good qualities to you. Consider what are otherwise as a bad stop in your harpsichord, and do not touch on it, but make yourself happy with the good ones. Every human being, my dear, must thus be viewed, according to what it is good for; for none of us, no, not one, is perfect; and were we to love none who had imperfections, this world would be a desert for our love. All we can do is to make the best of our friends, love and cherish what is good in them, and keep out of the way of

what is bad ; but no more think of rejecting them for it, than of throwing away a piece of music for a flat passage or two. Your situation will require peculiar attentions and respects to both parties. Let no proof be too much for either your patience or acquiescence. Be you, my dear, the link of love, union, and peace for the whole family. The world will give you the more credit for it in proportion to the difficulty of the task, and your own happiness will be the greater as you perceive that you promote that of others. Former acquaintance and equality of age will render it the easier for

you to cultivate and gain the love of the lady. The mother, too, becomes a very necessary object of attentions."

The marriage took place, and the settlements upon the bride were made. The young couple, in consequence, were much more curtailed in their resources than any one had expected. But the daughter of Jefferson remained, for thirty-five years, "the link of love, union, and peace for the whole family"; one member of which, John Randolph of Roanoke, estranged as he was from her father, toasted her as "the noblest woman in Virginia."

James Parton.

A FADED LEAF OF HISTORY.

ONE quiet, snowy afternoon this winter, I found in a dark corner of one of the oldest libraries in the country a curious pamphlet. It fell into my hands like a bit of old age and darkness itself. The pages were coffee-colored and worn thin and ragged at the edges, like rotting leaves in fall ; they had grown clammy to the touch, too, from the grasp of so many dead years. There was a peculiar smell about the book which it had carried down from the days when young William Penn went up and down the clay-paths of his village of Philadelphia, stopping to watch the settlers fishing in the clear ponds or to speak to the gangs of yellow-painted Indians coming in with peltry from the adjacent forest.

The leaves were scribbled over with the name of John, — "John," in a cramped, childish hand. His father's book, no doubt, and the writing a bit of boyish mischief. Outside now, in the street, the boys were pelting each other with snowballs, just as this John had done in the clay-paths. But for nearly two hundred years his bones had been crumbled into lime and his

flesh gone back into grass and roots. Yet here he was, a boy still ; here was the old pamphlet and the scrawl in yellowing ink, with the smell about it still.

Printed by Rainier Janssen, 1698. I turned over the leaves, expecting to find a sermon preached before Andros, "for the conversion of Sadducees," or some "Report of the Condition of the Principalities of New Netherland, or New Sweden, for the Use of the Lord's High Proprietors thereof" (for of such precious dead dust this library is full) ; but I found, instead, wrapped in weighty sentences and backed by the gravest and most ponderous testimony, the story of a baby, "a Sucking Child six Months old." It was like a live seed in the hand of a mummy. The story of a baby and a boy and an aged man, in "the devouring Waves of the Sea ; and also among the cruel devouring Jaws of inhuman Canibals." There were, it is true, other divers persons in the company, by one of whom the book is written. But the divers persons seemed to me to be only part of that endless caravan of ghosts that has been crossing the

world since the beginning ; they never can be anything but ghosts to us. If only to find a human interest in them, one would rather they had been devoured by inhuman cannibals than not. But a baby and a boy and an aged man !

All that afternoon, through the dingy windows of the old building, I could see the snow falling soft and steadily, covering the countless roofs of the city, and fancying the multitude of comfortable happy homes which these white roofs hid and the sweet-tempered, gracious women there, with their children close about their knees. I thought I would like to bring this little live baby back to the others, with its strange, pathetic story, out of the buried years where it has been hidden with dead people so long, and give it a place and home among us all again.

I only premise that I have left the facts of the history unaltered, even in the names ; and that I believe them to be, in every particular, true.

On the 22d of August, 1696, this baby, a puny, fretful boy, was carried down the street of Port Royal, Jamaica, and on board the "barkentine" *Reformation*, bound for Pennsylvania ; a Province which, as you remember, Du Chastellux, a hundred years later, described as a most savage country which he was compelled to cross on his way to the burgh of Philadelphia, on its border. To this savage country our baby was bound. He had by way of body-guard, his mother, a gentle Quaker lady ; his father, Jonathan Dickenson, a wealthy planter, on his way to increase his wealth in Penn's new settlement ; three negro men, four negro women, and an Indian named Venus, all slaves of the said Dickenson ; the captain, his boy, seven seamen, and two passengers. Besides this defence, the baby's ship was escorted by thirteen sail of merchantmen under convoy of an armed frigate. For these were the days when, to the righteous man, terror walked abroad, in the light and the darkness. The

green, quiet coasts were but the lurking-places of savages, and the green, restless seas more treacherous with pirates. Kidd had not yet buried his treasure, but was prowling up and down the eastern seas, gathering it from every luckless vessel that fell in his way. The captain, Kirle, debarred from fighting by cowardice, and the Quaker Dickenson, forbidden by principle, appear to have set out upon their perilous journey, resolved to defend themselves by suspicion, pure and simple. They looked for treachery behind every bush and billow ; the only chance of safety lay, they maintained, in holding every white man to be an assassin and every red man a cannibal until they were proved otherwise.

The boy was hired by Captain Kirle to wait upon him. His name was John Hilliard, and he was precisely what any of these good-humored, mischievous fellows outside would have been, hired on a brigantine two centuries ago ; disposed to shirk his work in order to stand gaping at black Ben fishing, or to rub up secretly his old cutlass for the behoof of Kidd, or the French when they should come, while the Indian Venus stood by looking on, with the baby in her arms.

The aged man is invariably set down as chief of the company, though the captain held all the power and the Quaker all the money. But white hair and a devout life gave an actual social rank in those days, obsolete now, and Robert Barrow was known as a man of God all along the coast-settlements from Massachusetts to Ashly River, among whites and Indians. Years before, in Yorkshire, his inward testimony (he being a Friend) had bidden him go preach in this wilderness. He asked of God, it is said, rather to die ; but was not disobedient to the heavenly call, and came and labored faithfully. He was now returning from the West Indies, where he had carried his message a year ago.

The wind set fair for the first day or two ; the sun was warm. Even the grim Quaker Dickenson might have

thought the white-sailed fleet a pretty sight scudding over the rolling green plain, if he could have spared time to his jealous eyes from scanning the horizon for pirates. Our baby, too, saw little of sun or sea; for being but a sickly baby, with hardly vitality enough to live from day to day, it was kept below, smothered in the finest of linens and the softest of paduasoy.

One morning when the fog lifted, Dickenson's watch for danger was rewarded. They had lost their way in the night; the fleet was gone, the dead blue slopes of water rolled up to the horizon on every side and were met by the dead blue sky, without the break of a single sail or the flicker of a flying bird. For fifteen days they beat about without any apparent aim other than to escape the enemies whom they hourly expected to leap out from behind the sky line. On the sixteenth day, friendly signs were made to them from shore. "A fire made a great Smoak, and People beckoned to us to putt on Shoar," but Kirle and Dickenson, seized with fresh fright, put about and made off as for their lives, until nine o'clock that night, when seeing two signal-lights, doubtless from some of their own convoy, they cried out, "The French! the French!" and tacked back again as fast as might be. The next day, Kirle being disabled by a jibbing boom, Dickenson brought his own terrors into command, and for two or three days whisked the unfortunate barkentine up and down the coast, afraid of both sea and shore, until finally, one night, he run her aground on a sand-bar on the Florida reefs. Wondering much at this "judgment of God," Dickenson went to work. Indeed, to do him justice, he seems to have been always ready enough to use his burly strength and small wit, trusting to them to carry him through the world wherein his soul was beleaguered by many inscrutable judgments of God and the universal treachery of his brother-man.

The crew abandoned the ship in a heavy storm. A fire was kindled in

the bight of a sand-hill and protected as well as might be with sails and palmetto branches; and to this, Dickenson, with "Great trembling and Pain of Hartt," carried his baby in his own arms and laid it in its mother's breast. Its little body was pitiful to see from leanness, and a great fever was upon it. Robert Barrow, the crippled captain, and a sick passenger shared the child's shelter. "Whereupon two Canibals appeared, naked, but for a breech-cloth of plaited straw, with Countenances bloody and furious, and foaming at the Mouth"; but on being given tobacco, retreated inland to alarm the tribe. The ship's company gathered together and sat down to wait their return, expecting cruelty, says Dickenson, and dreadful death. Christianity was now to be brought face to face with heathenness, which fact our author seems to have recognized under all his terror. "We began by putting our trust in the Lord, hoping for no Mercy from these bloody-minded Creatures; having too few guns to use except to enrage them, a Motion arose among us to deceive them by calling ourselves Spaniards, that Nation having some influence over them"; to which lie all consented, except Robert Barrow. It is curious to observe how these early Christians met the Indians with the same weapons of distrust and fraud which have proved so effective with us in civilizing them since.

In two or three hours the savages appeared in great numbers, bloody and furious, and in their chronic state of foaming at the mouth. "They rushed in upon us, shouting 'Nickalees? Nickalees?' (Un Ingles.) To which we replied 'Espania.' But they cried the more fiercely 'No Espania, Nickalees!'" and being greatly enraged thereat, seized upon all Trunks and Chests and our cloathes upon our Backs, leaving us each only a pair of old Breeches, except Robert Barrow, my wife, and child from whom they took nothing." The king, or Cassekey, as Dickenson calls him, distinguished by a horse-tail fastened to

his belt behind, took possession of their money and buried it, at which the good Quaker spares not his prayers for punishment on all pagan robbers, quite blind to the poetic justice of the burial, as the money had been made on land stolen from the savages. The said Cassekey also set up his abode in their tent; kept all his tribe away from the woman and child and aged man; kindled fires; caused, as a delicate attention, the only hog remaining on the wreck to be killed and brought to them for a midnight meal; and, in short, comported himself so hospitably, and with such kindly consideration toward the broad-brimmed Quaker, that we are inclined to account him the better bred fellow of the two, in spite of his scant costume of horse-tail and belt of straw. As for the robbery of the ship's cargo, no doubt the Cassekey had progressed far enough in civilization to know that to the victors belong the spoils. Florida, for two years, had been stricken down from coast to coast by a deadly famine, and in all probability these cannibals returned thanks to whatever God they had for this windfall of food and clothes devoutly as our forefathers were doing at the other end of the country for the homes which they had taken by force. There is a good deal of kinship among us in circumstances after all, as well as in blood. The chief undoubtedly recognized a brother in Dickenson, every whit as tricky as himself, and would fain, savage as he was, have proved him to be something better; for, after having protected them for several days, he came into their tent and gravely and with authority set himself to asking the old question, "Nickalees?"

"To which, when we denied, he directed his Speech to the Aged Man, who would not conceal the Truth, but answered in Simplicity, 'Yes.' Then he cried in Wrath 'Totus Nickalees!' and went out from us. But returned in great fury with his men and stripped all Cloathes from us."

However, the clothes were returned, and the chief persuaded them to hasten on to his own village. Dickenson, sus-

pecting foul play as usual, insisted on going to Santa Lucia. There, the Indian told him, they would meet fierce savages and undoubtedly have their throats cut, which kindly warning was quite enough to drive the Quaker to Santa Lucia headlong. He was sure of the worst designs on the part of the cannibal, from a strange glance which he fixed upon the baby as he drove them before him to his village, saying with a treacherous laugh, that after they had gone there for a purpose he had, they might go to Santa Lucia as they would.

It was a bleak, chilly afternoon as they toiled mile after mile along the beach, the Quaker woman far behind the others with her baby in her arms, carrying it, as she thought, to its death. Overhead, flocks of dark-winged grakles swooped across the lowering sky, uttering from time to time their harsh foreboding cry; shoreward, as far as the eye could see, the sand stretched in interminable yellow ridges, blackened here and there by tufts of dead palmetto-trees; while on the other side the sea had wrapped itself in a threatening silence and darkness. A line of white foam crept out of it from horizon to horizon, dumb and treacherous, and licked the mother's feet as she dragged herself heavily after the others.

From time to time the Indian stealthily peered over her shoulder, looking at the child's thin face as it slept upon her breast. As evening closed in, they came to a broad arm of the sea thrust inland through the beach, and halted at the edge. Beyond it, in the darkness, they could distinguish the yet darker shapes of the wigwams, and savages gathered about two or three enormous fires that threw long red lines of glare into the sea-fog. "As we stood there for many Hour's Time," says Jonathan Dickenson, "we were assured these Dreadful Fires were prepared for us."

Of all the sad little company that stand out against the far-off dimness of the past, in that long watch upon the beach, the low-voiced, sweet-tempered Quaker lady comes nearest and is the

most real to us. The sailors had chosen a life of peril years ago; her husband, with all his suspicious bigotry, had, when pushed to extremes, an admirable tough courage with which to face the dangers of sea and night and death; and the white-headed old man, who stood apart and calm, had received, as much as Elijah of old, a Divine word to speak in the wilderness, and the life in it would sustain him through death. But Mary Dickenson was only a gentle, commonplace woman, whose life had been spent on a quiet farm, whose highest ambition was to take care of her snug little house, and all of whose brighter thoughts or romance or passion began and ended in this staid Quaker and the baby that was a part of them both. It was only six months ago that this first-born child had been laid in her arms; and as she lay on the white bed looking out on the spring dawning day after day, her husband sat beside her telling her again and again of the house he had made ready for her in Penn's new settlement. She never tired of hearing of it. Some picture of this far-off home must have come to the poor girl as she stood now in the night, the sea-water creeping up to her naked feet, looking at the fires built, as she believed, for her child.

Toward midnight a canoe came from the opposite side, into which the chief put Barrow, Dickenson, the child, and its mother. Their worst fears being thus confirmed, they crossed in silence, holding each other by the hand, the poor baby moaning now and then. It had indeed been born tired into the world, and had gone moaning its weak life out ever since.

Landing on the farther beach, the crowd of waiting Indians fled from them as if frightened, and halted in the darkness beyond the fires. But the Cassekey dragged them on toward a wigwam, taking Mary and the child before the others. "Herein," says her husband, "was the Wife of the Canibal, and some old Women sitting in a Cabbin made of Sticks about a Foot

high, and covered with a Matt. He made signs for us to sitt down on the Ground, which we did. The Cassekey's Wife looking at my Child and having her own Child in her lapp, putt it away to another Woman, and rose upp and would not bee denied, but would have my Child. She took it and suckled it at her Breast, feeling it from Top to Toe, and viewing it with a sad Countenance."

The starving baby, being thus warmed and fed, stretched its little arms and legs out on the savage breast comfortably and fell into a happy sleep, while its mother sat apart and looked on.

"An Indian did kindly bring to her a Fish upon a Palmetto Leaf and set it down before her; but the Pain and Thoughts within her were so great that she could not eat."

The rest of the crew having been brought over, the chief set himself to work and speedily had a wigwam built, in which mats were spread, and the shipwrecked people, instead of being killed and eaten, went to sleep just as the moon rose, and the Indians began "a Consort of hideous Noises," whether of welcome or worship they could not tell.

Dickenson and his band remained in this Indian village for several days, endeavoring all the time to escape, in spite of the kind treatment of the chief, who appears to have shared all that he had with them. The Quaker kept a constant, fearful watch, lest there might be death in the pot. When the Cassekey found they were resolved to go, he set out for the wreck, bringing back a boat which was given to them, with butter, sugar, a rundlet of wine, and chocolate; to Mary and the child he also gave everything which he thought would be useful to them. This friend in the wilderness appeared sorry to part with them, but Dickenson was blind both to friendship and sorrow, and obstinately took the direction against which the chief warned him, suspecting treachery, "though we found afterward that his counsell was good."

Robert Barrow, Mary, and the child,

with two sick men, went in a canoe along the coast, keeping the crew in sight, who, with the boy, travelled on foot, sometimes singing as they marched. So they began the long and terrible journey, the later horrors of which I dare not give in the words here set down. The first weeks were painful and disheartening, although they still had food. Their chief discomfort arose from the extreme cold at night and the tortures from the sand-flies and mosquitoes on their exposed bodies, which they tried to remedy by covering themselves with sand, but found sleep impossible.

At last, however, they met the fiercer savages of whom the chief had warned them, and practised upon them the same device of calling themselves Spaniards. By this time, one would suppose, even Dickenson's dull eyes would have seen the fatal idiocy of the lie. "Crying out 'Nickalees No Espanier,' they rushed upon us, rending the few Clothes from us that we had; they took all from my Wife, even tearing her Hair out, to get at the Lace, wherewith it was knotted." They were then dragged furiously into canoes and rowed to the village, being stoned and shot at as they went. The child was stripped, while one savage filled its mouth with sand.

But at that the chief's wife came quickly to Mary and protected her from the sight of all, and took the sand out of the child's mouth, entreating it very tenderly, whereon the mass of savages fell back, muttering and angry.

The same woman brought the poor naked lady to her wigwam, quieted her, found some raw deerskins, and showed her how to cover herself and the baby with them.

The tribe among which they now were had borne the famine for two years; their emaciated and hunger-bitten faces gave fiercer light to their gloomy, treacherous eyes. Their sole food was fish and palmetto-berries, both of which were scant. Nothing could have been more unwelcome than the advent of this crowd of whites,

bringing more hungry mouths to fill; and, indeed, there is little reason to doubt that the first intention was to put them all to death. But, after the second day, Dickenson relates that the chief "looked pleasantly upon my Wife and Child"; instead of the fish entrails and filthy water in which the fish had been cooked which had been given to the prisoners, he brought clams to Mary, and kneeling in the sand showed her how to roast them. The Indian women, too, carried off the baby, knowing that its mother had no milk for it, and handed it about from one to the other, putting away their own children that they might give it their food. At which the child, that, when it had been wrapped in fine flannel and embroidery had been always nigh to death, began to grow fat and rosy, to crow and laugh as it had never done before, and kick its little legs sturdily about under their bit of raw skin covering. Mother Nature had taken the child home, that was all, and was breathing new lusty life into it, out of the bare ground and open sky, the sun and wind, and the breasts of these her children; but its father saw in the change only another inexplicable miracle of God. Nor does he seem to have seen that it was the child and its mother who had been a protection and shield to the whole crew and saved them through this their most perilous strait.

I feel as if I must stop here with the story half told. Dickenson's narrative, when I finished it, left behind it a fresh, sweet cheerfulness, as if one had been actually touching the living baby with its fair little body and milky breath; but if I were to try to reproduce the history of the famished men and women of the crew during the months that followed, I should but convey to you a dull and dreary horror.

You yourselves can imagine what the journey on foot along the bleak coast in winter, through tribe after tribe of hostile savages, must have been to delicately nurtured men and women, naked but for a piece of raw deerskin, and

utterly without food save for the few nauseous berries or offal rejected by the Indians. In their ignorance of the coast they wandered farther and farther out of their way into those morasses which an old writer calls "the refuge of all unclean birds and the breeding-fields of all reptiles." Once a tidal wave swept down into a vast marsh where they had built their fire, and air and ground slowly darkened with the swarming living creatures, whirring, creeping about them through the night, and uttering gloomy, dissonant cries. Many of these strange companions and some savages found their way to the hill of oyster-shells where the crew fled, and remained there for the two days and nights in which the flood lasted.

Our baby accepted all fellow-travelers cheerfully; made them welcome, indeed. Savage or slave or beast were his friends alike, his laugh and outstretched hands were ready for them all. The aged man, too, Dickenson tells us, remained hopeful and calm, even when the slow-coming touch of death had begun to chill and stiffen him, and in the presence of the cannibals assuring his companions cheerfully of his faith that they would yet reach home in safety. Even in that strange, forced halt, when Mary Dickenson could do nothing but stand still and watch the sea closing about them, creeping up and up like a visible death, the old man's prayers and the baby's laugh must have kept the thought of her far home very near and warm to her.

They escaped the sea to fall into worse dangers. Disease was added to starvation. One by one strong men dropped exhausted by the way, and were left unburied, while the others crept feebly on; stout Jonathan Dickenson taking as his charge the old man, now almost a helpless burden. Mary, who, underneath her gentle, timid ways, seems to have had a gallant heart in her little body, carried her baby to the last, until the milk in her breast was quite dried and her eyes

grew blind, and she too fell one day beside a poor negress who, with her unborn child, lay frozen and dead, saying that she was tired, and that the time had come for her too to go. Dickenson lifted her and struggled on.

The child was taken by the negroes and sailors. It makes a mother's heart ache even now to read how these coarse, famished men, often fighting like wild animals with each other, staggering under weakness and bodily pain, carried the heavy baby, never complaining of its weight, thinking, it may be, of some child of their own whom they would never see or touch again.

I can understand better the mystery of that Divine Childhood that was once in the world, when I hear how these poor slaves, unasked, gave of their dying strength to this child; how, in tribes through which no white man had ever travelled alive, it was passed from one savage mother to the other, tenderly handled, nursed at their breasts; how a gentler, kindlier spirit seemed to come from the presence of the baby and its mother to the crew; so that, while at first they had cursed and fought their way along, they grew at the last helpful and tender with each other, often going back, when to go back was death, for the comrade who dropped by the way, and bringing him on until they too lay down, and were at rest together.

It was through the baby that deliverance came to them at last. The story that a white woman and a beautiful child had been wandering all winter through the deadly swamps was carried from one tribe to another until it reached the Spanish fort at St. Augustine. One day therefore, when near their last extremity, they "saw a Perre-augoe approaching by sea filled with soldiers, bearing a letter signifying the governor of St. Augustine's great Care for our Preservation, of what Nation soever we were." The journey, however, had to be made on foot; and it was more than two weeks before Dickenson, the old man, Mary and the

child, and the last of the crew, reached St. Augustine.

"We came thereto," he says, "about two hours before Night, and were directed to the governor's house, where we were led up a pair of stairs, at the Head whereof stood the governor, who ordered my Wife to be conducted to his Wife's Apartment."

There is something in the picture of poor Mary, after her months of starvation and nakedness, coming into a lady's chamber again, "where was a Fire and Bath and Cloathes," which has a curious pathos in it to a woman.

Robert Barrow and Dickenson were given clothes, and a plentiful supper set before them.

St. Augustine was then a collection of a few old houses grouped about the fort; only a garrison, in fact, half supported by the king of Spain and half by the Church of Rome. Its three hundred male inhabitants were either soldiers or priests, dependent for supplies of money, clothing, or bread upon Havana; and as the famine had lasted for two years, and it was then three since a vessel had reached them from any place whatever, their poverty was extreme. They were all, too, the "false Catholicks and hireling Priests" whom, beyond all others, Dickenson distrusted and hated. Yet the grim Quaker's hand seems to tremble as he writes down the record of their exceeding kindness; of how they welcomed them, looking, as they did, like naked furious beasts, and cared for them as if they were their brothers. The governor of the fort clothed the crew warmly, and out of his own great penury fed them abundantly. He was a reserved and silent man, with a grave courtesy and odd gentle care for the woman and child that makes him quite real to us. Dickenson does not even give *his* name. Yet it is worth much to us to know that a brother of us all lived on that solitary Florida coast two centuries ago, whether he was pagan, Protestant, or priest.

When they had rested for some time, the governor furnished canoes and an

escort to take them to Carolina, — a costly outfit in those days, — whereupon Dickenson, stating that he was a man of substance, insisted upon returning some of the charges to which the governor and people had been put as soon as he reached Carolina. But the Spaniard smiled and refused the offer, saying whatever he did was done for God's sake. When the day came that they must go, "he walked down to see us embark, and taking our Farewell, he embraced some of us, and wished us well saying that *We should forget him when we got amongst our own nation*; and I also added that *If we forgot him, God would not forget him*, and thus we parted."

The mischievous boy, John Hilliard, was found to have hidden in the woods until the crew were gone, and remained ever after in the garrison with the grave Spaniards, with whom he was a favorite.

The voyage to Carolina occupied the month of December, being made in open canoes, which kept close to the shore, the crew disembarking and encamping each night. Dickenson tells with open-eyed wonder how the Spaniards kept their holiday of Christmas in the open boat and through a driving northeast storm; praying, and then tinkling a piece of iron for music and singing, and also begging gifts from the Indians, who begged from them in their turn; and what one gave to the other, that they gave back again. Our baby at least, let us hope, had Christmas feeling enough to understand the laughing and hymn-singing in the face of the storm.

At the lonely little hamlet of Charleston (a few farms cut out of the edge of the wilderness) the adventurers were received with eagerness; even the Spanish escort were exalted into heroes, and entertained and rewarded by the gentlemen of the town. Here too Dickenson and Kirle sent back generous gifts to the soldiers of St. Augustine, and a token of remembrance to their friend, the governor. After two months' halt, "on the eighteenth of

the first month, called March," they embarked for Pennsylvania, and on a bright cold morning in April came in sight of their new home of Philadelphia. The river was gay with a dozen sail, and as many brightly painted Indian pirogues darting here and there; a ledge of green banks rose from the water's edge dark with gigantic hemlocks, and pierced with the caves in which many of the settlers yet lived; while between the bank and the forest were one or two streets of mud-huts and of curious low stone houses sparkling with mica, among which broad-brimmed Friends went up and down.

The stern Quaker had come to his own life and to his own people again; the very sun had a familiar home look for the first time in his journey. We can believe that he rejoiced in his own solid, enduring way; gave thanks that he had escaped the judgments of God, and closed his righteous gates thereafter on aught that was alien or savage.

The aged man rejoiced in a different way; for being carried carefully to the shore by many friends, they knowing that he was soon to leave them, he put out his hand, ready to embrace them in much love, and in a tender frame of spirit, saying gladly that the Lord had answered his desire, and brought him home to lay his bones among them. From the windows of the dusky library, I can see the spot now, where, after his long journey, he rested for a happy day or two, looking upon the dear familiar faces and wav-

ing trees and the sunny April sky, and then gladly and cheerfully bade them farewell and went onward.

Mary had come at last to the pleasant home that had been waiting so long for her, and there, no doubt, she nursed her baby, and clothed him in soft fooleries again, and, let us hope, out of the fulness of her soul, not only prayed, but, Quaker as she was, sang idle joyous songs, when her husband was out of hearing.

But the baby, who knew nothing of the judgments or mercy of God, and who could neither pray nor sing, only had learned in these desperate straits to grow strong and happy in the touch of sun and wind, and to hold out its arms to friend or foe, slave or savage, sure of a welcome, and so came closer to God than any of them all.

Jonathan Dickenson became a power in the new principality; there are vague traditions of his strict rule as mayor, his stately equipages and vast estates. No doubt, if I chose to search among the old musty records, I could find the history of his son. But I do not choose; I will not believe that he ever grew to be a man, or died.

He will always be to us simply a baby; a live, laughing baby, sent by his Master to the desolate places of the earth with the old message of Divine love and universal brotherhood to his children; and I like to believe too, that as he lay in the arms of his savage foster-mothers, taking life from their life, Christ so took him into his own arms and blessed him.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

THE morn is softly beautiful and still,
Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold and gray
Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
Uprise, as mute and motionless as they!

Yea! mute and moveless; not one flickering spray
Flashed into sunlight, nor a gaunt bough stirred;
Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines to stray,
We catch a faint thin murmur far away,
A bodiless voice, by grosser ears unheard.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furred,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah, can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange, unearthly music of despair?

Or, can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum—
Scarce heard for that weird, sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowséd sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life, its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose!

Paul H. Hayne.

BARBARA'S DUTY.

ON a corner of the village street smirked the smart little white frame-house of Dr. Davidson, a house to look at twice. It was built in the Grecian style, — a style to make the old Athenian architects wince in their sepulchres. It had its porch supported by alternate square and round pillars, and its pediment adorned with the finest devices of H. Billings, carpenter. In that pretentious small abode dwelt the least pretentious man in Churchill, Dr. Davidson, dentist, and his wife and their six children, the eldest of whom was Barbara.

She, Barbara, was standing, toward the close of an autumn day, in the centre of the best room of the house, a room in which taste was continually at work checking the forwardness of poverty, and rebuking the inroads of time, when her brother entered, and crossing the floor with three strides sat down at the piano, and, laying his hands noiselessly on the keys, looked at her. The mood of the moment it appeared was quite too strong for her. She seemed not to have noticed his entrance, and was not under the least apprehension, as usually she was, that his assaults on the instrument would require the services of a tuner on the morrow. As if to avoid the necessity of looking at or speaking to him, she walked to the window and gazed outward on the street.

What did she see? Familiar objects which she had looked at ever since she was born. Opposite, the white frame-church with its square tower built in Gothic style, — Goth looking down on Greek! Next it the parsonage; and then, white houses, yards, and trees, with here and there a trace of summer's bloom. A prospect pleasant, chiefly because of its peaceful signs of neighbors, friendship, and good-will. How many people crazed with city toils, chagrins, and noises would have hailed

the sign of final escape into such a street and neighborhood! Barbara looking forth over the scene sighed with deep dissatisfaction. There must be many mansions, if at last all are to feel at home.

While she stood and gazed at the lowly-minded brown sparrows and the serene doves pecking on the sidewalk, the youth at the piano felt moved to break the silence. He did so with a kind of violence.

"Don't you see you can't take and polish 'em as you would a lot of tin pans! Where would be the good of brightening up the outside only? They're live things," said he.

"That's just it!" she answered in a low voice, half turning toward him. "Assimilation and growth are just what confound me. I can't live a hundred years, Dick, to see whether the aloe will bloom or not, after all my pains. And I don't want to die without the sight."

"Jupiter Olympus! will you go crazy over those trundle-bed folks? They'll never thank you."

"O Dick, don't talk! If I only knew *anything*! I am so disappointed! But I can be honest: I have just proved that to myself. I have sent Jane Spingler to Professor Jay. He can teach her thorough-bass, and she ought to learn it."

The eyes which it had seemed just now might fill with tears in a moment brightened here, and an expression half triumphant appeared on Barbara's face. As she kept that face resolutely toward the window, however, perhaps for this very reason that Dick might not witness her varying emotions, he had only his ear to guide him in reply, — his ear and his boy-spirit.

"What did I tell you ages ago!" he exclaimed. "You would teach, in spite of everybody."

"Has mother ever objected? or father?"

"Poor father and mother know how little would be gained by talking."

"Perhaps they feel there's a need of helpers in this house."

At this remark, dryly uttered, Master Dick, just seventeen, three years younger than his sister Barbara, and a great deal wiser than Solon, turned toward the front window also to look out on the narrow street, which induced her suddenly to take up a tattered sheet of music and bestow upon it her serious attention. Then he sighed inwardly, impatiently, as she.

O, for a man's work and a man's salary! he thought. The few dollars for which Barbara was exchanging her time and her life, how pitiful, how disgusting! Everything, in fact, was in these days disgusting to the eager young red-head. He had the utmost admiration for his sister, and that her life should be annoyed, her conscience afflicted by duties and her own shortcoming in performing them, troubled his affectionate, proud heart. He knew what it must have cost her to give up her best pupil, and he weakly wished that Jane Spingler had "hung on," in spite of Barbara's conscience. He could see, though, that Barbara had done the honorable thing. And that was the worst of it; in every dispute he perceived that the ground she took was the ground that must be taken. He knew that with six children in a house to be fed and clothed, and four of them yet to be educated, there was need of help from some quarter; and since those two young dentists had come to Churchill, bringing with them all modern improvements in their art to set young people agog, the father's income could not be expected to increase. Barbara had done the thing she must do when she began to teach the little she had learned in music. But it would be a long time before poor Dick would grow into the strength which generously acquiesces when, with all its valor, it is not able to overcome.

Standing by the window and watching the leaves borne past on clouds of

dust, ignominiously yielding to the fate which had overtaken them at last after the long summer's pride and beauty, the youth suddenly recollected the letter in his pocket.

"Oh!" he said, "you have had a fortune left you, I guess; here is something for you."

"From old Uncle Joshua!" said Barbara at once; and she looked at the seal as if Destiny might really be concealed within.

"If he wants you at the Mills, you'll go, of course," said Dick. "You will feel that you have a call, and we will fit you out and send you as a missionary. Then you will have done with this beastly whim of teaching."

"If anybody wants me anywhere," began Barbara, speaking very quickly; then she checked herself, and Dick was satisfied because she looked a little less like grief and a good deal more like indignation. Anything but the sign of sorrow or of sad perplexity upon his sister's handsome face.

Destiny, perchance, was in the letter. The contents were at least serious enough to demand a family consultation; and the result of the consultation was a decision on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Davidson that their eldest daughter must give up her school and music teaching, and go forthwith to the Mills. Aunt Araminta, the wife of Uncle Joshua, the miller, had suddenly fallen into a feeble state of mind and body, and required a housekeeper, companion, nurse; and in the circle of family relations there was no one beside Barbara who could be called to serve in either capacity.

The decision arrived at, this elect young woman was within a week on her way to Altman's Mills. O, the mountain of honor which she had aspired to climb! O, the valley of obscurity into which she was descending! Yet her mood on the whole was joyful. She was going to earn her living, and no pretences were required. She could perform the work which she engaged to

do. How many times she went over the programme which common sense, aided slightly by imagination, laid out for her, I will not attempt to say. She was to keep her uncle's house in order; see that the wheels of domestic economy rolled easily, and that the clock of comfort never ran down. Other and more sorrowful and trying duties might be linked with these, but she would stand on the solid foundation of a willing heart. "I have had my call," she said, and she strengthened herself thinking of Abram who went forth from Chaldea. She had a pleasant journey, on the whole, though it was made alone. The country which she passed through was the baldest, brownest, loneliest east of the great plains, and winter was too evidently coming on; but all the way she was thinking, "I shall do my duty, I shall solve the problem. I am twenty years old. If I were father's son instead of father's daughter, I should have a trade by this time, and they would look to me for help and lean on me. But never mind, as Dick says, I am going now on a mission, and I did not seek it for myself. I will let myself be led till I can see an inch before me."

So she journeyed toward the Mills, and at the close of day found her uncle's nephew, Joseph Altman, waiting for her at the station; and her courage on arriving was in kind at least like that of Christopher Columbus when he saw floating on the ocean a token from the land.

Joseph had driven to the Kill to meet her; and when she stepped from the car, he knew that she had arrived, because no other passenger walked across the platform; but he made the circuit of the station office twice, and surveyed her trunk with doubting eyes, before he ventured to present himself and answer her question whether any one had inquired for Miss Davidson. So there were persons, it appeared, to whom the coming was of consequence, as well as the arrival.

When Joseph had answered Barbara's first question, and told her that Aunt Araminta was expecting her, she

felt that the right woman might be in the right place at last; and still more clear was her conviction when she stepped from the old buggy and entered the old stone house, and looked at the old people; and in the fulness of her secret satisfaction, she thanked God that he had done for her that which would have sent hundreds of girls to water a sleepless pillow with streams of homesick tears.

So alive, so in earnest was she, that she proved nearly incapable of bungling in the home to which she had been called. She had come to do what her relations needed to have done; above all what they wanted to have done, to please them and to serve them.

"Don't dictate; they're old, they'll want things their own way," her mother had said when summing up the parting instructions. "Araminta always was particular, and you could no more change Uncle Joshua than a weathercock could change the wind."

"If I find the house upside down, may I turn it right side up?" Barbara had inquired.

"Not unless they ask you to do it, child. It is their house, and they're old people. Be modest, Barbara, and be patient. I know that I can trust you."

Barbara meditated on this counsel and encouragement to such good purpose, that having acted on it for a week or two she was rewarded by seeing the anxiety which had fretted the pale face of the old woman removed from among the furrows. The great grief of the miller's wife, in the days when the grasshopper became a burden to her, had been that strange hands must now be laid upon her household treasures, strange eyes overlook the riches of her closets and her chests, strange feet walk about her milk-room. Full forty years she had reigned in her kitchen: must pots and pans now know another ruler? Barbara was in the house, but hardly with her aunt's consent. It was not till she had actually fallen down the cellar-stairs in a fainting fit, that the poor old woman had yielded. And

how exceeding hard she found it to cease from work and wait for death! Yet to have escaped this pang do you think she would have had her recollections of home-life limited to private rooms in a public boarding-house?

Barbara was in the house indeed, and not merely to be looked at; as time passed on, how shocked Dick would have been, and Barbara's best pupil, who wrote her such impassioned notes week after week, could they have beheld her in the occupation of her new sphere, an upper and an under servant in her uncle's family, having nobody to confer with in her manifold perplexities except the "Altman boys."

Such service as she rendered was in fact not to be shirked. Domestic service in the neighborhood was considered in the highest degree derogatory to the respectability of the free-born American (*citizen* was going to get itself written down there unawares!). So successfully had the sewing-machine wooed the ready-handed daughters of the Flats, that in all the country round not a girl was to be discovered who would "undertake to do housework" at the Mills.

So there was the washing and ironing, the baking and cooking, to be done, and sharp-eyed criticism in the persons of three men to behold the doing. It is not a little to say that Barbara acquitted herself day after day to the admiration of beholders; for old Altman had his female pedigree with their achievements at his memory's end, and Joseph Altman and Bartholomew Bright were, thanks to Aunt Araminta's training, both critics in their way.

But do not imagine that Barbara stepped easily and with perfect satisfaction into the place she had come to fill, when she perceived its dimensions. When she found what was expected of her, and what she must do if she remained at the Mills, Barbara conferred with herself, according to her custom, and decided that to turn from the plough on which she had laid her hand, merely because the furrows were rough,

would be disgraceful and impossible. "I did not bring myself here," she said. "It's lonesome, and there is n't a thing as I expected to find it. But I shall earn my living, and I came because I was wanted." And she fortified herself by thinking that all the sages from Buddha to Beecher have declared that it is n't work, but worry, which kills all creation.

So the days came and went; autumn ended, winter set in. Commendation far and near smiled upon our exile. Winter had no terrors for her, and he blessed her in departing. By and by came March; and April, smiling on his bluster, soothed earth into serenity. In May a grave was made in the field, shadowed by elm-trees whose branches drooped, one way, over the waters which turned the miller's mill-wheel. Yes, Araminta lived through the autumn and the winter and into the last of the spring months, and now, in blissful June, Barbara had been saying over and over, thirty times at least, as the clock struck seven in the morning, "Just at this moment Aunty breathed her last," and had felt again the awe of the moment when the silence was broken by a low surprising cry from Joseph, and the miller's solemn, "Is it all over with Araminta? Dear! dear!"

And for thirty days, at least, she had been asking of herself, "Shall I now go back to Churchill?"

For the service she had come to render at the Mills was rendered and well rendered, her exacting conscience told her. She had soothed and comforted a poor sick soul on its passage from the earth, and might she not now return to her father's house, to her old friends, to the pleasant yards and gardens, the young folks and the music, of Churchill?

Uncle Altman, it was true, seemed to be like a lost child on her hands; but could any one expect that, for his sake, Barbara would consent to dwell in banishment and servitude, as, without the sufficient explanation of dying Araminta, her own blood relation, in view, her life at the Mills must be regarded?

Here were "the boys," Joseph and Bartholomew; but Joseph certainly stood in need of none of the ordinary sources of human comfort; he could at any moment take up the world on his back and go out in search of other conditions of existence. No sentimental compunctions would ever interfere with the conduct of his life. As to Bartholomew, of whom nobody seemed to take thought, she had certainly no call to consider whether she might be useful to him. Should she, then, go back to Churchill? Thirty times at least, as I said, the question had come back to Barbara. She was now beginning to feel, with a sense of injury sustained, that the home people ought to decide the question for her. If she had duties, had not they? Why did they not insist on her coming, instead of saying, as her mother had said in the letter lying in her work-basket a week old now, "If you think that you are necessary to poor Uncle's comfort in his loneliness, dear child, we do not object to your staying with him through the summer, as you say that you feel you must."

She did, of course, see that she must; but then—but then! O, if well-disposed mortals could but widen their sphere and control all circumstances, what a noble exhibit they would make! Is it true that the race of marble gods and heroes is in no wise to be confounded with the race of men that produced them? Must the kingdom of heaven still be taken by violence, Barbara?

At the close of a sultry afternoon on the first of June, she sat in the newly whitewashed sitting-room, thinking her one tiresome, perplexing thought, and moreover of the "boys."

The boys somehow compelled her to take thought of them. If Joseph was not a tyrant, it was because out of his elements early training could not develop one; and if Bartholomew was not an underling, it was for the reason that Nature would not permit him to become one. Barbara did not see that

Joseph was a tyrant, perhaps, but that he was "born to rule"; Bartholomew, to her observation, did not come under the servile distinction, possibly, but could she help perceiving that if really "crazy on wheels," as Joseph said and all admitted, the worst place for him was the miller's house. For there was perpetual antagonism between the young men, and it had perpetual display; and in every time of conflict the old man kept close to the wall.

Yet why should this antagonism disturb her? Was this one of the burdens of human nature which the spectator is not merely to behold, but to lift up and bear also on his own shoulders? Had she a call to become here in her uncle's house a peacemaker between two lives, neither of which a year ago could have found excuse to hope for a moment's notice of her? What good would be accomplished, though she kept on saying forever, "Poor Bartholomew"? Poor Bartholomew! Was there really anything to pity? If he did not like the service in which he was engaged, had he not the manliness to leave it? What though Uncle Joshua did rely upon him for the steady performance of duties, his own and also those that Joseph neglected; he was not a bond servant, he was of age, he could choose another employer if he wished to do so. Indeed, was it not his duty to look for another? Barbara had often pondered this question with others, and she now began to see that she might hint to Joseph that possibly the misunderstanding between him and Bartholomew might some day lead to Bartholomew's departure. Her utmost duty in this direction would then certainly be performed. But it almost took her breath away to think of it. Why? Because Joseph was Joseph. Then she was afraid of him? Barbara afraid of Joseph!

The little room in which she sat thinking was a model in its way. It had its corner cupboards, and its high mantle painted blue, its fire-board covered with pretty flowered paper like that on the best room walls, and its

handsome striped carpet woven by the hands now folded in their rest. The little square window, opened wide on its hinges, revealed the thickness of the wall of the miller's "stun house," and suggested the summer coolness and winter warmth there which were Mr. Altman's boast whenever the new house, Araminta's unfulfilled dream, was talked about. By that window Barbara sat; through it came the odors of dear old-fashioned flowers; and with the odors seemed to come the blended hues of clematis and morning-glories, white, purple, pink, and blue. The question revolving in her mind was still revolving when, suddenly looking up from her work, Barbara saw Bartholomew approaching the house. To give him an instant's pleasure she called to him to break a spray of morning-glory vine for her, and stretched her hand through the window to take it.

He smiled as he complied with her wish, laid the vine-branch in her hand, called her attention to the fact that it was covered with buds which would have opened in the morning, and went his way.

A few minutes passed, and there was a sound of voices in the yard and near the window. Barbara looked up again and saw Joseph and Bartholomew together outside. Master and man? Not quite. Master and master, perhaps. Barbara looked twice, and thought she understood why, when she first came to the house, she had felt an insecurity, a disturbance, which went deeper seeking its cause than the not well-understood duties, and the fact that a dying woman was in her care.

Was it a pitiful thought for the poor flowers cheated of their day that made her go to the shut-up parlor and bring thence the pretty china vase for which Aunt Araminta had exchanged Uncle Joshua's great-coat three years ago? Surely then she should not have been followed from the darkened room, which was to her as Aunt Araminta's tomb, by an accusing phantom!

When Bartholomew came in to tea he saw the vine-branch in the centre

of the table, saw the china vase, and recognized it as one of Aunt Araminta's treasures. So did Joseph; so did the miller. Did Barbara suddenly become conscious that they were all thinking thoughts as her eyes ran round the little circle, and she saw what looked like a shadow on the brown face of giant Joseph, and an unmistakable smile in the pleasant gray eyes of Bartholomew, and the softening light of a tender memory diffusing itself over the old visage, the gray hairs, and the wrinkles of Miller Altman? Possibly, for she began to talk, and soon had drawn mankind to the consideration of this agitating question, What were the garden's prospects as long as the hens and chickens were at liberty to go over and under and between the pickets at any hour of the day?

After tea, when her quick feet and nimble fingers had disposed of the tea things and she sat again by the window and resumed the family mending, — for it was Friday and the week's washing had been delayed by rains, and industrious hands alone could accomplish the accustomed work by Saturday, — she was all at once seized by an impulse that made her drop her work and hasten from the house. She had heard an irresistible summons, — there was nothing supernatural in it, — the voice of the red light, equal to Alpglow for color, on the wall opposite to her. Time enough, it said, for patching and darning when those lovely tints shall all have perished from the sky, and fields and woods have retired into darkness.

Though it was not an attractive region in which Mr. Altman's house stood, it had attractive points — to those who could see them. The swift little race on whose banks the mill was built was richly adorned with lily pads above the dam, and, in the season, with beautiful white lilies; and there were willows below, whose branches touched the waters and were swayed by the swift current, and this

made them look as if, were it possible, they would be gay and lively.

Then there was no end of ferns along the shady banks. Barbara knew the path by the stream well; she had often walked in it, and Nature and she were on the friendliest terms. Going forth from the house now, it was to see her friend in her glory, and the act showed her courteous spirit. But could she find anywhere, in field or wood, a key to old Sphynx Duty's secret?

She was walking down the lane, when Bartholomew appeared in the door of the mill. She saw him looking up at the warm blue sky, covered in the west with soft bright pink cloudlets, and in the north and south sustained as it were by pillars of fire; and, before he observed her, she said, "How divine it can be, even here!"

At that Bartholomew looked down.

"You have a poor opinion of us," he said. "We have only the sky and the meadows, but I thought Nature was able to hold her own anywhere."

A little surprised by the remark, Barbara answered, "That may be. She makes me feel, though, that I have very little regard for her, sometimes."

"Is that when you shut yourself in the back room and give yourself up to mending old clothes? I wonder you can stand it!"

"You do not understand me. When I think of the Peaks all down with fever and ague just because they came into the country to make her acquaintance, that sets me wondering whether Nature is just and kind."

"Peak should have known better than to build in a swamp. I might as well take a ride on the mill-wheel in order to learn the action."

Do not suppose that Bartholomew used this illustration because it was handiest. No; he wanted, had long wanted, to talk to Barbara about wheels, about *his* wheel, and he had nearly despaired of an opportunity.

The way she answered him brought such a glow into his face that he looked verily transfigured.

"I want to hear about that wonderful piece of work of yours," said she. "You and Joseph have jested about it so often, that I begin to think there is nothing in it."

What humiliations were buried deep as Herculaneum by these words! She had not, then, heard and seen the insults; she had taken all the sharp-shooting, cross-firing, tripping up and knocking down which, figuratively speaking, had occurred in the skirmishes between himself and Joseph, merely for jesting!

"I can't tell you all I think is in it," said he. "It would 'nt be very wise."

"Why not?"

"I may be mistaken."

"Let us take it for granted that you're not," she said, and the speech ran through him like an electric spark, as if "Your time has come!" had flashed through every nerve and fibre of his being.

"Wait till you see it doing the work of half a dozen!" said he, his eyes as bright as they were in the days when he first took to his heart the hope that was now the sole joy of his life.

"Shall I see it here?" she asked.

"Do you think you will find it *here*?"

There was that in the question that invited Bartholomew's confidence. What he had longed to say for weeks, and what he had restrained himself from saying, was now said. "I want success here, if anywhere on earth. Why have I stayed so long, if not for that?"

He had now stepped down from the door of the mill, and they were walking slowly up the lane.

"Uncle is a magnet strong enough to keep us all here, it seems to me," said Barbara.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Altman," returned Bartholomew; "but I have served him as I would not serve another man. And she was like a mother to me, if I was not as a son to her. But these things perhaps could not keep me, if it was n't for the wheel. I think so. I am afraid so."

"Tell me about the wheel. I am so glad there is something in it."

"All my life is in it!" So the inmost truth escaped him!

"Why, then I am delighted! You must set it up and let all the neighborhood see it work. This very summer! What reason can there be for waiting?"

When Barbara had said this, she was aware that she had pronounced a decree, and that she had spoken the first word of good cheer to which Bartholomew had ever been able to respond with all his soul. How did she know it? Who is it that asks the explanation?

But he answered gravely, though with not a trace left of his usual despondence either in voice or countenance, "It will cost money, and I have not laid by enough yet. It is slow work, getting ready."

There was something in his way of saying this that excited in Barbara a feeling not unlike anger. It was not in this way that poor Dick or Joseph would have spoken, even of any unimportant purpose they had formed. Did she like Joseph's way better? There was certainly nothing like Uriah Heep's humility in Bartholomew's careful estimate of his faculties and himself; the modest statement of the fact was as unlike self-depreciation basely proposing to creep into the place of power, as it was unlike Joseph's defiant demand for the thing he coveted or desired. After a thoughtful pause, out of the sacred treasure-house of stillness came this kind of inspired speech, "Uncle has money."

"A man don't like to run the risk of losing it for him, though."

To the ends of the brown locks which fringed the old straw hat he wore, Bartholomew seemed to be glorified when he had made this honest answer.

Barbara reflected again and said, "Ought there to be any risk?"

"Perhaps not." When he had said this, Bartholomew in turn was still. Only for a moment; he continued in a

way that showed the activity with which his mind was working: "You are quite right. There ought not to be any risk. I thought that I was patient. I must learn to be."

"Do you know," said Barbara, "I like to hear you say that! I really believe in you."

"God bless you!"

"I shall tell Uncle and Joseph what I think about it."

"I believed you would work wonders when you came here. That old mill first gave me something to hope for; that is the reason why I love this country which seems so poor to you."

Barbara turned and looked at the mill, above which the full moon was rising; she gazed as if the old red frame-building had not stared her in the face these six months, morning, noon, and night. Was it, too, transfigured? — by the moonlight?

"The country does not seem so poor to me," said she, her voice full of apology.

"The old things are all dear to me," he said. "It won't do for me to turn my back on this country till I've shown I was worth raising."

"O, can anybody show that!" exclaimed Barbara, laughing. "But then it may be worth while to try."

At this Bartholomew looked at her with not a little wonder. Did he understand her aright? Was it true that anybody besides himself felt dissatisfied with life, and knew what it was to be discouraged out of effort? And if he did understand her, was this fact one to kindle the warm flame that shot up from his heart and gave light to all that was in his dwelling? No wonder, perhaps, exceeds this, that in a moment, by a word, one may become possessed of the life of another to do with it whatsoever he will. If Bartholomew felt just now a power of will unknown to him before, it was because he felt that Barbara might do with him as it pleased her.

Uncle Joshua, returning from the

store where the daily mail was received, now approached them; and she went back to the house to light the lamp for him, and he sat down according to his nightly custom to read the morning paper, and, moreover, to consider seriously what had been suggested to him when he saw the young people in the lane.

For this old man, remarkable for foresight, was accustomed to consider seriously whatever passed before his eyes, and, even when Joseph interfered with his action, to do his own thinking.

And so, when he found Barbara walking with Bartholomew in the lane by moonlight, he felt compelled to say to Joseph that very evening, "If you mean to set up for yourself, sir, you will never find anybody likelier than Barbara to make as good a wife as my poor wife made me."

Joseph hesitated in making an answer; finally he said, "Perhaps so." Not that a doubt lingered in his mind as to the truth of the remark or the force of the suggestion, but a hint as to the conduct he might best pursue was the last thing he desired. It did not now occur to him that it would be kindly to say to the old man what would have expressed a true state of things, "I have seen it this long time, father."

"If you'll take my advice," the miller added, in spite of the slight encouragement he had received, "don't lose any time."

To avoid further instructions, Joseph now left the room. And the old man, with a sigh which would have surprised himself, had he heard it, turned again to his newspaper.

But though Joseph went beyond the sound of the miller's voice, he carried with him the thoughts which Altman had expressed in his hearing, and that emphatic glance over his spectacles which the old man had given him when he bade him lose no time.

Joseph had understood the significance of like glances on other occasions. There was something definite

in the old man's thoughts,—a real rival, must not one suppose?

But what rival could that neighborhood produce? There was only Bartholomew,—and Bartholomew! It was an interesting theme, though, for a moment's speculation, the process that would be best adapted to the restoration of Bart to his senses, if it should happen that his dreaming habit ran in this direction the length of insanity. In this game of Who Wins? with an imaginary opponent, Joseph was capable of feelings which probably he would have hesitated to demonstrate by deeds. But perhaps not.

After a little excitement, which was by no means disagreeable to him, Joseph called himself to order and perceived that it was only the old man's cautious way of speaking and acting which had warned him against loss of time. With him always the thing to be done must be done at once.

Still the doubt, though he would not harbor it, gave Joseph a restless night. Morning, however, found him saying to himself that he was rich and Barbara was poor, and he could do as he pleased. Mr. Altman would give him a deed of the mill property to-morrow, if he asked it; and she was in a sense dependent. In the new house which he would build, his wife would be more at home than she could be, or ought to be, in the old stone dwelling. And she should have servants who could execute the orders she knew so well how to give, even if he were compelled to import them. Barbara was a lady, good-tempered, and handsome. She had only to say "Yes." He would speak to her to-morrow.

And as he looked at himself in the glass, why should Joseph doubt? He had the aspect of a commander. His voice and behavior corresponded with his seventy-five inches. What could not Barbara make of such an abundance of raw material? A gentleman perhaps. If ever there was mission-ground for a soul in quest of a mission, did not these waste-places furnish it?

The next day after the miller had spoken to him, Joseph said to Barbara, choosing an hour when she was alone in the house, and busy enough, for it was her baking-day, "I have been thinking that we shall never know how to get along here without you, Barbara. And I for one have made up my mind not to try it." That was the way he began; if a fellow wants a thing, why, let him take it.

But when he had gone so far as to declare his intentions, he unexpectedly met a difficulty, — Barbara herself, looking at him quietly and saying, "It is n't to be expected that you will live out your life at the Mills, Joseph. So I shall have very little to do with it."

"You are mistaken," said he. "I have often spoken about going to some other place, but, of course, there is no place for me except the Mills while father lives; and I do not intend to go away. I would not wish to go as long as you are here; and I mean to keep you always!"

"You are too kind," said Barbara. "But do you see how busy I am? Please go away. I have n't time to think or talk."

"You are never anything else but busy; I have to take you as I can find you. Take me the same! I am none too good — but — things can't stay here as they are, always."

"No; there may be an earthquake," answered she; and if Joseph wished her to consider gravely the words he had spoken, she certainly was looking gravely enough. Her brain had, in fact, served her like a traitor at this important moment. Trying to grasp at this conclusion, "Go your way and I will go mine," she found all her powers of thought and of will shaken as in a kaleidoscope, and lo! presented before her for consideration were Dick and all the children, her father and mother, and the decay of old-fashioned dentistry in Churchill!

"It is not the fair way to answer a man," said Joseph, after a brief pause, doubting whether he understood the force of the earthquake suggestion, and

half offended. "I don't know how to talk with you about it, but I wish I could make you see that you might be happy as my wife, here at the Mills." Then he gathered courage and spoke in a way not suggestive of diffidence, or fear of his intentions with regard to the new house and the new mill. It should never be asked of his wife, he said, to spend her days in such labors as had kept his mother in the kitchen and cellar, year in, year out, all her life. He knew that Barbara had not been accustomed to that way of living until she came to their house, and he did n't feel it was right to allow her to keep on. He had already gone up and down the country in search of help, in vain, but he did not intend to stop looking till he found what was needed.

"Why," said Barbara, when he stopped speaking, "as to what I am doing to make Uncle comfortable, I don't consider it anything. Don't trouble yourself further. I had no idea you were disturbed about it."

"You are not going to keep on here as our servant," said he; "I won't permit it."

"I have never thought of myself in that light," returned Barbara. "I am staying for Uncle's sake. Please to see that, Joseph. When I ask for wages, it will be time to talk about service."

Poor Joseph now sat down at his wits' end. What could he say to conclude this business as he had decided it must be concluded. The fact was, if he could have seen it, he stood on vantage-ground, and had powerful invisible advocates. If persuasion had ever learned to sit upon his tongue! But as he saw it, command was his best argument, and surrender her best wisdom.

After he had sat silent awhile he arose and left the room; going out he stopped a moment and looked at Barbara. He did not speak. She did not lift her eyes; but as he went his ways, he began to persuade himself that, if he could have spoken, he would not have been answered unkindly.

This conviction grew upon him ; and the suspicion that he had acted the part of a lover in a contemptible manner urged him to say to her the next afternoon, with not the least humbleness of manner, "Have you forgotten what I tried to tell you yesterday?"

There was no need that she should answer the question. It was very evident that what he had said had not, during a single waking moment, ceased to occupy one of Barbara's thoughts.

"Can't you give an answer yet?" he said, aware now of a cowardly hope that she would not, because all at once he felt afraid to hear what she might say. So his pride came toppling down.

"Did I not answer you, Joseph?" she asked.

"No." Did she really waver? He thought there was a tone in her voice that not even his hope was waiting to hear!

"Did you suppose that I could be so foolish as not to know my own mind? That is just my difficulty."

"You have only to say yes," urged Joseph, "and then stand by your word. No matter about your mind."

"It looks easy enough," said Barbara, with a troubled smile. "You have only to shut your eyes and jump!"

"Then do it!"

"No, no, you deserve better treatment. I had to give up music-teaching; I had made up my mind to that, though. There don't seem to be anything gained by thinking, or letting it alone, does there? But when I give you an answer, it ought to be the one I can stand by forever."

"That's what I expect," said Joseph; and now he did not fear, or quake, or hesitate; he was himself again. It was clear though that he must wait for his answer; so he went to the mill, and all the afternoon, and until it became too dark there to move about without danger of stumbling over bags and barrels, he kept quietly at work; Bartholomew, meantime, was

busy in the loft above, whistling and singing and doing good execution, evidently, under the influence of his brisk accompaniments. These cheerful sounds at length began to irritate Joseph, and he went down into the yard and asked himself what would happen, probably, if it should appear that Bartholomew was his rival and the real hinderance to Barbara's decision.

Who then so happy as he when on going into the house Barbara met him with these words, "I hope you will never have reason to repent what you have asked of me, Joseph."

"I will look out for that," he answered, quite satisfied with the exhibition of good sense she had now made. So here was a man who, not by the grace of God, neither by the grace of nature, but, according to his own thinking, by his own will, had won to himself a girl who—but this was not in his thought—must henceforth all her life be seeking changes of costume wherein Duty should successfully personify Love.

Barbara had been thinking, and to the point, as usual. She had taken cognizance of her mission. What was her life worth to the world, that is, to her own family and to Joseph? "There is something I can do for him," she had concluded with regard to the latter. "He must prove a blessing to all the neighborhood. There is enough of him for that."

It was therefore comparatively easy for her to meet Joseph with a smile and say to him the words which she instantly perceived he had expected to hear!

It was now, of course, an easy thing for Joseph to patronize Bartholomew. At the tea-table he manifested a revived interest in mill-wheels, and asked Bart what he was doing now. The question took Bartholomew so by surprise, that, instead of answering, he looked at Barbara. Had she been pleading his cause? and with Joseph! Seeing only a pleased smile on her

face, and that smile directed not towards himself, he answered that the wheel had n't taken a new turn lately that he knew of.

"You must talk to father about it, for it seems to me there is something in it; and we shall begin on the new mill, say this season. Eh, father? why not next month?"

"Maybe so," answered the old man, well pleased, like Barbara, to hear Joseph taking this new turn. "We have had many talks about the wheel, Barty and I have. How is it, Barty? shall we run the risk?"

"Not yet," said Bartholomew, speaking with less enthusiasm than one might have expected, since never had opportunity like this offered for pushing his invention into a place where it could make an unobstructed revolution. He had long held the opinion that if Joseph had chosen to do so he could have made Mr. Altman see the force of the reasoning on which his wheel was constructed. But how was he to account for the sudden change from indifference to interest which Joseph manifested? On the answer to that question depended the satisfaction he could feel.

Later in the evening, when he found himself alone with the miller and going over the ground of his work, he heard Joseph invite Barbara to ride to the village with him. They were standing in the porch watching the moon rise. Would Barbara go with Joseph? Why should she not? Yet when she was gone, Bartholomew lost so entirely his interest in mill-wheels, that his listener found it almost impossible to keep him to the point.

"You are going to be successful," said Barbara to him the next day. "Anybody might predict it now."

"Did you say anything about the wheel to Joseph?" he asked, hesitating, and so coldly that her enthusiasm might easily have felt the chill.

"Not I. It surprised me when he began to talk about it. But I suppose among friends it ought not to be sur-

prising that thoughts become contagious."

"I did not suppose Joseph could come near enough to guess my thoughts — or — yours."

"Now you surprise me. I would n't like to think with you. I don't believe that you understand each other; and it is high time you should."

"Then explain him to me, Miss Barbara."

Miss Barbara reflected. Was not this work of the peacemaker also pertaining to her mission? At last she said, "If he understood you better, Bartholomew, you would not find it so difficult to understand him. He is more in the wrong than you are. Joseph is a great stone quarry. There is enough of it to make a temple finer than Solomon's."

For an instant these words made the young man marvel. The next he began to doubt what Barbara might mean by them. They were not spoken in the spirit of joyful prediction, but as if with the determination to set the truth before herself.

"Why do you say this to me?" he asked.

"Because, Bartholomew, — because I want you to help me make him see that he is not just — to you."

A flood of light broke in upon Bartholomew. "There is a surer road to peace between him and me. You said this was not the place for me; you saw the truth," he said. "It was getting to be intolerable before you came. I see. I will go away. I must go. There's no other way."

"I do not think that would be wise," answered Barbara with a deliberation which was not resorted to for his sake, but was expressive of the slowness with which her mind now acted. "You will succeed with your wheel here, and nobody needs you anywhere as much as Joseph does."

"He!"

"He needs you more than I will say; but neither of you would agree with me. So I will keep my reasons to myself."

"Knowing exactly how it is with me, you would advise me to think only of a fellow who has never cared for anybody except himself!"

Barbara hesitated.

"You have your reputation to look after in the neighborhood," she said finally, half expostulating, half entreating. "You told me that yourself, you recollect."

A gleam of light came into the eyes which had turned upon her hopelessly.

"I ought to let them see they laughed too soon," he exclaimed, "but they shall, wherever I am!"

It was for the comfort and harmonious co-operation of the household that Barbara was working! She paid no heed to his last outburst, but said quietly, "Uncle will let you have what you need for making the experiment, the very day you are so certain of yourself that you ask his assistance. I know it! and I really think that you are bound to go on." After a moment she added, for he stood with his eyes downcast, his thoughts running along no sunlit track. "Every man owes some sort of success to the community, and you don't propose to tear down and not build up. You mean to give to the neighborhood and Uncle Joshua, something better than you take away in the old wheel."

What a power there was in the sweet voice, and in the expectation and confidence it declared! Perhaps, after all, it was worth while to have come into the wilderness to inspire that faint heart with a new hope and a higher, at the moment when it seemed that she had taken the best possible away.

"It must be as you say," he said. "I have been a great while at work here. It would be a pity to give them occasion for saying I have fooled away my time."

But if Barbara had seen him walking about the old mill as night came on, and sitting down at last in the darkness with the old cat only for his companion, and the dismal drip of water, from the now motionless wheels, alone breaking

the silence,—if she had seen him in the solitude which no words ever could express, feeling himself an outcast and an alien, heart and mind void of the cheerful inspiration of his hope,—she might have sighed over the providence that had brought her to the mills. For she would have seen that he had wakened to the knowledge that she was further from him than the shining stars. She would have seen, too, that the gulf between Bartholomew and Joseph was one which no effort of hers could span.

Barbara went about her work next morning light of heart, since made clear as to duty; believing that all things would yet work well for all the household, when a cry rang through the house, "Barbara! Barbara!"

In a moment the heart stands still; in a moment an end of all things.

Bartholomew was lying in the arms of Joseph when she came, a drenched, maimed, bleeding, and motionless figure.

"What has he done?" cried Joseph when he saw her, and his voice sounded strange as his words.

"Not this," answered Barbara; "O, let me help you!"

Now and then we are told of the wonderful works of science. Fruits which nature labors fondly to perfect through weeks of tropic heat are perfected in a day. The heart works greater wonders. Looking down on that poor crushed flower of youth, Barbara called herself hard names, and would have given gladly all she had of self-satisfaction so to have quickened his spirit with assurance. It seemed to her the cruel prejudice and tyranny of Fate, that in a moment Bartholomew should have ceased from among men. He had filled an humble place; but he seemed to her a defrauded power as he lay on Joseph's bed, to which, as if urged by the same impulse, they had carried him.

Joseph plainly had thought that he carried his victim in his arms.

"Not so," said Barbara; but the

thought led her to many others, and finally compelled her to say to Joseph while by night they kept watch from hour to hour over the insensible yet breathing body: "I must take back what I said yesterday. I can't keep my promise. You and I will be as we were before. It is not required of me."

"Don't talk about it now," he answered quietly.

"But you understand me," she said. "It is not required of me."

He did not answer.

We have expressed ourselves quite freely concerning Joseph, and have told merely the truth. But how is one ever to get at the entire truth concerning another, or predict with certainty concerning character and conduct in unexpected situations? If Bartholomew could have looked up into the face of Joseph that night, even after Barbara had spoken the words above recorded, he would not have seen in it the frown of an enemy or the cruel scorn of a tyrant. "Is this Joseph?" Barbara said to herself more than once as the hours went on; but neither his gentleness nor his anguish drew her nearer to him. It was not, however, without a curious kind of satisfaction that she saw these kindly manifestations. "He has a good heart," she said. Yet she was glad that she had resigned it.

As to Joseph, it was evident that he was not thinking of her. When he brought the doctor, he had only eye and ear for him, and to see him place himself under direction, to hear him as he asked opinion and instruction, was to think, Is the stone hewn, and the Temple built? Yet Joseph had merely been relieved of an incubus,—himself. He had only suddenly come to see an adversary who was without offence lying helpless before him, and the field of strife was abandoned, all its issues forgotten.

But how would it be when Bartholomew began to live again, and the cruel doubt whether he had really

sought death had been removed? Thought would probably run in its accustomed channels then, the old will assert itself in usual ways, and life reveal itself as heretofore. Barbara's folly as displayed on that night when they were all beside themselves was at least not to be remembered. All this perhaps was to be expected and should now have record; but other facts besides these wait for record.

A week after Bartholomew had risen from his bed to walk about the house and to talk like his emancipated self, Mr. Altman, finding himself alone with Barbara, said to her with a formality of speech that made her apprehensive, "Let me see now, Barb'ra, you've been with us,—it's eight months since Aunt Minty died."

He laid down his newspaper to say this, and to look at her. She hurriedly picked up her work and bestowed her attention upon it, as she answered, "I was just thinking the same thing, Uncle"; and she might have made the same answer any hour of any day, for her thoughts were continually haunting the border-land as if to seek the counsel of the dweller in light.

"We don't want you to leave us, Barb'ra. Joseph don't for one, as you must know. I have a—been speaking to him." The old man said these last words with a tremulous gravity that communicated itself, or its symptoms, to Barbara. If he was going now to plead for Joseph, what could she say?

"Did he tell you anything, Uncle? I have wanted so much to say something to you! I have felt so sorry! You cannot guess. No, Uncle, I assure you." It was better to speak than to wait his speech, so Barbara rushed into words.

"You can't quite make up your mind to our Joseph; is that it, Barb'ra?" said the old man, slowly passing his old hands over his old face.

"I am so sorry, Uncle, but it is the truth."

"Well, if you can't, you can't. That's the way I see it. I never wanted but

one. Money's no object with me though, Barb'ra."

"I am so glad to hear you say so, Uncle! I began to think I was the only person in the world who felt so. I don't care for money, I only want to earn my living. It is all I have ever asked for or expected."

"Just so, Barb'ra, I approve your sentiments. But it's a good thing to have a comfortable home of your own, with things to your mind for the wishing."

"But what would you think of me Uncle, if I married for a home?"

"I'd be glad to have you, if you married right! Why should n't you? I don't want you to leave us. You're my daughter, Barb'ra; that's down in my will, and they know it in Churchill."

"I will never leave you, Uncle, while you need me. My place is here, and I know it. That's in *my* will, Uncle." Yes, on one point Barbara was absolutely clear.

The old man looked well pleased. He was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again it was slowly, but not with hesitation, as if he would feel his way; rather with the reluctance of justice, which, in spite of all things, will be just: "I have two boys, you mind."

Barbara turned her eyes bright with amazement on the slow-speaking advocate who was not looking at her, but steadfastly on the floor. When he found that she would make no answer, he continued, "We are all agreed on one point. We can't spare you. The boys came to me about it. They understand each other better than they ever did *before*. It's just which one of 'em you'll have. And if you won't have either, just say so and they'll trouble you no further about it."

"Did Joseph say that, Uncle?"

"Well, yes, Barb'ra, something like that."

"And Bartholomew?"

The old man was silent; he lowered his spectacles over his eyes, and stretched out his hand as if reaching after his newspaper. Instead of the "Tribune," he found Barbara's hand in his. She beheld her duty now clear as we see the rising sun on an unclouded morning.

"Let us not say anything more about it," said she. "Things can rest as they are. I will be a daughter to you, Uncle Joshua."

"But there are my boys," said he. "The business was not settled."

"Shall you try the new wheel in the new mill, Uncle?"

O Dick! what would you have made of Barbara's question? Would you have heard your dear girl's heart in her voice, or merely duty's cold urgency?

"Yes, yes, it'll come to that of course. I always meant to have it so." The old man spoke warmly, and drew his hand across his eyes!

"I gave Joseph my answer, Uncle. I have n't changed my mind."

Heart or duty, what do you think? All one? It would seem so.

"Well, well, I'll say no more."

Need we? The world is wide, and from the peak of magnanimity to which he had ascended, if by any stretch of meaning the word has force in this connection,—and are there not divers ways of yielding to the inevitable?—Joseph saw how far the horizon extended, and so it is not to be wondered at that by and by he went out "seeking a country," and Barbara, remaining at the Mills, felt satisfied that she had found hers, and could there fulfil her mission.

Caroline Chesebro'.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

BETHNAL GREEN is mainly known to Americans who remember their nursery ballad books as the residence of a certain Blind Beggar's daughter, the details of whose history indeed we confess ourselves to have forgotten. Known by its beggars in the era of primitive poetry, the region has beggary still for its sign and token. Its wretchedness has been so great that, till within a few months past, there may well have been a question whether a blind beggar was not rather a lucky person, and his imperfect consciousness a matter of congratulation. But now there is a premium on good eyesight, for Bethnal Green discerns itself through the thick local atmosphere the unilluminated possessor of a Museum and a gallery of pictures, — treasures which all well-dressed London is flocking eastward to behold. Half in charity and (virtually) half in irony, a beautiful art-collection has been planted in the midst of this darkness and squalor, — an experimental lever for the "elevation of the masses." The journey to Bethnal Green is a long one, and leads you through an endless labyrinth of ever murkier and dingier alleys and slums, and the Museum, whether intentionally or not, is capitally placed for helping you to feel the characteristic charm of art, — its being an infinite relief and refuge from the pressing miseries of life. That the haggard paupers of Bethnal Green have measured, as yet, its consolatory vastness, we should hesitate to affirm; for though art is an asylum, it is a sort of moated strong-hold, hardly approachable save by some slender bridge-work of primary culture, such as the Bethnal Green mind is little practised in. There are non-paying days at the Museum, as well as days with a sixpenny fee, and on the occasion of our visit the sixpence had excluded the local population, so that we are obliged to repeat

from hearsay a graceful legend that the masses, when admitted, exhibit, as one man, a discrimination of which Mr. Ruskin himself might be proud, and observe and admire on the very soundest principles. In the way of plain fact we may say that the building, as it stands, is the first of a projected series of District Museums, to be formed successively of various fragments of the temporary structure at South Kensington, as this great collection is more solidly enclosed; that it was erected toward the close of last year, and opened with great pomp by the Prince of Wales in the following June; and that it immediately derived its present great interest from the munificence of Sir Richard Wallace, — heir of that eccentric *amateur* the late Marquis of Hertford, — who offered the Museum the temporary use of his various art-treasures, and had them transported and installed at his own expense. It is with the Marquis of Hertford's pictures that we are concerned; the collection otherwise consisting of a small Animal Products Department, which we leave to more competent hands, and (rather grimly, under the circumstances) of a group of FOOD SPECIMENS, neatly encased and labelled, — interesting from a scientific, but slightly irritating from a Bethnal Green, that is, a hungry point of view.

Sir Richard Wallace has become eminent, we believe, for his large charities to the poor of Paris during the tribulations of the siege and the Commune, and the observer at Bethnal Green may almost wonder whether a portion at least of his benevolence may not have come to him by bequest, with Lord Hertford's pictures. The most striking characteristic of the collection, after its variety and magnificence, is its genial, easy, unexclusive taste, — the good-nature of well-bred opulence. It

pretends as little as possible to be instructive or consistent, to illustrate schools or to establish principles; that a picture pleased him was enough; he evidently regarded art-patronage as an amusement rather than a responsibility. The collection, for instance, is rich in Berghems; a painter for whom you have n't a word to say but that you like him, and that, right or wrong, the pretty trick which is his sole stock in trade amuses you. We remember, *afropos* of Berghem, expressing in these pages a rather emphatic relish for the very favorable little specimen in the possession of the New York Museum. The painter was then new to us; he has since become familiar, and we have at last grown to think of him as one of that large class of artists who are not quite good enough—to put it discreetly—to be the better for being always the same. The Bethnal Green catalogue opens with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, and it mentions no more delightful works than the three or four first-rate examples of these deeply English painters. There is something, to our perception, so meagre and ineffective in the English pictorial effort in general, that when it asserts itself, as in these cases, with real force and grace, it stirs in the sensitive beholder a response so sympathetic as to be almost painful. The merit is not at all school-merit, and you take very much the same sort of affectionate interest in it as you do in the success of a superior *amateur*. Nothing could well be more English, from the name inclusive, than Gainsborough's "Miss Boothby"; a little rosy-cheeked girl, in a quaint mob cap and a prodigious mantilla, surveying adult posterity from as divinely childish a pair of hazel eyes as ever was painted. The portrait, though sketchy as to everything but the face, is rich with the morality of all the English nurseries, since English nurseries were. Of Reynolds there are a dozen specimens; most of them interesting, but all inferior to the justly famous "Nelly O'Brien,"—a picture in which you hardly know

whether you most admire the work or the subject.

In a certain easy, broad felicity it is almost a match for the finest Italian portraits, and indeed one may say that what Titian's "Bella Donna" at Florence is in the Italian manner, this charming portrait is in the English. Here, truly, is an English beauty, and an English beauty at her best,—but comparisons are odious. Otherwise we should not scruple to say that *character* plays up into the English face with a vivacity unmatched in that of Titian's heroine,—character, if we are not too fanciful, as sweet and true as the mild richness of color, into which the painter's inspiration has overflowed. As she sits there smiling in wholesome archness, a toast at old-time heavy suppers we may be sure, his model seems to us the immortal image of a perfect temper. She melted many hearts, we conjecture, but she broke none; though a downright beauty, she was not a cruel one, and on her path through life she stirred more hope than despair. All this we read in the full ripe countenance she presents to us, slightly flattened and suffused by the shadow in which she sits. Her arms are folded in her lap; she bends forward and looks up, smiling, from her book. She wears a charming blue hat, which deepens the shadow across her face (out of which her smile gleams all the more cheerfully); a black lace shawl envelopes her shoulders, and exposes her charming throat adorned with a single string of pearls; her petticoat is of a faded cherry color, further subdued by a kind of gauze overskirt, and her dress is of blue satin striped with white. The whole costume is most simply, yet most delightfully, picturesque, and we respectfully recommend it as a model to be followed literally by any fair reader at loss what to wear at a masquerade. Sir Joshua's treatment of it shows him to have been within his narrow limits an instinctive colorist. His watery English sunlight compels the broken tones of silk and satin into a delicious silvery harmony; and hang-

ing there in its crepuscular London atmosphere, the picture has a hardly less distinct individuality of coloring than that to which, as you stand before the Veroneses of the Ducal Palace, the reflected light of the Venetian lagoon seems to make so magical an answer. The painter's touch in the flesh-ports is less forcible; the arms and hands are sketchy, and rigidly viewed, the face and bosom lack relief; but expression is there, and warmth and a sort of delightful unity which makes faults venial. The picture misses greatness, doubtless; but it is one of the supremely *happy* feats of art. If as much can be said for another Sir Joshua, equally noted, the "Strawberry Girl" (from the collection of Samuel Rogers), it must be said with a certain reserve. This is a charming sketch of a charming child, executed in hardly more than a few shades of brown with that broad, tender relish of infantine dimples in which the painter was unsurpassed; but that it is a little more fondly mannered than critically real, such a trio of neighbors as the uncompromising little Spanish Infants of Velasquez (to whom a child had the same sort of firm, immitigable outline as an adult) helps us materially to perceive. Velasquez's children are the children of history; Sir Joshua's, of poetry, or at least of rhymed lullaby-literature: and the two sorts of representation are as far asunder as Wordsworth and Cervantes. An irresistible little ballad-heroine is this Strawberry Maiden of Sir Joshua's: her pitifully frightened innocent eyes make her the very model of that figure so familiar to our childish imagination, — the Little Girl Devoured by a Wolf. There are various other Reynoldses in the collection, but they rarely approach the high level of the two we have spoken of. Oftenest, and especially in the case of the portraits of women, their principal charm is the air of fresh-colored domestic virtue in the sitter. They offer a vivid reflection of this phase of English character. Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Blessington" in no de-

gree casts them into the shade. The lady's extremely agreeable face is no more that of a model English countess than the artist's clever hand is that of a first-rate painter.

Except in a couple of capital little Wilkies, four small Turners, and a charming series of Boningtons, English talent figures further with but moderate brilliancy. Turner, however, is a host in himself, and the four little finished water-colors which represent him here are almost a full measure of his genius. That genius, indeed, manifests, proportionately, more of its peculiar magic within the narrow compass of a ten-inch square of paper than on the broad field of an unrestricted canvas. Magic is the only word for his rendering of space, light, and atmosphere; and when you turn from the inscrutable illusion of his touch in these matters, the triumphs of his cleverest neighbors — those of Copley Fielding, for instance — seem but a vain *placage* of dead paint. He never painted a distance out of which it seems a longer journey back to your catalogue again than the receding undulations of rain-washed moor in the little picture entitled "Grouse-Shooting." It is hard to imagine anything more masterly than the sustained delicacy of the gradations which indicate the shifting mixture of sun and mist. When Art can say so much in so light a whisper, she has certainly obtained absolute command of her organ. The foreground here is as fine as the distance; half a dozen white boulders gleam through the heather beside a black pool with the most naturally picturesque effect. The companion to this piece, "Richmond, Yorkshire," reverses the miracle, and proves that the painter could paint slumbering yellow light at least as skilfully as drifting dusk. The way in which the luminous haze invests and caresses the castle-crowned woody slope which forms the background of this composition is something for the connoisseur to analyze, if he can, but for the uninitiated mind simply to wonder at. Opie's famous reply to the youth

who asked him with what he mixed his colors, "With *brains*, sir!" is but partly true of Turner, whose pigments seemed dissolved in the unconscious fluid of a faculty more spontaneous even than thought, — something closely akin to deep-welling spiritual emotion. Imagination is the common name for it, and to an excess of imagination Turner's latter eccentricities are reasonably enough attributed; but what strikes us in works of the period to which these belong is their marvellous moderation. The painter's touch is as measured as the beat of a musical phrase, and indeed to find a proper analogy for this rare exhibition of sustained and, as we may say, *retained* power, we must resort to a sister-art and recall the impression of a great singer holding a fine-drawn note and dealing it out with measurable exactness. If Turner is grave, Bonington is emphatically gay, and among elegant painters there is perhaps none save Watteau (here admirably represented) who is so rarely trivial. Bonington had hitherto been hardly more than a name to us, but we feel that he has been amply introduced by his delightful series of water-colors (some thirty in number) at Bethnal Green.

Bonington died young; these charming works and many more he executed before his twenty-eighth year. They are full of talent and full of the brightness and vigor of youth; but we doubt whether they contain the germs of a materially larger performance. The question, however, is almost unkind; it is enough that while Bonington lived he was happy, and that his signature is the pledge of something exquisite. His works, we believe, have an enormous market value, and this generous array of them gives much of its lordly air to the present collection. He was a colorist, and of the French sort rather than the English. His use of water-color is turbid and heavy, as it is apt to be in France, where he spent most of his life; but he draws from it the richest and most surprising effects. He packs these into small and often sombre *vignettes*, where they assert

themselves with delicious breadth and variety. "Inattention," — an ancient duenna droning aloud from some heavy tome to a lady lounging, not fancy-free, in a marvellous satin petticoat of silver-gray, among the mellow shadows of an ancient room; the "Old Man and Child," — a venerable senator in a crimson cap, bending over a little girl whose radiant head and tender profile are incisively picked out against his dusky beard and velvet dress: these are typical Boningtons, — bits of color and costume lovingly depicted for their own picturesque sake, and that of that gently fanciful shade of romantic suggestion which so much that has come and gone in the same line, during these forty years, has crowded out of our active conception. The painter strikes this note with an art that draws true melody; his taste, his eye, as the French say, are unsurpassable. No wonder your æsthetic voluptuary will have his Bonington at any price!

Bonington brings us to the French School, which contributes largely, both in its earlier and its later stages. As we see it here, its most salient modern representative is unquestionably Decamps, of whom there are more than thirty specimens. We have already had occasion to speak of Decamps in these pages; if not with qualified praise, at least with a certain qualified enjoyment. But it is the critic's own fault if he does not enjoy Decamps at Bethnal Green; such skill, such invention, such force, such apprehension of color, such immeasurable vivacity, are their own justification; and if the critic finds the sense of protest uppermost, he need only let out a reef in his creed. His protest, in so far as he makes it, will rest on his impression of what for want of a polite word he will call the painter's *insincerity*. The term is worse than impolite: it is illogical. There are things, and there is the intellectual reflex of things. This was the field of Decamps, and he reaped a richer harvest there than any of his rivals. He painted, not the thing regarded, but the thing remembered,

imagined, desired,—in some degree or other intellectualized. His prime warrant was his fancy, and he flattered—inordinately, perhaps—that varying degree of the same faculty which exists in most of us, and which, we should never forget, helps us to enjoy as well as to judge.

Decamps made a specialty of Eastern subjects, which he treated with admirable inventiveness and warmth of fancy,—with how much, you may estimate by comparing his manner, as you have here two or three opportunities of doing, with the cold literalness of Jérôme. Decamps paints movement to perfection; the animated gorgeousness of his famous “Arabs fording a Stream” (a most powerful piece of water-color) is a capital proof. Jérôme, like Meissonier, paints at best a sort of elaborate immobility. The picturesqueness—we might almost say the grotesqueness—of the East no one has rendered like Decamps; it is impossible to impart to a subject more forcibly that fanciful turn which makes it a picture, even at the cost of a certain happy compromise with reality. In color, Decamps practised this compromise largely, but seldom otherwise than happily; generally, indeed, with delightful success. We speak here more especially of his oil pictures. His water-colors, though full of ingenious manipulation, are comparatively thick and dull in tone. Several of these (notably the “Court of Justice” in Turkey and the “Turkish Boys let out of School”) are masterpieces of humorous vivacity; and one, at least, the “Fording of the Stream,” with its splendid dusky harmonies of silver and blue, its glittering sunset, and the splash and swing and clatter of its stately cavaliers, has a delicate brilliancy which possibly could not have been attained in oils. A noticeable point in Decamps, and the sign surely of a vigorous artistic temperament, is that he treats quite indifferently the simplest and the most complex subjects. Indeed he imparted to the simplest themes a curious complexity of

interest. Here is a piece of minute dimensions, entitled, for want of a better name, “The Astronomer,”—a little ancient man in a skull-cap and slippers, sitting in profile at a table, beyond which an, almost blank white wall receives a bar of sleeping sunlight. This meagre spectacle borrows from the artist’s touch the most fascinating, the most puzzling interest. Decamps preserves his full value in the neighborhood of Delaroche and Horace Vernet, who contribute a number of small performances, most of them early works. “Touch” had small magic with either of these painters; pitifully small with the former, we may almost say, in view of his respectable and generous aims. He was the idol of our youth, and we wonder we can judge him so coldly. But, in truth, Delaroche is fatally cold himself. His “Last Illness of Mazarin” and his “Richelieu and Cinq Mars” (small pieces and meant to be exquisite) exhibit a singular union of vigorous pictorial arrangement and flatness and vulgarity of execution. His clever sunset-bathed “Repose in Egypt” (a much later picture) shows that he eventually only *seemed*, on the whole, to have materially enriched his touch. Various other contemporary French painters figure in the Museum; none at all considerably save Meissonier, whose diminutive masterpieces form a brilliant group. They have, as usual, infinite finish, taste, and research, and that inexorable certainty of hand and eye which probably has never been surpassed. The great marvel in them is the way in which, in the midst of this perfect revel of execution, human expression keenly holds its own. It is the *manliest* finish conceivable. Meissonier’s figures often sacrifice the look of action, but never a certain concentrated dramatic distinctiveness.

We hardly know why we have lingered so long on these clear, but, after all, relatively charmless moderns, while the various Dutch and Spanish treasures of the collection are awaiting hon-

orable mention. The truth is that Velasquez and Murillo, Ruysdael, Terburg, and their fellows have been so long before the world that their praises have been sung in every possible key, and their venerable errors are a secret from no one. Before glancing at them again we must not omit to pay a passing compliment to Watteau, surely the sweetest French genius who ever handled a brush. He is represented at Bethnal Green on a scale sufficient to enable you to say with all confidence that, the more you see him, the more you like him. Though monotonous in subject, he is always spontaneous; his perpetual grace is never a trick, but always a fresh inspiration. And how fine it is, this grace of composition, baptized and made famous by his name! What elegance and innocence combined, what a union of the light and the tenderly appealing! It almost brings tears to one's eyes to think that a scheme of life so delicious and so distinctly conceivable by a beautiful mind on behalf of the dull average of conjecture, should be on the whole, as things go, so extremely impracticable: a scheme of lounging through endless summer days in grassy glades in a company always select, between ladies who should never lift their fans to hide a yawn, and gentlemen who should never give them a pretext for doing so (even with their guitars), and in a condition of temper personally, in which satisfaction should never be satiety. Watteau was a genuine poet; he has an irresistible air of believing in these visionary picnics. His clear good faith marks the infinite distance, in art, between the light and the trivial; for the light is but a branch of the serious. Watteau's hand is serious in spite of its lightness, and firm with all its grace. His landscape is thin and sketchy, but his figures delightfully true and expressive; gentle folks all, but moving in a sphere unshaken by revolutions. Some of the attitudes of the women are inimitably natural and elegant. Watteau, indeed, marks the high-water point of natural elegance. With the turn of the tide,

with Lancret, Nattier, Boucher, and Fragonard — masters all of them of prettiness, and all here in force — affectation, mannerism, and levity begin. Time has dealt hardly with Watteau's coloring, which has thickened and faded to a painfully fallow hue. But oddly enough, the dusky tone of his pictures deepens their dramatic charm and gives a certain poignancy to their unreality. His piping chevaliers and whispering countesses loom out of the clouded canvas like fancied twilight ghosts in the garden of a haunted palace.

In the Dutch painters, Sir Richard Wallace's gallery is extraordinarily rich, and many a State collection might envy its completeness. It has, for instance, no less than five excellent Hobbemas, — a painter whose works have of late years, we believe, brought the highest of "fancy prices." Ruysdaels, too, Cuyps and Potters, Tenierses and Ostades, Terburgs and Metzus, — the whole illustrious company is there, with all its characteristic perfections. Upon these we have no space to dilate; we can only say that we enjoyed them keenly. We never fail to derive a deep satisfaction from these delectable realists, — the satisfaction produced by the sight of a perfect accord between the aim and the result. In a certain sense, no pictures are richer than the Dutch; the whole subject is grasped by the treatment; all that there is of the work is enclosed within the frame. Essentially finite doubtless: but the infinite is unsubstantial fare, and in the finite alone is *rest*. M. Ary Scheffer (to whom we owe a hundred apologies for not mentioning him more punctually) has attempted the infinite in his famous "*Francesca da Rimini*"; he sends us over with a rush to Gerard Duow. There is no great master of "style" to gainsay us here; the two small Titians being of slender value. The eleven Rembrandts are, for the most part, powerful examples of the artist's abuse of *chiaroscuro*; of the absolute obscure we might indeed almost say, for in some of them the lights are few and far between. Two or three of the por-

traits, however, are very frank and simple, and one extremely small picture, "The Good Samaritan," is a gem. If the little figures were ten feet high, they could n't be more impressive. There is a splendid array of Murillos, though perhaps the term would be extravagant if applied to them individually. Four or five out of the eleven represent Murillo at his best,—his ease, his grace,

his dusky harmonies, his beggars and saints, his agreeable Spanish savor; but even these merits fail to make him seriously interesting. His drawing, though often happy, is uncomfortably loose, and his intentions, somehow, fatally vague. Velasquez proudly outranks him. *His* intentions were distinct enough and his execution seldom betrayed them.

H. James Jr.

ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right! Good by, old chap!
 Twenty-four hours, that won't be long.
 Nothing to do but take a nap,
 And—say! can a fellow sing a song?
 Will the light fantastic be in order,—
 A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor?
 What are the rules for a regular boarder?
 Be quiet? All right!—*Cling clang* goes the door!

Clang clink, the bolts! and I am locked in.
 Some pious reflection and repentance
 Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
 To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence,—
 "One day whereof shall be solitary."
 Here I am at the end of my journey,
 And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very!—
 I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney!

He took my money, the very last dollar,—
 Did n't leave me so much as a dime,
 Not enough to buy me a paper collar
 To wear at my trial;—he knew all the time
 'T was some that I got for the stolen silver!
 Why has n't he been indicted too?
 If he does n't exactly rob and pilfer,
 He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then did n't it put me into a fury,
 To see him step up, and laugh and chat
 With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,
 When all was over,—then go for his hat,—
 While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
 And all I could do was to stand and stare!
 He had pleaded my cause,—he had played his part
 And got his fee,—and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
 The world goes jogging on the same!
 Old men will save and boys will squander,
 And fellows will play at the same old game
 Of get-and-spend, — to-morrow, next year, —
 And drink and carouse, — and who will there be
 To remember a comrade buried here?
 I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me!

And Sue, — yes, she will forget me too!
 I know! already her tears are drying.
 I believe there is nothing that girl can do
 So easy as laughing and lying and crying.
 She clung to me well while there was hope,
 Then broke her heart in that last wild sob; —
 But she ain't going to sit and mope
 While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt;
 And I must forget to speak or smile.
 I shall go marching in and out,
 One of a silent, tramping file
 Of felons, at morning and noon and night, —
 Just down to the shops and back to the cells, —
 And work with a thief at left and right,
 And feed and sleep and — nothing else?

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?
 I can see them now on the old home-place:
 His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
 There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
 While she goes wearily groping about
 In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad! —
 But this won't do! I must sing and shout,
 And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although, for a minute,
 I was there in my little room once more.
 What would n't I give just now to be in it?
 The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
 The Bible is here on the neat white stand:
 The summer-sweets are ripening now;
 In the flickering light I reach my hand
 From the window, and pluck them from the bough!

When I was a child (O, well for me
 And them if I had never been older!)
 When he told me stories on his knee,
 And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder;
 When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
 And gave me in bed my good-night kiss, —
 Did ever they think that all their care
 For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
And gnashing the teeth! And yet—somehow—
I haven't thought of them so for years!
I never knew them, I think, till now.
How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!
When I should have been in my bed asleep,
I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie,—how could I bear to leave her?
If I had but wished—but I was a fool!
My heart was filled with a thirst and fever
Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
I can hear her asking,—“Have you heard?”
But mother falters, and shakes her head:
“O Jennie! Jennie! never a word!
What can it mean? He must be dead!”

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
I left my home that morning in May;
What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
And what have I—where are they all—to-day?
Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend,—
And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming:
Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison?
Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go?
Return to them, like one arisen
From the grave, that was buried long ago?
All is still,—it's the close of the week;
I slink through the garden, I stop by the well—
I see him totter, I hear her shriek!—
What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am! What's the use of grieving?
Five years—will it be too late to begin?
Can sober thinking and honest living
Still make me the man I might have been?—
I'll sleep;—O, would I could wake to-morrow
In that old room, to find, at last,
That all my trouble and all their sorrow
Are only a dream of the night that is past!

J. T. Trowbridge.

"THE KITCHEN COMMON-SENSE."

IN Seaport they were rather shy of new things, and for years after the invention of stoves preferred to shiver before wood-fires the long winter through, to having their chilled and comfortless rooms warmed by imprisoning the fire in iron boxes. Mrs. Atwater, widow of a forgotten magnate of the Essex bar, had the first cooking-stove ever seen in Seaport. She lived in one of the grandest and coldest houses in the town; and though her wood-pile was of the largest, and the "great fires up the chimney roared," she could never warm her large, handsome, old-fashioned kitchen, and so, from December to April, she and Nabby, her ancient serving-maid, sat crouched before the mighty blaze of maple and birch, with scorched faces and frozen backs. Mrs. Atwater's daughter, knowing how cold the house was in the winter, sent her mother a cooking-stove, then a comparatively recent invention, hoping therewith to make the old lady comfortable during the cold season, and also to render Nabby's culinary labors more light. Early one fine mild November day the stove arrived, and was set up in the kitchen. Before Nabby had a chance to kindle a fire in the machine, Mrs. Atwater put on her glasses, took a chair, and sat down in front of it and examined it thoroughly. She opened and shut the doors, lifted the covers, peeped into the oven, puzzled herself with the dampers, looked regretfully towards the closed-up fireplace, and then, in a mild but decisive manner, told Nabby to have *the thing* taken away immediately; and taken away it was, and as long as Mrs. Atwater lived no other stove was allowed to be brought into the house.

The story of Mrs. Atwater's stove was heard with sympathy by neighbors and acquaintances, many of whom looked upon that new-fangled abomination called a cooking-stove with dis-

trust, if not with fear. But when, a few years after Mrs. Atwater's death, Colonel Blumphy, the popular Whig representative to the Great and General Court from Seaport, invented a cook-stove, his partisans, almost to a man, had the "Saddle-Bags" (so the Colonel's stove was called) put up in their kitchens. I dare say you never heard of either Colonel Blumphy or his cooking-stove. They flourished before your time. The Colonel — bland, gentlemanly, and portly, full of joke and jest, and good-natured to a fault — was carried off by a fever at a ripe old age, a few years before the breaking up of the great Whig party, of which he was so long an honorable and honored member; and the "Saddle-Bags," pushed aside by newer and better stoves, went years ago to the limbo of forgotten things. It was a success in its day, and was praised and prized by half the housewives in Essex County. I have a fading memory of a "Blumphy's Patent" in the house of an old woman who smoked a long-stemmed clay-pipe, and of whom I used to buy yeast for *mother* when a small boy. It was, as I remember it, a very homely stove, and seemed to smoke upon the slightest provocation, though not so badly as a cantankerous old chimney. It was a wood-stove, and must have consumed a prodigious quantity of hemlock-spruce, that being the kind of wood which the patentee said was the best and most economical for the "Saddle-Bags." Yet it warmed the room, baked, boiled, and set the teakettle singing in much less time and at much less expense than a fire on the hearth.

I have an hereditary love of wood-fires blazing in capacious fireplaces. My great-grandfather, who commanded one of Jack Beach's ships, and made the famous seven years' voyage, of which you may or may not have heard, was a notable firesider. He declared more than many times, and even enforced

his assertion with a mighty oath, that there were three things in particular which he thoroughly hated,—priestcraft, Englishmen, and stoves. The dear, fiery-souled old man! how he did scold and rage and swear when, upon coming home from sea, he saw the Franklin stove which his wife, during his absence, had set up in his favorite sitting-room! "By —, madam, you have been spending my money very foolishly! I'll be d—d if I'll sleep in the house to-night unless that—that devilish thing is kicked into the street! What business had Ben Franklin to invent a d—d stove? Better have stuck to candle-making. A great man, but d—n me if I don't wish he'd spent his time better! This humbug is unworthy of him, unworthy of anybody but a d—d Englishman!" At the conclusion of this fine speech, the captain went into the kitchen and sat down before the cheerful hearth-fire, which he loved and all but worshipped. He soon grew calm and mild, and kindly informed his wife, who had followed him to the fireside, that as it was so late in the afternoon, she need not send the d—d stove away before the next morning. If ever an American Fuller writes the history of the worthies of New England, this stout and sturdy sailor will be honorably mentioned therein.

His son, who had his father's dislike of stoves, if not of priestcraft and the English, was so angry with the Whigs for approving of Colonel Blumphy's patent, that he left the party and went over to the Democrats, who denounced the "Saddle-Bags" as an anti-republican invention. I don't think, however, that all the Democrats in the United States, like their friends in Seaport, thought it unconstitutional to use the Colonel's cook-stove. Every autumn, as long as my grandfather lived, his big barn was filled with piles and piles of birch and maple, and for nearly all the year round the fires blazed and crackled within his ample fireplaces and shone upon smiling elders, laughing girls, and gay young bachelors. After his death, the house-

hold fires burned less brightly and the company grew smaller and sadder every year, till at last the house, once the home of pleasure and jollity, was only occupied by my mother and myself, and a little old lady who dwelt alone in the sunny front sitting-room, carefully comforting and cosseting her "sickness-broken body" and diligently reading her large-print Bible. As a child I took much pleasure in wandering over the silent and melancholy old house, stealing awestruck into the great gaunt rooms, peeping into dark, mysteripus closets, and standing between the jambs of vacant fireplaces, watching the clouds go over the top of the chimney. Especially did I like the rough, half-finished upper chambers, with their little rusty glass windows and unpainted doors, upon one of which were faded pencil-drawings of ships and other vessels,—real works of art to me then, but now, I suppose, I should prefer one of Lane's marine paintings to the best of those black-lead masterpieces. There was in one of these chambers a bureau of pine, curiously painted and oddly shaped, in which I found a little torn copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a wonderful little double-block, which would have done admirably for a Liliputian man-of-war, and which a certain shadowy uncle of mine made with a jack-knife when a boy. There was also in the same room a long blue chest (how well I remember it!) which contained, among other things, a forlorn old fiddle that once had made the house blithe with its music, but out of which I could never get any melody. Perhaps the fiddle was not wholly to blame for that. And let me not forget to mention the window in the recess which looked up the river, to the many-steepled town, and "the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean." It seems to me I was always at that window during the warm weather watching the vessels. O, how happy I felt when I saw, as I often did on golden summer mornings, a fine new ship with all sail set creeping away to sea, or a

fleet of lumbermen or wood-coasters coming, one by one, through the draw of the chain-bridge, and sailing up the broad and beautiful river, right past my window! Particularly did I love to sit at this window on sunny summer Sunday mornings, listening to the music of the multitudinous bells, and gazing upon the happy flags waving from the shipping as if in grateful acknowledgment of the beauty and holiness of the day. But in winter, when, as in Mr. Burke's old English palaces, the bleak winds howled through the long entries and clattered the doors of the shivering chambers, I could only pay few and brief visits to this window, and had to pass most of my time in our dark low-studded kitchen with mother and the cat. Ah me! how many long and lingering old-fashioned winters (it makes one shiver to think of them!) did not we three pass in that dear and dismal room, with only a wood-fire deep within the mighty fireplace. Though having, as above said, an hereditary love of a fire on the hearth, I was not sorry—but, on the contrary, I was very glad—to hear mother say, one bitter cold day of a bitter cold season, that she would not live through another winter without a stove. Our house-neighbor, the old lady (whom we called Aunt Nancy), seated close to the fire in her stuffed-and-quilted-backed arm-chair, with a foot-stove at her feet, with great shawls over her shoulders, with a thick, double cap on her head, bore the cold with invincible patience, and just managed not to freeze during the short cold days of those long cold winters; she advised mother to think twice before she got a stove, as if she had not been thinking of the matter ever since I was a baby, and I was now a big boy who had outgrown jackets and just put on his first coat. And the Dobleys, people of wealth and fashion, who boasted that they consumed twenty cords of wood every winter, counselled mother to have nothing to do with stoves. "Surely," said fine Mrs. Doble, "one would rather suffer ever so much with

the cold, than be warmed with such a beggarly thing as a stove." But mother was not too genteel to be comfortable, and, moreover, owing to the increasing dearness of wood, could not afford the luxury of freezing before a hearth-fire another winter.

Having decided to buy a stove, it soon became time to determine whether it should be a wood or a coal stove. After much anxious inquiry among the neighbors and much painful deliberation, mother was about to declare her preference for a coal-stove, when she was told by an old gentleman of eminent gravity that coal was little better than rocks, unless the draft was right, and that depended upon the chimney. Would our chimney be friendly to a coal-stove? The old gentleman, after peeping up the flue, said, very sagely, it might and it might not. What should she do? She consulted the stove-dealers, who seemed to know almost as much about chimneys as Franklin or Count Rumford. Those who were most interested in wood-stoves thought it would not be best for her to try coal; and those who dealt principally in coal-stoves had not the least hesitation in advising her to burn coal. Being somewhat perplexed by these kindly given, if not perfectly disinterested opinions, she went to Richport and talked the matter over with Uncle Rolt, who was curiously well informed in practical every-day things. She returned no wiser than she went. Uncle Rolt knew nothing about the construction of her chimney, and had a poor opinion of all coal-stoves except "Spit-fires" or "Salamanders." She had not, however, been at home many days when she was surprised by a visit from Uncle Rolt, who came to Seaport to superintend the casting of a mammoth "Salamander." After a slight examination of our chimney, Uncle Rolt declared he would eat all the coal a decent stove would not burn. Mother could doubt or hesitate no longer; it should be a coal-stove.

It was then, however, a little too

early in the season to buy it: the dealers had not got their new stoves blacked and polished and ready for sale. But one day late in September, Miss Sally Dole (one of our neighbor's poor relations) came running across the street with the "Seaport Herald" in her hand. "Here 's to-day's 'Herald,'" she said as she gave mother the paper. "Ma'am Bagley thought you'd like to read the stove sellers' advertisements." Sally had hardly gone when there was a rap at the door and a boy with a "Herald," with a great black mark round the advertisements of stoves. Just before dinner a schoolmate came in, followed by Achilles (a big black dog) with a "Herald" in his mouth for mother; and just after dinner Rosebud, the block-maker's daughter, came blushing into the room, saying, as she handed mother a paper, "Grandmother says there's some advertisements in the 'Herald' which you would like to see." The wife of our minister also sent her little maid to us with a "Herald" containing those wonderful advertisements. What good neighbors we had! what kind friends! That afternoon Mrs. Deacon Ambrose, a notable good-natured gadabout, called upon us, and with no little pride and exultation informed mother that at last the deacon had consented to have a cooking-stove. "Now please listen a moment," said Mrs. Ambrose, taking the "Herald" from her reticule and reading the familiar advertisements aloud. "My dear," she added, putting the paper into the bag, "let's you and I go down town to-morrow and pick out our stoves before the best of them are sold. If I don't get mine right off, I fear Ambrose 'll change his mind; and if he does it'll be dreadful hard work to coax and scold him round again, he is so obstinate!" Mother agreed to her gossip's proposal, and on the next day they set off together for down town. Down town!—where the ships were, and the tall steeples with the big bells in them,—what magic to me there was in these words once!

They left home with the determina-

tion of devoting the whole day to the business in hand, and probably would have passed the forenoon at least among the stoves, had not Madam Bagley, who saw them from her window, rapped for them to come in. In her happy and lovely old age, Madam Bagley was the pride and the boast of her friends, who were more numerous than Parson Primrose's poor relations. How shrewd and sensible and witty she was! How rich and racy were her reminiscences of the past,—her past and your past! She knew more about dead-and-forgotten people than you did of your next-door neighbors, and always had an anecdote of your grandfather or a story of your grandmother which you had never heard before.

Upon such topics as the Embargo, and the great fire, and Lafayette's visit to Seaport, she would discourse for hours, never tiring herself, and, what is more remarkable, never tiring you. To-day she was full of the French claims, and held her impatient callers with her glittering eye, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding-guest, from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while she prattled upon that interesting historical and political subject. Sally Dole, who followed mother and Mrs. Ambrose to the door to have the last word with them, warned them, as they descended the steps into the street, not to buy a stove unless the iron was good.

When they got down town the twelve-o'clock bell was ringing, and as they did not care to buy stoves on an empty stomach, or even to look at them in that unfavorable condition, mother proposed that they should dine at Uncle Bass's. He lived right in the heart of the town, amidst the hurly-burly of business, and was the very soul of hospitality, and made you feel that you were doing him a kindness by dropping in to dine with him. He was in excellent spirits to-day; greeted mother and good Mrs. Ambrose with more than customary cordiality, and led them both by the hand, as a mother leads her little children, into the quaint old parlor

and presented them to his son, a little, round-faced, elderly man, with wonderfully fine eyes and a rich musical voice, who had just returned from an East India voyage. Undoubtedly mother and her friend were anxious to be gone about their business; yet to please Uncle Bass they returned to the parlor after dinner to have a little more talk with the sailor, who was so entertaining (he was notoriously known to be a great liar) that they soon grew oblivious of stoves, and actually sat till tea-time, listening to the strange stories of this salt-sea rover. On their way home at dusk they met Miss Sally Dole, who hoped that their stoves were of good iron. "Sister Susan's first stove," continued Sally, "was made of poor iron, and it would neither bake nor keep the room warm, and she was glad when it cracked so badly that her husband had to sell it and buy a new one, 'The Family Friend,' which is good iron and bakes beautifully." Mrs. Ambrose, not willing to acknowledge how fruitlessly the day had been spent, said they had postponed the purchase of their stoves till to-morrow, so as not to be too hasty in their choice.

In the first store they entered next day they saw "The Family Friend,"—a large, clumsy, unhandsome stove, which neither of them liked, though the dealer maintained that it was the best stove in the world. Good for wood or coal, of which it consumed wonderfully little, compared with other stoves. It was the best of bakers, and threw out the heat all over the room, except in warm weather, when it passed off through the funnel after heating the oven and boiling the teakettle. "Though not so ornamental as a New York cook-stove, which is good for nothing but to look at, it will out-bake and out-heat and outlast the best of them; and yet," continued the honest merchant, waxing warm, "many of the women run after those figured-up New York stoves, and turn up their noses at 'The Family Friend.' All sensible women," he added, "prefer a sensible stove like 'The Family Friend.'" Ver-

ily, "The F. F." must have been a model stove, and I marvel that neither mother nor Mrs. Ambrose would have it. They knew they could believe all the dealer said in its praise, for he was a church-member and would have lost the sale of a dozen stoves rather than utter a single untruth concerning them.

The next shop they visited was kept by a Mr. Kelly, who, according to his friends, was a Scotchman, and according to his enemies an Irishman. He was happy to see them, and delighted to show them his stock of cooking-stoves, which was, he informed them several times, the largest and best in Essex County. "This, ladies," he said, pointing to a squat, ugly stove, "is 'The Gem.' Truly, she's not handsome, but give her plenty of wood and she'll bake hard and brown. If you want a coal-stove, here's 'The Cook's Delight,'" patting a smart-looking stove, as one pats a child or a favorite dog. "She's a beauty, and with a handful or two of coal she'll bake and boil and warm the room. My! what a love of a stove she is, and how the ladies do praise her!"

"Why! 't is a New York stove," exclaimed mother, reading the legend inscribed on the hearth.

"All the better for that, madam," answered Kelly, with a peculiar smile on his poor pock-marked face. "But I fear a certain old Christian who deals in stoves has been lying to you about New York stoves. But he knows as well as I do that the New-Yorkers make better as well as handsomer stoves than the Yankees."

"What do you think of 'The Family Friend,' Mr. Kelly?" asked Mrs. Ambrose.

"A very good stove of its kind, madam; but the poorest of my second-hand stoves, which I bought for a song and will sell for a song, will cook better and heat better than 'The Family Friend.'"

Mrs. Ambrose was almost induced to buy "The Cook's Delight," but mother, who was so displeased with Mr. Kelly that she could not or would

not see any great or peculiar excellence in the stove, advised her friend to look farther before purchasing.

After leaving Kelly's, the stove-hunters betook themselves to the "Housekeepers' Emporium," the proprietor of which was the husband of the famous Mrs. Baldry, who was the queen of beauty in Seaport half a lifetime ago. Mother saw, as she entered the "Emporium," a handsome small-sized cooking-stove, standing genteelly on three long legs. It was called "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and was manufactured by G. E. Waring of Rippowam, in the State of New York. Although she had never seen just such a stove before, and knew nothing at all about it, she felt, as soon as she laid her eyes on it, that "The Kitchen Common-Sense" was to be hers, and would have been sorry to hear Mr. Baldry say anything in its disparagement, which of course he did not do, but, on the contrary, praised it as a lover praises his "fairest fair." You need not be told that mother bought the stove, the identical one she fell in love with at first sight. She paid "many a shining dollar" for it and for the little brass-headed poker and a heap of useful and useless things which the smooth-tongued dealer talked her into believing were the usual and necessary equipment of a cook-stove. Mrs. Ambrose also purchased a "Kitchen Common-Sense"; though hers, I think, was a size or two larger than ours.

The momentous business of selecting their stoves being satisfactorily ended, the two friends parted company. Mrs. Ambrose went to take tea with Mrs. Bollydunder (widow of rich old Captain Bollydunder), and mother made a call upon her wood-merchant, with whom she had dealt for many years, and with whom she was to deal no more, save perhaps for a little kindling wood when charcoal was scarce and dear. The old man, though rolling in wealth, as the phrase is, was just as eager for gain as ever, and, thinking that mother had come to order her winter's fuel, he greeted her kindly and

cordially, and informed her that he had some fine, dry, sound Eastern wood and some first-rate up-river wood. When told that she was going to burn coal, (in which he did not deal,) he shook his head doubtfully, and said he feared she would miss her cheerful fireplace. Did he know anything about coal, mother asked, and would he advise her to buy her coal of A or of B? He knew nothing about coal, he replied, and would n't have it in his house; but he thought she'd better go to B's for her coal; "He's my wife's cousin's son, and an honest man." Mr. B knew all about coal, and profoundly observed that white-ash was best for those that liked it, and red-ash best for those that liked it. If she wanted coal that would consume slowly, she'd better have white-ash; if she wanted coal that would kindle easily and burn freely, she should have red-ash. Mother decided upon red-ash, and paid for three tons of what Mr. B said was the best coal in the United States.

That night mother came home with an unsmiling face: the thought of her purchases troubled her. She babbled of stoves in her sleep, and dreamed of a gigantic red-hot "Kitchen Common-Sense," which changed into poor old Mr. Fetty the wood-sawyer, who asked her how she could have the heart to take the bread out of his mouth. Howbeit, she went to work next morning with heart and will, and was soon ready for the stove, and waited with impatience for its arrival. Just as we had concluded it would not come before dinner, a wagon drove up to the door, containing two smutty-faced men and "The Kitchen Common-Sense." The smutty mechanics understood their business well, and, as they were not "working by the hour," soon took their departure. They left the stove standing in our kitchen on a bright square of zinc, and just in front of the new sheet-iron fire-board, behind which was the deserted fireplace, and the old brick oven in which had been baked so many mince-pies and squash-pies, and pandowdies, to say nothing of the

Sunday beans and bread and Indian puddings.

Immediately after dinner, and before mother had kindled a fire in the stove, or tidied up a bit, the dear neighbors, who had seen or heard of the arrival of the "Common-Sense," came flocking in to see it. How kind and complimentary they were! One said it was a cunning little stove, but feared her family would starve if she had to cook with it. Another had no doubt it would do well if it did not crack the first time a fire was made in it. A third observed that if folks must have such things as cooking-stoves, she supposed this might be about as good as any of them, though she should like it better if it were less ornamental. A grandmotherly personage hoped it would warm the room without setting the house on fire. Aunt Nancy shook her head, and muttered something about a pretty toy. Sally Dole said it would do very well, if the iron was good. As soon as the amiable visitants were gone, mother brought from the cellara pan of charcoal, and a canvas-lined basket containing a handful or two of shavings and a few small dry chips, and proceeded to kindle a fire in the "Common-Sense." With fear and hope and anxiety she held the burning lucifer beneath the grate. The smoke poured out thick and fast from every cranny and crevice of the stove, — the chimney was unfriendly to the "Common-Sense," we feared, — and in a moment or two the fire blazed and roared, and the smoke went willingly through the funnel and up the chimney, which was friendly to the stove after all. Mother smiled, and put a shovelful of coal into the grate, and the "black Pennsylvanian stones" ignited finely. Yes, the draught was good, and the coal would burn, and we should do bravely if the heat did not crack the stove, which it did not do, though every time a piece of coal snapped in two with a loud noise we thought the machine was broken. O, how happy we were as we sat in front of the "Common-Sense" that afternoon, gazing upon the glowing grate, and listening

to the singing of the teakettle! Next morning the stove baked us some nice light biscuits for breakfast, and cooked our modest little dinner beautifully. The "Common-Sense" baked our Thanksgiving pies and Christmas puddings. It also roasted the Thanksgiving turkey and the Christmas goose to a turn, — could the old tin-kitchen have done more than that?

As the season advanced and the fierce cold days of winter came, we found that our little stove was equal to the occasion, and threw out the heat generously. Mother soon grew to be very fond and very proud of "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and slaved to keep it black and bright, somewhat to the dislike of Sally Dole, who thought it almost sinful to have a cook-stove shine like silver. Indeed, the "Common-Sense" made our kitchen so warm and comfortable, that mother invited Miss Peachy to come and pass a few weeks at our house during the winter, and Miss Peachy came, and the stove and its mistress gave her a warm welcome. She was, as I remember her, a small, comely, black-eyed woman in a faded green silk. In their girlhood, Miss Peachy and mother had been almost as great friends as Shakespeare's *Hermia* and *Helena*. They had not met before for years, and so there was a deal to be said about old times and old friends. One night, as they sat before the "Common-Sense," and were warmed by its genial heat, they reconstructed the world of their youth and peopled it with a crowd of shadows which they called up from the awful past.

Miss Peachy was as great a student of novels and romances as Miss Busk-body herself, and had brought with her a bountiful supply of her favorite literature; and just as soon as the tea-things were cleared away and the stove well poked, she would seat herself at the little mahogany light-stand, and read, by the dim light of an oil lamp, chapter after chapter of some long-winded novel or other. She never skipped a word, however dull or prosy the book might be, for skipping she held to be

the unpardonable sin of novel-readers. She read all moral or didactic passages with great slowness and emphasis. She laughed freely at the funny things, and expected you to do the same. Whenever she came to a pathetic scene she wept, and looked up with tear-dimmed eyes to see if you were not weeping also. I don't remember the names of many of Miss Peachy's darling romances, though I heard them read with considerable interest. The world, I fear, has forgotten them too. I dare say that "Annie Gray" and the rest of them could be found upon the dusty top shelf of many an old family library. I have a kindness for the memory of Miss Peachy. She gave me a taste for the pleasures and delights of novel-reading.

As soon as Miss Peachy got through all her volumes, she flitted with them to another old schoolmate in a distant town, to whom I suppose she read the dear familiar stories with new interest and undiminished pleasure. Mother hugely enjoyed Miss Peachy's readings, and missed them so much after they were over, that she borrowed many a foolish novel and silly romance from the circulating library in Seaport, which was rich in such productions. I read these works aloud in the evening, in, I fear, a careless, hurried, blundering way, which must have been in painful contrast to Miss Peachy's careful and correct manner; but thus was begun a long and, upon the whole, a delightful course of light reading, which was not all so very light, however, for we worried through some mighty heavy books.

By the time we had perused a dozen or more of the circulating-library romances it was late in spring, and a coal-fire was getting uncomfortable. So one May morning we took the stove down and reopened the fireplace, and made a fire on the hearth out of chips from the ship-yard; which is a fire that hints of the sea and suggests volumes of ocean adventure. The crane and pot-hooks, and the andirons, and the bellows, and the shovel and tongs, were in

use once more. Our old tin baker was taken from its hiding-place, and scoured bright; but it would not bake near as well as the "Common-Sense," and mother, who prided herself on her bread, and loved to have the loaves cracked and brown, was not sorry upon this account, as well as others, when the time came round to have the stove back again.

Mrs. Ambrose's "Common-Sense" did n't bake well at all, she complained; and it was, she had discovered at last, too ornamental a stove for her kitchen; and she gave her husband no peace till it was exchanged for a new one of the very latest style: for there are as many styles and fashions in cooking-stoves as in bonnets, and some women have a new stove about as often as they have a new bonnet.

Mother, however, maintained that in "The Kitchen Common-Sense" cooking-stoves had reached perfection, or as near perfection as it was possible or even essential to have them. True, she admitted it was just possible that A's stove consumed a trifle less fuel than hers, but then A's was a slack baker; or that B's threw out a little more heat sometimes, but it was an awkward, unhandsome thing; or C's was more easily "cleared out" in the morning, but it had n't an open grate and the fire could not be seen. Now the "Common-Sense," she said, baked as well as a brick oven, was as handsome as a picture, and had a pleasant open grate, through which you saw the glowing coal, which looked like a mass of molten gold. With what polite incredulity and pitying contempt she listened to her friends' fine stories about the merits of some new upstart cook-stove, the prodigy of the season, the housewife's dear last favorite! When told by kind neighbors that the "Common-Sense" was sadly out of fashion, she said it was fashionable enough for her, and should never be pushed aside for a newer trifle till it was fairly worn out or burnt out.

I grew from a boy to a man, and still the old stove (how soon things

grow old in this world!) was nearly as good as ever, apparently, and more prized than when new. And when we left the ancient house where we had lived so long and enjoyed so much, and came to Carterville, the "Kitchen Common-Sense" came with us, and was set up in our new home; and the sight of so familiar a friend in that strange and unfamiliar house took the chill out of our hearts before we had kindled a fire to take the chill out of our fingers.

In truth, the "Common-Sense" was now doubly dear to us. It baked and boiled and threw out the heat as generously as of old. It was also a pleasant remembrancer of other days, and its tin teakettle sang eloquently of the past and hopefully of the future.

But it touched me and grieved me to see with what loving care and patience mother waited and tended upon the "Common-Sense" in its venerable but infirm old age, lifting the poor burnt-out covers as tenderly as one lifts a day-old baby, and handling the poker as gently as if she feared a too violent motion of that potent little instrument would be fatal to the age-worn stove, which, though sadly decrepit, performed its daily duties re-

markably well. I can see mother with her spectacles looking wistfully at the "Common-Sense," fearful of discovering some hole or crack in the thin iron.* Yet with all the wear and tear of its long years of service, it outlasted its owner, and after she was gone consumed tons of coal, and baked I know not how many pots of Sunday beans, and warmed and comforted and consoled a poor solitary bachelor.

At last, however, the "Common-Sense" became too old and disabled for use, and was deposed, and now stands lonely and rusty and forlorn in the cellar, never again to be the pride and pet of the kitchen, never again to bake bread or boil teakettle or perform the least and humblest culinary labor. I have not the heart to sell the "Common-Sense" for old iron, but keep it for the same reason that the Cid refused to bear arms against the town of Zamora, "because of the days which are past."

J. E. Babson.

* Some years since I searched Boston for a "Kitchen Common-Sense," but the stove had been long out of the market and the dealers knew it not. Even Westcott, who knows as much about old stoves as Perry Burnham knows about old books, had forgotten "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and smiled and shook his head when I asked him if a second-hand one was likely to turn up soon.

SYLVIA.

"SYLVIA!" The happy face looked up
With love's unvoiced reply;
Beneath his, deep light brimmed her eye,
As a blue blossom fills its cup
From fulness of the sky.

Sylvia! It was her wedding-day:
Her story seemed complete.
No voice had made her name so sweet
Along the rustic maiden's way,—
So rhythmic to repeat.

The *sy*van, quaint, romantic name
Had drifted to her door
From the Atlantic's eastern shore,
Where some ancestral English dame
Its style Arcadian wore.

But here it breathed of rose and fern,
And salt winds of Cape Ann ;
Of timid wild-flowers hid from man
Behind the gray cliffs' barrier stern,
In woods where shy streams ran.

And they twain wandered in a wood
By vague sea-whisperings swept ;
To soul, through sense, fine odors crept ;
Within the northern air, the mood
Of tropic sunshine slept.

'Mid sassafras and wintergreen,
Elder and meadow-rue,
In dazzling bridal-raiment new, —
Glorious in exile as a queen, —
The white magnolia grew.

"Sylvia ! my own magnolia-flower !"
The proud young husband said.
With creamy buds he crowned her head ;
And Sylvia smiled, and blessed the hour
Of summer she was wed.

The years went on, and Sylvia grew
Pale at her work, and thin.
The pair no green woods wandered in ;
Cold through the corn the north-wind blew ;
Their bread was hard to win.

Furrowed his brow became, and stern,
As his own farm-lands rough.
He called her "Wife !" in accents gruff.
Why should she for her girl-name yearn ?
Was she not his ? Enough.

Enough ! — enough to fill the bound
Of woman's heart is he
Who leaves no heaven-growth in her free ?
Who guards not for her what he found
Her life of life to be ?

The tired wife's woodland name to her
Gospels of freedom meant.
And he with every dream was blent ;
His "Sylvia !" in her soul could stir
Long ripples of content.

But now, for dreary weeks and years,
Her name he never spoke.
Into no storm her dull dawns broke ;
Life was not sad enough for tears ;
Her heart more slowly broke.

Sometimes, deep in an oaken chest
With ample linen filled,
The touch of a dead blossom thrilled
Into blind pain sweet thoughts repressed,
And in long silence chilled :

Again the rich magnolia breathed
Through the New England air
Its hint of Southern summers rare ;
Again her head the warm buds wreathed ;
Her bridegroom twined them there.

She shut the chest : she would not think
Her life the dry pressed flower
She knew it was. Yet hour on hour
More stifling grew ; and lock and link
Crushed down with steadier power.

He boasted of her skilful hands,
Her quick, unresting feet.
"No woman like my wife I meet ;
On all the Cape none understands
How to make home so neat."

She, proud to be her husband's pride,
For bread received a stone.
Love lives not by such bread alone ;
And hungry longings woke and cried
For better things unknown.

Only by toil the wife could keep
Her girl-heart's clamor down.
Care's ashes all her tresses brown
Sprinkled with gray. An early sleep
Came death, life's ache to drown.

When, by the blank around, he knew
What she had been to him,
And, in remorseful guesses dim,
Measured the joy she failed of, too,
Thought bittered, to its brim.

He sought the sea-washed woods, where tall
Black pines at noon made night.
The flowers stood still in lovely light :
He seemed to hear his dead bride call
From every blossom white.

The warm-breathed, fresh magnolia-bloom
In hands that never stirred
He laid, with one beseeching word —
"Sylvia !" — that pierced the death-dimmed room :
Her soul smiled back : she heard !

Lucy Larcom.

IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

ON Tuesday, the 19th of March, about noon, we left Sandy Point, where we had been passing several pleasant days. It is the only settlement in the Straits of Magellan, and lies midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Its position marks a sudden and decided change in the general aspect of the region, — the shores in the eastern portion of the straits being open and low, and the passages between them wide as compared with those of the western portion. I like to remember that afternoon. To me it was full of vague anticipation, for we were on the threshold of the region where, we had been taught to believe, mountains rise sharply up from narrow ocean channels, and glaciers dip into the sea; where the scenery at once delights and stimulates the imagination, suggesting more than it reveals. The weather was beautiful, a mellow autumn day with a reminiscence of summer in its genial warmth. The cleft summit of Mount Sarmiento was clear against the sky, and its snow-fields, swept over by alternate light and shadow, seemed full of soft undulations. Cloven peaks are, by the way, a common feature of mountains in the Straits of Magellan, as we afterward found. Indeed, from this time forward, for many days, our way was in the midst of scenery which, though constantly varied by local features, had a certain uniformity throughout. All those narrow passes marked on the map as Froward Reach, English Reach, Crooked Reach, and the still more intricate passage known as Smythe's Channel, are so many ocean defiles hemmed in between mountains, the lower slopes of which are heavily wooded. Bays and inlets, deep fiords and small sheltered harbors, break the base of these mountain walls on either side, while above the sombre forests, above the line of vegetation, lie vast fields

of snow and ice, glaciers in which you count every rift and crevasse as you steam past them, and from which countless cascades descend to join the waters beneath. Such were our surroundings for three delightful weeks. On the particular afternoon in question we were bound to the bay of Port Famine, where we anchored before sunset. Its name recalls the sad story of the men who landed there nearly three centuries ago, and watched and waited for the help that never came. I do not know whether the slight vestiges of ruined buildings, and the moss-grown cannon still to be found on a height above the bay, mark the site of Sarmiento's ill-fated colony, but they naturally associate themselves with the old tradition. The beach at Port Famine is lined with singularly regular but completely upturned strata, their edges either worn down or cut to one level so as to be almost even with each other. As we returned to the ship that evening, the moon was just rising over the brow of the hill, and her light rippled across the still water, side by side with the red reflection from a huge fire built by our sailors on the beach. Sailors have a cheery affection for an open fire. Perhaps it recalls home and the domestic, cosy side of life, so far removed from the fore-castle. Whatever be the reason, our men were never on shore for half an hour without building a glorious structure of drift-wood and dry branches, laid with such art that it was a pleasure to see the blaze creep through and finally burst in triumph from the top.

The great event of the next day was the rounding of Cape Froward, a huge mass of rock thrown out in a bold promontory from the north side of Froward Reach. So close did we coast along, that the geology was quite legible even in detail from the deck of our vessel. The contorted strata forming the base

of Cape Froward's rugged cliffs, the rounded shoulders of the mountains in marked contrast to their peaked and jagged crests, the general character of the snow-fields and glaciers, not crowded into narrow valleys, but spread out on the open slopes of the loftier ranges, or fitted dome-like over their single summits; all these features passed constantly before us in an ever-shifting panorama. One of the most beautiful points in the view was a huge twin glacier, or rather a glacier single in its origin but divided at its lower end by a mountain spur. In the afternoon we passed Cape Holland, another very bold and striking headland, and anchored in Fortesque Bay early enough to have several hours of daylight before us. In this sheltered harbor, with Mount Cross for a breast-work against the west wind, we found ourselves in a different climate from the one in which we had passed the morning, with a strong breeze blowing dead against us.

We spent the remainder of the day in wandering along the rocky, pebbly beach; penetrating sometimes, though on account of the underbrush but for a little way, among the trees. Here I first saw the wild fuchsia in full bloom, growing along the shore in large banks as thick and abundant as those of the mountain-laurel in New England, and also the beautiful pink bells of the "*Philesia buxifolia*," an exquisite flowering shrub. We came upon a Fuegian hut on the beach. We often saw their deserted camps afterward, but they never differed from this first specimen. Dwellings they can scarcely be called. A few flexible branches are stuck in the ground in a semicircle, and their ends are drawn together so as to form a kind of hood in the shape of a chaise-top. It is too low for any posture but that of squatting or lying down. In front is always a scorched spot where their handful of fire has smoldered; at one side is invariably a large heap of empty shells, showing that they had occupied this spot until they had exhausted the supply of

mussels, their favorite, or at least their principal, food. We had already met Fuegian Indians in their canoes. The very day before, as we left Port Famine, a boat containing three men and two women had put off from a spot we had been watching with some interest, because a smoke on the edge of the wood, and a few figures moving about, indicated a camp. They showed no disposition to come on board, but seemed rather by their gestures inviting us to pay them a visit,—pointing to their fires, and frantically waving skins which no doubt they wished to barter for tobacco, though their wild shrieks and shouts were then unintelligible to us. One would hardly believe that five human beings could make so much noise. One of the men, the more prominent spokesman, (though where all screamed in unison it was difficult to give pre-eminence to any,) was decently dressed in a flannel shirt and drawers. The others were scarcely clad at all, unless scant skins hanging loose from their shoulders could be called clothing. The women were naked to the waist; their babies were lashed to them, leaving them free to paddle lustily with both arms and nurse their children at the same time. Their boats are usually of their own making, and one can only wonder that people ingenious enough to make bark canoes so neatly and strongly put together, and so well modelled, should have invented nothing better in the way of a house than a twig hut, compared with which a wigwam is an elaborate building; and that they should not provide themselves with a covering for warmth, if not for decency, in a climate where snow and rain are the rule rather than the exception.

The next morning as we steamed out of our snug anchorage, the snow-fields, spite of heavy clouds behind us, lay glittering on the mountains like purest marble in the early light. They were dazzling to look upon. The weather improved as we went on, and indeed we congratulated ourselves upon having in this unkind climate a day when

freakish, capricious sunshine, like a moody artist, brought out bits of landscape here and there, while from time to time a rainbow's broken arch fell through the drifting fleece of clouds. We were bound through the so-called Narrow Reach, a long, winding corridor with rocky walls, opening right and left into narrow picturesque valleys which abut at their farther end against the loftier ranges of snow-mountains. The sides of these valleys as well as the walls of the channel itself in their lower portions, and indeed sometimes for their whole height, are *moutonnés*; that is, they are worn into gently rounded swelling mounds or knolls. The evening before at Fortesque Bay, Mr. Agassiz, who was always hunting the lost thread of a past glacial period and trying to retrace its broken fragments, had found many glacial pebbles and boulders bearing all the characteristic marks of ice action. Did they belong to a former extension of local glaciers, or to the general all-embracing action of a still more ancient and universal ice-time? However this may be, it became evident to him, as we advanced, that the two sets of phenomena existed together, one underlying the other, and that to unravel the whole story correctly they must be tracked separately. The well-known feature of glacial action just alluded to, the *moutonnées* surfaces, became a guide for him in tracing, not only the direction in which the ice-sheet had moved, but also its original thickness. The abrupt line where the undulating surfaces yield to sharply cut jagged crests indicates in the Straits of Magellan, as in the Alps, the highest limit of glacial action. One most remarkable instance of this is in Mount Tarn, whose long serrated edge is like a gigantic saw, while the lower shoulders of the mass are hummocked into a succession of rounded hills. Just at the entrance of Narrow Reach, Bachelor Peak forms a bold mountain bluff dividing two beautiful valleys, York Valley in which runs the little York River, and what we may call Jerome Valley, since Jerome Moun-

tain forms its higher boundary. In both these valleys the summits of their lateral walls are jagged and rough, with snow-fields lying between their abrupt points; while lower down their slopes are all symmetrically rounded in the most striking way.

We sailed prosperously along through this beautiful scenery till about three o'clock in the afternoon; but the fitful promise of the morning betrayed us in the end. The wind, which had been strong all day and coming upon us in flaws, increased with sudden fury. Rushing through the narrow tunnel in which we were caught, it seemed to gather strength and speed in proportion to its compression. I had never imagined such a tumult of the elements. In an inconceivably short time the channel was lashed into a white foam, the roar of wind and water was so great you could not hear yourself speak, though the hoarse shout of command and the answering cry of the sailors rose above the storm. To add to the confusion a loose sail slatted as if it would tear itself in pieces, with that sharp, angry, rending sound which only a broad spread of loose canvas can make. It became impossible to hold our own against the amazing power of the blast, and the captain turned the vessel round with the intention of putting her into Borja Bay, not far from which, by good fortune, we chanced to be. As she came broadside to the wind in turning, it seemed to my inexperienced that she must be blown over, so violently did she careen. Once safely round, we flew before the wind, which now helped as much as it had hindered, and were soon abreast of Borja Bay. Never was there a more sudden transition from chaos to peace, than the one we made as we turned out of the main channel into its quiet waters, — a somewhat difficult manœuvre under the circumstances, for a driving cloud of mist and rain now enveloped us. Our ship almost filled the tiny harbor shut in between mountains, and there we lay safe and sheltered in breathless quiet, while a few yards from us the

storm raged and howled outside. These frequent, almost land-locked coves are the safety of navigators in these straits; but after this day's experience it was easy to understand how sailing vessels may be kept waiting for months between two such harbors, struggling vainly to make a few miles, and constantly driven back by sudden squalls.

The next morning fresh snow lay on the mountains around us, and we were still detained in our harbor by inclement weather. Spite of the storm, two of our companions ascended the peak on the side of the bay. They found the same smoothed and rounded surfaces which we had observed along our whole route to a height of fifteen hundred feet, above which the rocks were broken and rugged. From the brink of the snow-covered ridge on which they stood, they saw below them a cup-shaped depression holding two little lakes, and looking singularly green and peaceful as seen from the upper region of gusts, snow, and rain in which they found themselves. These lakes fed a pretty cascade, which poured over the rocks at the side of our vessel. In Borja Bay we made our first acquaintance with the so-called "Williwaws" of the straits. A "Williwaw" is a curious phenomenon to the inexperienced. All may be quiet, not a breath stirring; suddenly a gust strikes the ship, and she is shaken for a moment from masthead to keel as if in a giant's grasp, and almost before you have time to feel the shock the wind has passed, vanished into the calm out of which it came, leaving all still again.

On Saturday, the 23d of March, in weather which, though still doubtful, was not wholly unpromising, we started once more. We passed through what is called Straight Reach as distinguished from Crooked Reach, where we had been caught by the storm on Thursday. Like the latter it is narrow, bordered by the same picturesque scenery, but almost without a curve. The early part of that day is, however, like a shifting panorama in my memory. In truth,

the fitful curtain of mist hanging for so much of the time over this whole region is deceptive; one hardly knows what may be the extent or height of the mountains. Sometimes a magnificent peak is suddenly revealed behind and above the nearer mountains, and is gone again almost before you can say you have seen it. You cannot but have constantly in your mind the adventures of the early explorers, feeling their way along in their small sailing vessels through this labyrinth of mountain and ocean, half hidden, half revealed by driving fog and rain; the channel sometimes narrowing suddenly between its rocky walls, a headland looming unexpectedly upon them out of the mist, an absolute ignorance of the safe harbors on either side, and the waters so deep that they might drop their anchor within a foot of the shore and find no bottom.

I pass over two or three days spent on and about the Hassler Glacier, having already given an account of their adventures in a previous number of the "Atlantic," and come to a lovely afternoon when we entered Chococua Bay, lying on the southern side of the straits, very near their opening into the Pacific Ocean. The scenery during the morning had had a new scientific interest, because we had kept along the southern side of the channel, having hitherto held our course nearer the northern shore. There is, in truth, a marked difference between the northern and southern sides of the straits; the latter being more abrupt and less generally rounded than the former. This fact had a special value for Mr. Agassiz, as an observer of glacial phenomena, for the following reason. In Switzerland it is well known that the surface of any rocky slope or ledge over which a glacier advances will be less influenced by its action than one toward and against which it moves. The ice, though flexible enough to fit itself to an inequality not otherwise to be passed over, is nevertheless a solid, and where it is possible will bridge a depression or hollow without touching

it. A sheet of ice advancing across a valley from the south northward, for instance, will drop over the southern brink into the hollow, coming into contact only with its edge, just as a waterfall may shoot free of the ledge over which it springs; but once in the valley, in order to ascend the opposite bank this same ice-sheet must force itself up against the slope, wearing, furrowing, and grinding the surface as it goes. These are facts daily witnessed in the Alps; their results are readily recognized by any one familiar with glacial action. Supposing, therefore, that during the glacial period the ice sheet in the southern hemisphere advanced from south to north, (I speak now of a universal ice-time preceding and in its effects underlying all local glacial phenomena,) this difference between the two banks of the straits would be natural; the north side being the strike side, while the opposite wall, especially where most abrupt, might not have come in contact with the ice at all. At all events, their general aspect, as compared with each other, led Mr. Agassiz to believe what he had already theoretically inferred as probable, namely, that there has been a movement of the ice in the southern hemisphere from the south northward, corresponding to that which has taken place from the north southward in the northern hemisphere. For the sake of local accuracy, I may mention one of many instances. On the southern side of the straits, just opposite the Gulf of Xualtequa, a lofty wall of rock descends into the water, the upper portions of which are everywhere modelled by glacial action, while the abrupt, steep exposure forming its lower half is quite free of rounded surfaces. From its aspect one would say that the sheet of ice had ground over its upper slopes and then dropped over the lower wall, bridging the space between it and the water. These remarks would mislead were they understood in an exclusive sense. Both sides of the straits are rugged in parts; both are rounded and hummocked in parts; but

the southern shore is much the more abrupt of the two.

We were tempted to turn into Chorocua Bay by Captain Mayne's mention of a glacier descending into the water. There is a large glacier in sight above it on the western side, though not directly accessible, as we had hoped to find it. Notwithstanding this disappointment, we rejoiced that we had entered this bay, for it is singularly beautiful. Deep gorges open on either side, bordered by steep richly wooded cliffs, and overhung by ice and snow-fields on loftier heights. Where these channels lead, into what dim recesses of ocean and mountain, it is impossible to say, for within them, so far as I know, no one has penetrated. The weather was most friendly to us. Chorocua Bay, with all its adjoining inlets and fiords, was glassy still; only the swift steamer ducks, as they shot across, broke the surface of the water with their arrowy wake. Quiet as in a church, voices and laughter seemed an intrusion, and a shout came back to us in repeated echoes, dying away at last in far-off, hidden retreats. We left the place with great regret; we would gladly have explored, if only for a little distance, these narrow, winding, ocean pathways within which mountains and forest-covered walls were mirrored on this tranquil afternoon with absolute fidelity. But we could not venture to stay, with the risk of being kept there by a change of weather. Provisions, coal, the necessities of the vessel, admonished us to keep on our way, and we crossed to Cape Tamar and anchored before nightfall within Sholl Bay, the vestibule as it were of Smythe's Channel. The shores of this large gulf, unveiled by mist, were clear in the evening light. Pearly tints, pale pink, blue, and amethyst, faded over the snow mountains opposite our anchorage; and when the same ashy paleness came upon them which follows sunset on the Alpine snows, the whole range was reflected in dead white in the water, as if it had been built of marble.

The next day we divided forces. Botanists, zoölogists, sportsmen, and sundry nondescripts, such as Mrs. Johnson and myself, landed on the beach at about six o'clock in the morning, taking with us a tent, deck-blankets, lunch, everything needful, in short, to make us comfortable for half a day's sojourn, with possible vicissitudes of weather. The vessel put out into the straits again with the rest of the party, for the purpose of making soundings and dredgings in the neighborhood of Cape Tamar. Mr. Agassiz was much interested in the form and structure of the beach in Sholl Bay. The ridge of the beach itself is a glacial moraine, and accumulations of boulders, banked up in uniform morainic ridges concentric with one another and with the beach moraine, extend far out from the shore like partly sunken reefs. The pebbles and boulders of these ridges are not local, or at least only partially so; they are erratic and have the same geological character as those of the drift material throughout the straits. Our morning on this beach was very interesting. Having pitched our tent, deposited our wraps, provisions, etc., and built our fires, we dispersed in various directions. It did not look like approaching winter. Luxuriant banks of fuchsia, Desfontainea, and Philesia crowned the beach ridge, and were brilliant with blossoms, while other bushes were full of sweet and juicy berries. Following a creek of fresh water that ran out upon the sands, we came to a romantic brook forming a miniature cascade and rushing down through a gorge bordered by old moss-grown trees and full of large boulders, around which the water surged and rippled. This gorge was a haunt of ferns and lichens carpeting all its nooks and corners. We tracked the brook to a small lake lying some half a mile behind the beach. The collections made along the shore were numerous, and included a great variety of animals. Among them were star-fishes, volutas, sea-urchins, sea-anemones, medusæ, doris, and small

fishes from the tide-pools, beside a number drawn in the seine.

Toward the middle of the day we all strayed in one by one from our wanderings, and assembled around or within the tent for lunch. All luxuries and superfluities had long dropped off from our larder; mussels roasted on the shell, salt pork broiled on a stick, and hard-tack formed our frugal meal; but such as it was, we were called upon to share it with a numerous company. A boat rounded the point of the beach, and as it approached we saw that it was full of Indians, — men, women, and children. The men landed (they were five or six in number) and came toward us. I had wished to have a near view of the Fuegians, but I confess that, when my desire was gratified, my first feeling was one of utter repulsion and disgust. I have seen many Indians, both in North and South America, the wild Sioux of the West, and various tribes of the Amazons, but I had never seen any so coarse and repulsive as these; they had not even the physical strength and manliness of the savage to atone for brutality of expression. Almost naked (for the short, loose skins tied around the neck and hanging from the shoulders could hardly be called clothing), with swollen bodies, thin limbs, and stooping forms, with a childish yet cunning leer on their faces, they crouched over our fire, spreading their hands toward its genial warmth, and all shouting at once, "Tabac, tabac," and "Galleta," — biscuit. We had no tobacco with us, but we gave them the remains of our hard-bread and pork, which they seemed glad to have. Then the one who appeared, from the deference paid him by the rest, to be chief, sat down on a stone and sang in a singular kind of monotone. The words were evidently addressed to us, and seemed from the gestures and expression to be an improvisation concerning the strangers. There was something curious in the character of this Fuegian song. It was rather recitation than singing, but was certainly divided into something like strophes or stanzas; for

although there was no distinct air or melody, the strain was brought to a close at regular short intervals, and ended always exactly in the same way and on the same notes with a rising inflection of the voice. When he finished we were silent with a sort of surprise and expectancy; his blank, disappointed expression reminded us to applaud, and then he laughed with pleasure, imitated the clapping in an awkward way, and began to sing again. I do not know how long this scene might have lasted, for the man seemed to have no thought of stopping, and the flow of words was uninterrupted; but the Hassler came in sight, her recall gun was fired, and we hastened down to the beach landing. Our guests followed us, still clamorously demanding tobacco, and we signed to them that they might follow us on board the vessel, where they would get some. Meantime the women had brought their boat close to ours at the landing. They began to laugh, talk, and gesticulate with much energy. They are, or at least they seemed whenever we saw them, a very noisy people, chattering constantly with amazing rapidity and all together. Their boat, with the babies and dogs to add to the tumult, was a perfect Babel of voices, especially after the men joined them. We reached the ship first, but they presently came along-side, still shouting and shrieking without pause and in every key, "Tabac, tabac," "Galleta, galleta." We threw them down both, and they grabbed for them like wild animals. From the fierceness with which they snatched at whatever was thrown into the boat, it seemed that each one was the owner of what he could catch, and that there was no community of goods. I threw down some showy beads and bright calico to the women, who seemed pleased, though I should doubt their knowing what to do with the latter. They wore a coarse kind of amulet made of shells tied in a string around the neck, so that the

beads would certainly come in play. They had some idea of trade and barter, for when they found they had received all the tobacco and biscuit they were likely to get gratuitously, they held up bows and arrows, wicker baskets, birds, and the large sea-urchin, which is an article of food with them. Before we parted from our friends, they seemed to me more human than when I first saw them. Indeed the faces of one or two were neither brutal nor ugly. One boy was eminently handsome; a lad of some sixteen or seventeen years perhaps. He looked like an Italian, and in the garb of a *lazzarone* would have passed muster in a Neapolitan street without detection. His complexion was dark, but ruddy and rich in tone, his features were regular, his eyes large and soft, and his teeth superb. He showed them, for he was always on the broad grin. His figure remains in my memory as he clung like a monkey to the side of the ship, his free hand stretched toward us, his head thrown back, half laughing, and crying to the last minute, "Tabac, tabac." Indeed, long after the steamer had started and when their position seemed really perilous, both men and women hung on the side of the vessel, dragging the boat below, trying to climb up, stretching their hands to us, praying, shrieking, screaming for more tobacco. When they found it at last a hopeless chase, they dropped off and began again the same chanting recitative which we had heard on the beach, waving their hands in farewell. So we parted. I looked after them as they paddled away, wondering anew at the strange problem of a people who learn nothing even from their own wants, necessities, and sufferings. They wander naked and homeless in snow and mist and rain as they have done for ages, asking of the land only a strip of beach and a handful of fire, of the ocean shell-fish enough to save them from starvation.

Mrs. E. C. Agassiz.

AFTER THE FIRE.

WHILE far along the eastern sky
 I saw the flags of Havoc fly,
 As if his forces would assault
 The sovereign of the starry vault
 And hurl Him back the burning rain
 That seared the cities of the plain,
 I read as on a crimson page
 The words of Israel's sceptred sage:—

*For riches make them wings, and they
 Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,
 What hue shall paint the mocking light
 That burned and stained the orient skies
 Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
 As if the sun had lost his way
 And dawned to make a second day,—
 Above how red with fiery glow,
 How dark to those it woke below!

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,
 Flashed the false jewels of the fire;
 Girt with her belt of glittering panes,
 And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,
 Our northern queen in glory shone
 With new-born splendors not her own,
 And stood, transfigured in our eyes,
 A victim decked for sacrifice!

The cloud still hovers overhead,
 And still the midnight sky is red;
 As the lost wanderer strays alone
 To seek the place he called his own,
 His devious footprints sadly tell
 How changed the pathways known so well;
 The scene, how new! The tale how old
 Ere yet the ashes have grown cold!

Again I read the words that came
 Writ in the rubric of the flame:
 Howe'er we trust to mortal things
 Each hath its pair of folded wings;
 Though long their terrors rest unspread,
 Their fatal plumes are never shed;
 At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
 And blot the day and blast the night!

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
 Around us, never spreads her wings;
 Love, though he break his earthly chain,
 Still whispers he will come again;
 But Faith that soars to seek the sky
 Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
 And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
 The cloudless azure whence they came!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, November 13, 1873.

AMONG THE RUINS.

SINCE Boston was fated to burn, I think any one may blamelessly regret that he was not by to see it, if he had the misfortune to be absent during the red thirty hours of its loss. As a spectacle, it must have been one of the most impressive that human eyes ever beheld, and those who looked upon it are truly to be envied. That steady and resistless destruction of the finest business architecture on the continent, by flames that melted the piles of solid granite like sand, and consumed the prosperity of long years of successful commerce, lacked the dramatic poignancy of most other great conflagrations; comparatively few homes were burned, there was little of the agony of attempts to save things dear by use and association, or of the sacrifice of what nothing could buy again; but as those millions of money were licked up by the fire and vanished forever in the crimson glare and dusky fume, all the more potent must have been the lesson of human effort paralyzed, and of human industry and achievement absolutely annulled.

In contrast with this, it was but a cold and poor experience to wander among the ruins of the great fire; and yet these, once seen, had a dreary fascination that drew you again and again and enforced their tragic interest, so that to him who gazed upon the scene, the idle people who seemed to spend their days amidst the ruins, and to look

and look, and stand and stand, and apparently suffer no change from hour to hour save as they shifted the weight of the body from one leg to the other, were not at all inexplicable.

I first caught sight of that chaos on the Monday night after the fire, when Washington Street was still drenched from the engines that screamed and panted at every corner, and launched their streams into the semi-luminous fog-bank beyond, out of which dimly rose a broken wall here and there, with hollow windows and a certain solemn gauntness of outline. The approaches forbidden by many bayonets, the obscurity of the streets still without gas, — the shops being ineffectively lit with kerosene and candles, — and the recent arrival of twenty-seven carloads of New York roughs (all happily slain by the police and chemically annihilated during the night), made it undesirable to inspect the ruins then; but a mild, fair afternoon of an early day following invited whatever Volneys could get a pass from the Chief of Police to come and meditate upon them.

A great many Volneys, of both sexes and all ages, seemed to have got passes, so that there was nothing more notable amidst the ruins than the number of people who had as little business there as myself. Here and there were occupants of the former buildings, at work in getting out their safes; or —

if their places were, as often happened, still masses of red-hot brick — listlessly kicking the rubbish or picking up bits of iron or other fantastically shapen fragments of the wreck, gazing at them vacantly a moment, and then flinging them away. On one hopeless heap of ruin I saw a young man standing with his wife and looking silently about him; some one came up and saluted him by name with a cheery "How's biz?" "Never better; tip-top!" he answered in a voice which somehow failed to make one gay. "Let me introduce you to my wife. Thought we'd come down to my store and have a look at the improvements." The wife gave her hand with but a wan smile.

But most of the people, I say, had nothing to do there but get in the way of the firemen whose steamers were working at a score of points, and then get out of it as the flying streams of water were shifted from one seething mass to another. They seemed to be nearly all relic-hunters, and they were nearly all happy and anxious in some bit of blackened crockery or warped ironmongery, which they had secured with great trouble and were afraid would be taken from them at the lines by the police. The most concerned were women who appealed to such blue coats as they met, to know if they could keep this or that, — women with something remorselessly detective of unfashion and second-rateness in their dress, or in the style of the young men who had brought them down into the burnt district for a holiday. It seemed to be quite a trysting-place, like

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

But to turn from these and take in with one long gaze the ruin around was an experience never to be matched again. Imagine a space of sixty or seventy acres, strewn in wildest confusion with bricks and mortar, broken columns of iron, and lumps of granite; a hundred unextinguished fires still blazing brightly above the wreck or

smouldering under sullen volumes of smoke, or shooting up clouds of steam as the engine jets were turned upon them, and making a tremulous, dim red haze, through which the tall chimney of some vanished manufactory rose monumental, and from point to point loomed the fragments of yet upright wall. These were mostly portions of two sides knit together by a corner; sometimes they were quite broad at the base and narrowed at the top; sometimes a façade rose nearly whole; but in all cases, save along Washington Street, they were brick, and not the granite in which we had so much trust and pride. It was curious, indeed, to see the state to which this faithless stone had been reduced by the fire. It was scales and coarse sand under foot, it impeded the steps in lumpish balls and ovals, it was scattered about in shapeless masses, and it nowhere kept the sharpness or design that the chisel had so laboriously given it; while the poor plebeian and despised brick, which in our vain-glory we had hoped to see wholly displaced by it, not only gave the ruin picturesqueness and dignity, but approved its own strength where it lay in red-hot masses above the subterranean fires, still keeping its form. Far up along the cornice of the new Post-Office, the granite ornamentation resembles so much sculptor's clay, in which some design had been studied and then crushed and smeared by a rejecting hand, — so soft and fictile has the fire made it seem. Some of the lower columns look as if hewn by an axe, and recalled to my average ignorance the appearance of certain pillars in the Forum at Rome, which I had marvelled to see so hacked and chopped, as I supposed. Indeed, one could not behold the burnt district without being reminded of whatever time-honored ruins he had looked upon, though, of course, Pompeii was most forcibly suggested, with here and there a touch of Rome; and I trust it was with an excusable vanity and a due remembrance of the sore adversity which paid for

the sensation, that I perceived that Boston ruined as effectively as the famous cities of antiquity. A score of centuries might, but for the steamers and the policemen, (the relic-hunters were not at all discordant,) have been supposed to have consecrated the scene by their lapse, so solemnly did those broken walls rise against the pale blue evening sky and let the tenderness of an almost Italian twilight show through their speculationless windows.

This sense of antiquity in the scene removed to a remote period the days when I used, now and then, to give myself the pleasure of a stroll through Franklin Street down into Winthrop Square, and dwell fondly upon the grandiose beauty of the architecture. It looked so solid and perpetual, so free from all meanness of haste or material, that I fancied it somehow typical of Boston at its best: thoroughly substantial and impressively adapted to its use, and yet liking to be handsome and admirable. Those superb seats of commerce were really so many palaces; in Italy they would have been called so; if one had come upon them there he would have turned curiously to his guide-book for their name and history; and outside of Italy I do not know where else one was to find any single group of edifices more noble in aspect. It was fine, too, that this beauty should be devoted to business, and that the homes of these merchants, however elegant, should not compare in architectural magnificence with the places where they met for traffic; there was something original and authentic in that. But what gave the crowning sense of satisfaction in it was its perfect security. "Ah!" you said to your friend, the stranger whom you led through this part of Boston,—slowly that it might grow upon him and crush him in his miserable assumptions on behalf of New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or St. Louis,— "there is nothing can touch it, except an earthquake." You showed him again all that luxury of sculptured granite and slated roof. "Every inch fire-proof,

you see. The whole city might burn up, and you 'd merely suffer with cold, down here."

And at present Franklin Street and Congress Street and Summer Street and Winthrop Square have less to show for their former splendor than the Street of Plenty in Pompeii.

Many sites are separable from the others by the lines of broken walls, which lie fallen inwards. Tangled amidst the several heaps are the warped and twisted gas-pipes and other iron-work used in the complicated machinery of a modern house; and everything else is utterly consumed. As you look upon the scene, the obliteration of the cities of old, far more strongly built than the solidest part of Boston, is comprehensible as it never was before. Leave these ruins to the winters and summers of a hundred years, and nature would hide them so well that the owl and the antiquary would ask no more congenial haunt. A thousand years, and Baalbec or Palmyra would be as a flourishing metropolis to the Burnt District of Boston.

But in the mean time we walk about those streets on which the workmen are clearing a difficult way, and try to fix in mind the details of a picture which not nature, but reviving business, will soon hide from us. They are very meagre, indeed. Here and there is a safe standing open at a corner and boldly handbilled with "Look at it! one hundred hours in the fire!" and you admire its soundness, and turn your compassionate eyes from the condition of other safes which lurk un-placarded in the wreck and have apparently yielded up their contents in the form of charcoal. One very small wooden building boasts itself the first of the fledgling phœnixes to rise from the ashes, and, having risen, has evidently nothing to do. Many rude signs direct the passer to localities where businesses have begun anew, and some of these are funny, as "Removed on account of the heat," and other serious ones are quite as sad as if they were funny. Nothing in the way of a jest is

so happy, I fancy, as that legend on a tottering corner, inscribed before the fire, and still legible, "Warfield's Cold Water Soap. Try it, will you!" Perusing this, you strive with the associations of the place, which imply that it was a fire-proof material, and that if the Mayor and Chief of the Fire Department had laid in a sufficient supply the conflagration would have been promptly checked.

Here and there they are getting out rolls of scorched and saturated dry goods; in one place I see a great pile of sodden overcoats; odorous bits of leather kick about under foot, and the ways are very sloppy from the engines and fire-butts. In one place they are pulling down a wall which flings itself to pieces in the air long before it touches the ground, like a column of falling water dispersed in spray.

These are the sights all day long. There are other particulars, however, that one notices, such as the exceeding smallness of the sites on which those mercantile palaces lately towered. The fronts are incredibly narrow, and the depth of the lots far less than it used to look. The whole space burnt over has suffered a like diminution. It used to be a good walk from Bedford Street to State, but now one traverses the area between with no feeling of distance, and a space nearly a third larger than both the Common and the Public Garden does not seem half so great. All local associations are destroyed, of course, and one passes strange by the most familiar places. This heightens the confused, half-doubting sense with which you regard the ruins; you understand theoretically that this melancholy chaos was once the most magnificent part of Boston, but really it might be any other city of any other time. It relates itself as I have hinted to the storied and touristed ruins of old, and it is hard to believe that it is other than the mere spectacle that these have become, that the men upon whom its disaster has fallen are all about us, alive to their loss, and summoning their energies to repair it.

You know well enough how far and in what undreamt-of directions the fire darted its destroying flames, consuming this widow's portion and that orphan's slender heritage; you know that it has devoured the prosperity, not only of the young and strong and hopeful, but of ageing men who trusted that their work was nearly done, who had earned the repose to which they looked forward, and who must now return to their blasted enterprises with the flagging spirits of declining years. But it is not in the presence of the smoking ruins that you can think of the loss, the sorrow, the despondency that they would imply. The community is astir with resolution to repair and rebuild, and begin again, and forget, and you think how soon it will all appear as a vision of uneasy slumber, and you cannot bring the suffering to mind; even those whose lives were licked up by the ravening flames are as little in your compassion as the dead whose dust was quickened with long-forgotten heat in the crypt of old Trinity.

But for this unreality in them, I could not easily forgive myself for looking at the ruins in an aesthetic rather than a sympathetic mood, or for enjoying as I did a moonlight ramble through them, while they were yet in the first week of their desolation.

There was nothing more alien to our wonted life in the striking traits of that week than the occupation of our streets by the citizen soldiers, who patrolled them by night and guarded the lines enclosing the Burnt District night and day. Whether they were tramping down the pave to the beat of their drums, or picturesquely grouped in front of the City Hall, or about those places where the municipality dispensed hot coffee and other refreshments, they always gave that strangeness which our nature craves to the aspect of the city, and made one feel himself a personage in dramatic events. The mounted officer out of whose way you precipitated yourself, bestowed a tragic dignity upon you by almost riding over you. But good as these good and brave fellows

were by daylight, they needed the moon to bring out what was most impressive in their presence ; and as my friend and I presented our passes at one of the lines, we could not repress a thrill as the moonlight glinted upon the bayonet of the sentinel who admitted us. We even admired the officer who called us back, and made us observe that our passes, lacking the signature of the commanding military authority, were not good for a moonlight stroll among the ruins. Denied at one point, what was simpler than to try at another ? Here a solitary soldier, not veteran in years at least, opposed us with the same objection. We represented our ignorance of the new order, and the impossibility of getting the countersign at that time of night. "Well, those are my orders," said the sentry ; "what's the use of my being here, if I don't obey them ?" "That's so," we answered ; "you must obey your orders." The sentry was struck by our prompt assent to his logic ; he saw that we were true men. "You can go in," he said, and resumed his sleepless vigilance.

At other points we found the guard lounging about bivouac fires which they had kindled in the strange, desolated street, and taking with superb effect of light and shade the ruddy glare on their accoutrements, their jolly faces, and their outstretched hands, while all round them steamed and smoked the ruin in the pale lustre of the moon, and away by the water-side flashed the gleeful blaze of the mounds of burning coal. As we strolled up and down the lonely avenues we met a policeman on his beat, or a patrol of soldiers ; and we came again and again upon the steamers at their work, each with its little group of firemen, and each sending up with its hoarse respirations black volumes of smoke, shot through and through with

golden sparks. Afar off, a column of steam mounting phantasmal into the moonlight told where each jet of water descended. But for these infrequent sights and sounds, the whole Burnt District was empty and silent. All mean details were lost, and the spectacle had no elements that were not grand and simple. The gaunt and haggard walls, that climbed and seemed to tremble over the desolation now stood black shadows against the moon, and now faintly caught its light through the wavering veils of smoke and vapor as our passing steps shifted the perspective, and the tall edifices that surrounded the place threw a deep shadow upon the border and would not let us see where the destruction ended and began. It was a scene that refused to relate itself to the city of our daily knowledge ; its sad magic estranged whoever looked upon it, and made him for the moment a spirit of other lands and ages revisiting the ruins of remotest time.

Why then could we not be content with this poetic transmutation ? Why must the Shop tower insolently up from that solemn scene, and remind us that if we were going to describe it our picture would lack its finest effect unless we could get the ruins of Trinity Church in, with the moon somewhere looking through them ? We deliberately set about the capture of this effect ; we walked from this side to that, we went up and down the street ; we advanced in one direction as far as the houses would let us, in another till we were repelled by the guard. But it was in vain. The moon and the ruin declined to lend themselves to our paltry purpose. With serene and sad dignity they refused to group, and we left them with something like what I conjecture must be the feelings of a baffled Interviewer.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week, —
 I wonder what month of the year, —
 Will it be midnight, or morning, —
 And who will bend over my bier ?

—What a hideous fancy to come
 As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
 While Eleanor gives the last touch
 To her robe, or the rose in her hair !

Do I like your new dress — pompadour ?
 And do I like *you* ? On my life,
 You are eighteen, and not a day more,
 And have n't been six years my wife !

Those two rosy boys in the crib
 Up stairs are not ours, to be sure ! —
 You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
 All sunshine, and snowy, and pure !

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
 The little wife laughs and makes cheer —
 But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
 I wonder what month of the year !

T. B. Aldrich.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

WE are disappointed, to find that Mr. Stone's "History of New York City," which was evidently written with asincere and earnest desire to produce a really

valuable work, shows only unappreciative thought and superficial treatment of the subject. The author, it is true, departs sufficiently far from the ordinary record

History of New York City from the Discovery to the Present Day. By WILLIAM L. STONE, Author of "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.": "Life and Writings of Colonel William L. Stone"; etc., etc., etc. New York: Virtue and Vorston. 1872.

The Greeks of To-day. By CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN, late Minister-Resident of the United States at Athens. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1872.

Joseph Nèire's Revenge. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Translated from the French by WILLIAM F. WEST, A. M. New York. Holt and Williams. 1872.

A Summer's Romance. By MARY HEALY. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

Keel and Saddle. A Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service. By JOSEPH W. REVERE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo.

A Comedy of Terrors. By JAMES DE MILLE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

A Chance for Himself; or, Jack Hazard and his Treasure. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

The Lives of the Novelists. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. With Notes. New York: A. Denham & Co. 1872.

Biographia Literaria; or, Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Prepared in part by the late HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE. Completed and published by his Widow. 2 vols. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Letters from High Latitudes; being some Account of a Voyage of the Schooner Yacht "Foam," 85 O. M., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By the Earl of Dufferin, K. P. etc. Toronto: Adam Stevenson & Co. 1872.

of "enterprise" and "incidents," to insist that the city is not without "traditions," a claim which he advances with ever-recurring emphasis, and in support of which he brings forward many long extracts from the gossip of the past; some of them pleasant and entertaining enough. But the thinking reader looks for so much more than these things. Glorification of great feats accomplished, and gossip about social scenes in "legendary" coffee-houses or among eccentric characters of a generation or two ago, play an appropriate part in volumes of personal recollections, or in garrulous autobiographies; but they do not make a history, nor do descriptions of popular "sensations" and disturbances, without connection or especial pertinence. Neither does New York consist entirely of buildings, "monuments of public enterprise." We should be glad to know something of the population of the great city, so strangely mingled from all the peoples of the world as to make the place utterly unlike all others; of the growth of characteristics, customs, and classes; of the past and present situation of rich and poor; of the means of care for the latter, and of the internal administration among this mass of human beings; of the history of the municipal organization and its problems; of the great schemes of speculation—and speculation—that have risen, had their day and their incalculable influence, and gone down; in fact, if our demands, in our character of everyday reader, are not too exorbitant, we should like to know something of the human, the political, and the politico-economical history of New York.

We would not willingly do injustice to a work undertaken in the sincere, and, as far as it goes, entirely praiseworthy spirit which animates this book; and in endeavoring to point out the really great field that a historian of New York City has before him, we have perhaps seemed unfair to an author whose chief error may lie in a mistaken title-page, and who from the beginning only intended to collect some recollections and detached narratives useful to future writers. But we must take Mr. Stone at his word, and when he tells us in title and Preface that he has written a history, we must judge it accordingly. We might justify by many citations that dissatisfaction with the result of his labors which we have been obliged to express in somewhat too general terms. But we need only notice one or two examples, chosen

entirely at random, of the way in which important periods are neglected, while the author hurries on to personal anecdote and plentiful "recollections."

We will take an instance from the earlier portion of the work. It would naturally be supposed that New York, during the beginning, and in fact the whole continuance of the Revolution, would afford a theme for a chapter of average length at least. And the reasonable space which Mr. Stone accords to the years before the outbreak of the war, though by no means so great as that devoted later to the description of a few "eccentric characters,"—barber, confectioner, and others,—leads us to hope for this. But when we come to the actual outbreak of hostilities, we are amazed to find a single sentence (page 243) devoted to the fact that "New York, imitating the example of her sister Colonies, formed a Provincial Congress," and "appointed five delegates to the Continental Congress" in Philadelphia. A page more brings us to the arrival of Washington in New York; and from this (June 25, 1775) two pages only are required to carry us through the whole eventful year to the Declaration of Independence. Surely something was doing in New York City all this while! Having most superficially described its capture, Mr. Stone tells us that "the history of New York City during its occupation by the British is not one that Americans can recall with pleasure," and apparently believing that this fact excuses him from telling us anything about it, fills some ten pages with a gossiping letter from Madame Riedesel, containing anecdotes of the period, and then suddenly astonishes us with the news of peace; and the Revolution is over.

This easy method of passing over the change of his chosen city from the chief town of a Colony to the metropolis of a new nation, is in itself a somewhat remarkable achievement of the historian; it is a fair example of the way in which the author fills the spaces between the unimportant gossip of the book; but it becomes insignificant when we find, very much later, that his sole mention of the Rebellion in 1861, or anything connected with it, is comprised in a single sentence of general statement and a most imperfect chapter on the New York Draft Riots of 1863. The sentence (page 538) is as follows: "In 1861 and 1862, the citizens of New York, almost to a man and without distinction of

party, rose grandly to sustain the Union." We should have supposed it impossible to write the history of the smallest village in the country, and not say more about the effect of the Civil War than this; yet this sentence is absolutely and literally the only direct mention Mr. Stone makes of the fact that there *was* a war. The chapter on the riots deals only with them apart from any connection with what was doing outside the city. It is made up of quotations from the files of the "New York Herald,"—from reporters' accounts written in all the fear and excitement of the moment,—and altogether is as little worthy the name of history as anything could well be. The rioters are called "the people" (pp. 542, 548, and often), and a mild tone of conciliation runs through the articles. In a short clause of a sentence of one of them (page 543), casual mention is made of the fact that the rioters "burned the Colored Orphan Asylum in Fifth Avenue and tore up a portion of the New Haven Railroad track"!

Thus the war is disposed of without a word of its effects upon the city; of the men sent out and those who never returned; of the aid that came from the merchants' coffers; of the Sanitary Commission and the support it found there; of those after-influences of the great convulsion which New York felt more, perhaps, than any city in the country; and of a thousand things that should find a place in any worthy record.

The same superficial treatment is accorded to the financial panic of 1857, to the uprising against the Tammany misrule of a year ago, and many other episodes which the ordinary observer is disposed to think most important in New York's history. Nothing, indeed, is told completely, and the most remarkable feature of the book, if we may be guilty of the bull, is the great amount of valuable information it has left untold. Only at its end do we begin to find what a history of New York City might really be made, when we read the author's extracts from Dr. Osgood's excellent address before the New York Historical Society.

Matters of inaccuracy of style and statement there is little need to mention. We were somewhat surprised, it is true, to find one, whom we supposed to have an independent fame, introduced to the reader (page 137) as that "early and bosom friend of the late Dr. Nott,—Alexan-

der Hamilton"; or to come upon passages as remarkable as this (page 175), "the union of Church and State . . . was, like the 'Skeleton in Armor,' ever present to their imaginations." But enough has certainly been said, without allusion to any minor points, to show that we have good reason for wishing that whatever is valuable in the volume might have been given us in a different form and under a different title; and that Mr. Stone's evidently sincere research and labor might have been bestowed for other and more useful results.

—When the American traveller gets into Italy he feels a surprise, which he is commonly not honest enough to avow, at the Italian sky. This sky is blue, but the American does not find it, on the whole, much bluer than his own sky, and he had expected to find it ever so much bluer, because he had taken the word of English writers who may be said never to have seen the sky in their own country, and are, therefore, justly enraptured by the aspect of the Italian heaven. In like manner, English writers have prepossessed the American traveller concerning the moral traits of the Continent. When he quits his own country the Englishman leaves behind him the manly honesty of the English domestics, the chastity of the English poor, the social content and mutual helpfulness of all ranks and grades, the universal intelligence and prosperity; and he naturally finds most other people treacherous, prejudiced, insolent, servile, licentious, revolutionary, ignorant, and miserable. This cannot be helped, but there is no reason why we who have skies and errors of our own should accept the skyless and immaculate Englishman's estimate of other countries. How should we like to have his estimate of *us* generally accepted? It is chiefly against the commonly received English opinion of "The Greeks of To-day" that Mr. Tuckerman's book is directed (though we believe that the lively Monsieur About is partly answerable for the low esteem in which the Greeks are held), and we do not see why he has not successfully combated it. If he had not liked the Greeks, he would probably not have written a book in their favor; but he does not love them blindly, and he does not seek to establish their claim to more than a fair share of the slender common stock of human virtues. He thinks them industrious, enterprising, sober, and chaste,

and sufficiently truthful and honest; but he does not ask us to believe that they are all so; and he accounts for the abuse that has been heaped upon them by the facts that they are politically ambitious, and have the "great idea" of themselves solving the Eastern question by driving out the Turks; that they are commercially unprofitable; and that they prefer French to English ideas. Besides, they had a bad name to begin with; and they are poor and proud, and dependent and spirited. This is Mr. Tuckerman's explanation; but no people who have been travelled among and written about would demand any explanation save the misconceptions and dislikes of travellers and diplomatists. We care more for those parts of the book relating to the political character of the Greeks; to their "idea" of possessing their race and religion of the dominion of Turkey; to their desire for education so universal that every man and woman in the kingdom can read and write; and to the progress that they have made since their independence. This is mainly in the direction of commerce, which is so considerable that in all the eastern Mediterranean there are two Greek sail for every one of another nation, though of course British tonnage is vastly greater. Agriculture does not flourish, because the land is desperately poor, and the peasants are slow to change inherited habits and methods. Yet "such a thing as absolute poverty does not exist in Greece; food is abundant, though of the coarsest kind; and compared with the 'smiling landscape' of English rural life, there is more domestic contentment and domestic virtue, temperance and chastity, in the peasant life of a single province in Greece than in all the greater part of rural England." His education and his constant reading and talking beget an intense patriotism in the Greek, which is fostered by the memories and monuments of the past, and is now and then appealed to by such events as the official revival of the foot-races and games on the ancient course at Athens. It is also consecrated by his religion, not outlawed by it, as for instance the Italian's is; and his religion is something that, with all its superstitions, seems not so very bad. At least he will not give it up for ours; and Mr. Tuckerman's chapter on the Missionaries in Athens is not encouraging to Protestant zeal for the conversion of the East. The famous massacre of English travellers of

Marathon in 1869, and brigandage generally in Greece, are fully treated, and Greek brigandage appears in nowise different from Italian brigandage. It had its rise in the times of oppression; it is encouraged by the immunity of the robbers on Turkish soil, as the Italian brigand was protected on Papal territory; and like the Neapolitans the Greek brigands have their forced spies and allies among the peasants, who keep them informed of all operations against them. One cannot read without horror of the loss of the English travellers, nor without indignation of the exaction by the English government of a money penalty from the Greeks. Imagine our paying indemnity to the English government for an Englishman scalped by Apaches, or our demanding it for an American garrotted in London!

Mr. Tuckerman's book is temperately written, and he tells us nothing of the Greeks—though he tells so much in their favor—that is not easy to believe.

—We spoke of M. Cherbuliez's story, *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, during its serial publication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and now that we have it as a whole in English we have not to modify our opinion of it greatly. We still feel that nearly every point is put with excess; the language itself, in its brilliancy and force, has the exaggeration that surcharges the author's intention, and carries him beyond the line at which a finer artist should have paused. Yet at times M. Cherbuliez is able to impress you almost as a man of genius; and he certainly has poetical feeling little short of genius. The book is a romance, not a novel, and it would not be right to judge it by the strict rules of probability applicable to the novel; but it has united so many realistic elements with its romantic excess that the result is puzzling to say the least. In the beginning is the description of the Mirion family at Geneva, which is delightful, though it shares the exaggeration of the whole book. M. Mirion, who has made his money in the furniture business, and who is preserved from the worst vulgarity by his frank content with his vocation and the luxuries it has brought him; Madame Mirion, his wife, to whom he is subject and who is as ambitious and eager for social honor as he is indifferent; the various relations who help to fill up the comfortable house at Mon-Plaisir, are each as if studied from life, though each portrait is toned above nature. The most natural is the

daughter, Marguerite, the heroine of the dismal tragedy about to ensue. She is an exceedingly lovely person; beautiful, good-tempered, admirably educated, simple and fine. She is a young girl like the European young girls; she has not seen enough of the world to love any one; she yields to her mother's ambition and her father's wish, and marries Count Roger d'Ornis, who has a mediæval castle in Burgundy, and a mediæval crime on his conscience, having killed his dearest friend in a sudden quarrel, and a mediæval enemy, holding Count Roger's written confession of the homicide. But enemy is not quite the word either for the old blackguard dealer in *bric-à-brac*, who has nothing against the Count, and merely uses his secret to get money out of him. He appears one night at the castle half drunk, and in her husband's absence is rude to Marguerite, who is bewildered that the Count does not resent the insult. Already she has felt the strange secrecy and darkness of her husband's character; now she overhears him talking with this drunken wretch of some dreadful fact known only to them. It is just before sickness in her family calls her home for a few days. At Mon-Plaisir there is no one to whom she can speak but Joseph Noirel, a workman of her father's, whom M. Mirion took when a boy from a life of abject misery, taught his trade, and brought up in his family. Noirel is bitterly grateful, knowing that he is a monument to M. Mirion's goodness. He is a type of character produced only by modern theories and modern conditions, a workman with a workman's one-sided education, but a gentleman's sensitiveness and more than a gentleman's pride; a man of great natural talent and force too. He is in love with Marguerite, but reverently, and he will give his life for her. She is sure that her husband's secret is not to his dishonor; she implores Joseph to help release him from the dealer in *bric-à-brac*, and so Joseph takes service with the latter, and finally possesses himself of the Count's confession, but not till it has been made known to Marguerite. Joseph is now unable to rise above his passion, and is truly generous and heroic. Marguerite is in despair at the avowal of his love. Fate has so closed her simple, kindly, happy life about with crime and evil, that she sees no escape. She offers to spend a day at a little village near Geneva with Joseph, if at the end he will take her life and his own.

Thus, after destroying the confession, they die together, the author pursuing Marguerite's emotions to the moment she is killed. "Joseph raised his arm, but it refused to strike because she was looking at him. In a broken voice he begged her to close her eyes. . . . She turned away her head, and the last thing she saw was an immense Castle d'Ornis on the wall before her which was spinning swiftly like a top. Then she gave a feeble cry; Joseph had stabbed her to the heart, and with such a blow that death was instantaneous." Such is the plot of this wonderfully clever, all too clever book. It scarcely holds together, even for the plot of a romance. Yet it is prodigiously effective; the movement and development of the story are almost intolerably interesting; and the character painting is often marvellously good. We know nothing better in its way than the inexorable, vulgar vanity of Marguerite's mother, who, when Marguerite comes home for refuge after discovering that her husband is a murderer, thinks only of the neighbors' talk of the failure of the brilliant marriage,—"of what the Patets will say,"—and drives her daughter back to D'Ornis, with no hope of escape but through death. There are passages in the narrative of the first excellence, of the saddest beauty. We think here of the first days of Marguerite's married life, while she and her strange remorse-haunted husband are devoted to each other, and are together in all his pursuits, and a possibility yet exists of happiness for her; there is one scene where she falls asleep in the woods, and he awakens her, not enduring to be alone, that is exquisite in its melancholy charm. But the supreme effect of the book is at its close, in the description of that innocent, awful last day with Joseph. The sweetness and sunshine of spring in all the world around these tragical figures; Joseph's repeated prayers for release, and proposals of flight, and life and love elsewhere; Marguerite's calm resolution to die, and little bursts of fantastic caprice, and her half-gay deceit of the peasant at whose house they are,—form, with the terror of the end, a picture of such bewildering fascination, that one scarcely ventures at last to pronounce the catastrophe a piece of false or even inadmissible art.

—Miss Healy's "Summer's Romance" indicates more careful and serious study than most novels, but we think that the writer is capable of still better work, and

it is this hope which induces us to try to point out what seem to us to be great faults. A young woman is introduced to us as the companion of a British matron who is as stern as the original of any French caricatures, and we receive the intended impression of a heroine who is pretty in spite of her pale face, and who is very ready for any romance that time or circumstances may offer her. The matron dies, leaving a certain sum of money to Louisa, the heroine, which she determines to make use of by giving herself a vacation at Capri, where the scene of the story is laid. She makes the acquaintance of one of the islandwomen and, under her advice, takes rooms in the house of a priest. Living in the same house is a young English painter, and the two naturally become acquainted and fall in love. At this stage appears a man of the world, Mr. Carryl Crittenden, whose unreal character is clearly indicated by his name. He is represented as an old friend of the novel-reader; his manners are faultless, but his heart is colder than the iceberg; outwardly, he cringes deeply before lovely woman, while within he meditates naught but bitterness and cynicism. Sharpened by his wide experience, he soon sees the state of affairs, and being a sworn foe of wedlock he warns Lester, the young painter, against the threatening dangers. To convince his friend of the frivolity of the female sex, he proposes to make Louisa fall in love with himself. For once, however, this hitherto successful heart-breaker is baffled. Instead of making the pale-faced young woman fall in love with him, he falls deeply in love with the pale-faced young woman, and is enraged by her coldness. Lester at last tells his love to Louisa, — for if there was anything calculated to bring him to the point, it must have been seeing his friend's devotion, — and she accepts him. Crittenden, however, vows that she shall never be his wife. This result he accomplishes by telling Lester that his aunt, the British lady who died in the beginning of the book, has left him a large fortune on condition that he should not marry beneath him. The legal value of any such condition we shall not discuss, but it certainly had a strong influence on Lester. Crittenden urges a mock marriage and at last threatens to break with him, and by his earnestness induces Lester to consent to the mock marriage. Unfortunately their conversation is overheard by Louisa, who never sees either of them again, but hides with the Capriote-

woman, and dies, while Crittenden carries Lester off on a false scent, and so the novel ends.

All the incidental parts of the story are admirably managed, the scenery is well described, the subordinate characters are intelligently delineated, and, in general, the first part of the story is told with a great deal of skill. We see simply the effect that this love-affair has upon Louisa, we sympathize with her little joys and woes, and become thoroughly interested. But later there is a feeling of disappointment. Crittenden is a most artificial creation; there is to be sure no lack of men who consider themselves irresistible to women; there are some, too, who feel a cynicism that so many affect; but in Crittenden there is a theatrical vein of intense self-consciousness that shows how slightly the writer understood the character she tried to draw. It may be said, moreover, that she misses the most important point of the novel, which would naturally be the struggle in Lester's mind between love on one hand and self-indulgence on the other. As it is, he gives up his affection for Louisa without a serious struggle, at the bidding of Crittenden, and shows himself thereby to be so feeble, so fibreless a character, that the reader who considers for a moment is rejoiced that Louisa escaped marrying him. Of course, in real life, such cases happen continually, and they are fair subjects of fiction, but such absolute worthlessness as is here shown by Lester vitiates the whole merit of the book. It was either blind infatuation on the part of Louisa, which we fancy it was hardly the writer's intention to represent, or a total misconception of the way in which Lester would show his weakness. The real action of the novel lies here, and this is hurried over in a way that is far from satisfactory. The writer ignores the difference between Lester as we first see him, and as he appears when under Crittenden's influence, and it is this contradiction to which we object. All this is perhaps taking the novel more seriously than was intended by the writer or is desired by the reader, who will find much that is pleasing in it and will undoubtedly be entertained by it.

—Colonel Revere's retrospect of forty years of military and naval service will, we have no doubt, be received with great favor by young men who possess a healthy taste for adventure; and, indeed, it is not without interest for all classes of readers. The writer is a descendant of that famous

Paul Revere who took the midnight ride "on the eighteenth of April, seventy-five." There are few men living who could tell such a story of personal travels and adventures as this book records. Entering the United States Navy as a midshipman, at fourteen years of age, Revere joined the Pacific Squadron in 1828, and from that time until near the close of the late civil war he appears to have been seldom off the deck or out of the saddle, although he did not hold a commission from this government during the whole of that time. He took part in or witnessed a good deal of fighting in different parts of the world, and made the acquaintance of many curious characters,—some known to fame and some unknown. He gives, with other attractive anecdotes, an interesting account of an interview with Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom he was sent with an invitation to visit an American war-vessel, then lying at Sidon, not very far from her Oriental home. He came away from the interview with a feeling that Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and whose death was supposed to have affected the mind of this noble lady to whom he had been engaged, was, on the whole, fortunate in having been released from all earthly engagements.

But the most wonderful story which Colonel Revere has to tell is that which relates to "Stonewall" Jackson. While going up the Mississippi River in 1852, he made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson of the United States Army; and their conversation happening one evening to turn from nautical astronomy to astrology, Jackson showed unusual interest in the subject, and gave his reasons for believing that there might be something useful to mankind underlying the present practice of that occult science. Before they separated at the end of the journey, Revere, who had studied astrology somewhat, to while away the dull hours on shipboard, but who had no faith in it, gave Jackson the necessary data for calculating a horoscope. Not long after he received a letter from the Lieutenant, enclosing a scheme of their nativities, by which it appeared that their destinies ran in parallel lines, and that somewhere about the first days of May, 1863, they would both be exposed to great danger. The letter and the calculations made but little impression upon the experienced man of the world, and they were put aside and forgotten.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, which

took place in the early part of May, 1863, Revere, who commanded a brigade, was engaged in the inspection of his picket-line, stationed in the vicinity of the plank-road, when a party of horsemen approached his position from the direction of the Confederate lines. The remainder of the story we give in the writer's own words: "The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and, riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me levelled his rifle for a shot at him; but I forbade him, as I did not wish to have our position revealed, and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff-officer making a reconnaissance. Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in his rear and all returned at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible; and the silence of the night was unbroken save by the melancholy cries of the whippoorwill, when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first; and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly and rode towards the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me and I reined up in the presence of a group of several persons gathered round a man lying on the ground apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers; but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great-coat of a private soldier such as was worn by both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sabre, as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then, speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to 'ride up there and see what troops those were,' indicating the Rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent and rode slowly in the direction indicated, until out of sight of the group; then made a circuit round it and returned within my own lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank-road began firing; and I could plainly hear the grape

crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers."

The "Richmond Inquirer" of May 13, 1863, after giving an account of the manner in which "Stonewall" Jackson met his death through the mistake of one of his own regiment, says: "The turnpike was utterly deserted, with the exception of Captains Wilbourn and Wynn; but, in the skirting of the thicket on the left, some person was observed by the side of the wood, sitting, his horse motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered; and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Captain Wilbourn directed him to ride up there and see what troops those were, — the men who fired on Jackson; and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer."

Colonel Revere's book is, on the whole, well written and well arranged; much better than is usual with the retrospects and reminiscences of unprofessional writers. There are several short stories at the end of the personal narrative which are well worth reading.

— Mr. DeMille's "Comedy of Terrors" is rather too long for the sort of success aimed at, — the entertainment of the reader by exciting adventures which the tone of the book advertises him will all turn out well. An extravaganza in five acts is not so diverting as if in one; and yet, if you grant its premises, and do not blame it for not being a tragedy or a melodrama or a genteel comedy, it is diverting enough. In Mr. DeMille's story there is no pretence of doing more than playing with the feelings which your ordinary fiction wrings and lacerates, and its sincerity in this respect is a relief. Besides, the people, several of them, are original and amusing, though like the plot there is a little too much of each of them. Mrs. Lovell and Mr. Grimes are certainly a unique pair of lovers; the notion of the tie between them — the chignon that goes over the cliff and up in the balloon, and is cherished by Grimes through all his perils — is a conceit both new and humorous; and there is something very comical in the inability of either Grimes or Mrs. Lovell to see it in an entirely unheroic light. Mr. DeMille

also gets a good deal of fun out of his mock-serious use of the well-worn machinery of fiction; while it cannot be said that he has spared incident by flood or field, or lacks ingenious surprises. It is a story that reads better as a whole than when broken into monthly instalments.

— Mr. Trowbridge carries forward in "A Chance for Himself" the history of that small canal-driver, Jack Hazard, whose fortunes he had told of before. Jack has found a home in good Deacon Chatford's family, and he is very happy in it till he discovers a treasure of silver half-dollars in an old log on Squire Peternot's land. The story is all about how the Squire got this money away from Jack, and how Jack repossessed himself of it through the Squire's back window, and was arrested, and escaped from the constable, and afterwards gave himself up, and was finally set free on consenting to let the Squire have the money, — which turns out to be counterfeit. It is a story for boys, and it is so thoroughly good in naturalness of character and incident, and in vigor of movement, that any one not greatly past middle life may read every page of it (as we did) with no regret save for the fact that few stories written for men in this country are half so well in their way. It is not in thought or diction above the heads of the boys, but its art is such as we all must admire, and its people such as we at once recognize. There is not a falsely conceived or overdrawn personage in it; the slightest sketch is full of life and truth.

The whole story breathes of the country in which its scenes are laid, and in its course, which nowhere passes the modesty of nature, there are marks of such honest study and thorough knowledge of farm life and farm folk, such delicate and true touches in the higher motives of the plot, that one is not only entertained by this tale for boys, one is charmed and delightfully surprised.

— Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," and Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" are three late republications each so good in its way that there are no new books we can commend half so heartily to those who have not yet read them, — and the number of those who have not yet read any given book constantly increases, alas! in spite of all the diligence of fame. They are not works to be criticised; they are hardly to be examined by the mere passing book-noticer of the hour; and yet, with regard to

the "Biographia" especially, one confesses "There are a great many new ideas in that book," as the gentleman said of Plato's "Phædo." Here, for example, is something so fresh that it might almost have been written for the instruction of the ungenial critics of our own day and country, to whom at any rate we suggest the meditation of it: "Till, in the place of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the reviewers support their decisions by reference to fixed canons of criticisms, previously established and deduced from the nature of man, reflecting minds will pronounce it arrogant in them thus to announce themselves to men of letters as the guides of their taste and judgment. To the purchaser and mere reader it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells me that there are defects in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating. . . . I know nothing that surpasses the vileness of deciding on the merits of a poet or painter (not by characteristic defects; for where there is genius these always point to his characteristic beauties, but) by accidental failures or faulty passages; except the impudence of defending it as the proper duty and most instructive part of criticism."

In Scott's charming lives of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Radcliffe, Walpole, and the other more elderly British novelists and romancers, one cannot help feeling that after all there is no really valuable criticism save that from authors,—critics who have not only given hostages to fortune, but who have learnt through their own attempts the limitations of creative literature. The patience, the generosity, the sensitive appreciation shown in these Lives—lightly undertaken as prefaces to the volumes of "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library," and now growing just a little quaint and old-fashioned as to criterions, though far from that as to principles—are inexpressibly refreshing; and the opinions come with the authority of one who knows because he has done, and does not merely pronounce because he likes or dislikes.

It is Lord Dufferin's appointment as Governor-General of Canada, no doubt, which has inspired his Canadian publishers to reprint (and, we are sorry to say, largely misprint) the lively letters which he wrote

seventeen years ago from Iceland and other frozen parts of Northern Europe. The ordinary tourist does not take Iceland in his course, and a book about Iceland so old as this is still in some sort a new book. At any rate, it is a very pleasant book, full of the spirit of comfortable adventure, good-natured, and even humorous, though with here and there the signs of a disposition to pass mere fun off for humor; sentimental with a wholesome sentiment, and not unslangy. The material is pretty meagre; the lava-fields, the geysers, the icebergs, are not much varied by modern human interest; but Lord Dufferin has a love for Saga-lore, and sets the present stupor of that strange and northern world against its past glory with many artistic effects, in letters which unfailingly entertain the reader.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

As a proof of the way in which Turgenieff's fame is slowly advancing among the reading public, and as a volume containing a great deal of information on a subject that is not taught in our common schools, we recommend to our readers Otto Glagau's *Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew*. It is a small book consisting of a series of articles contributed to the *National-Zeitung* of Berlin, which, by the way, is one of the best newspapers published in Germany,—one for which Julian Schmidt often writes. The author begins by a brief but satisfactory account of the earlier efforts of Russian writers; of Pouchkine's "One-guine" he expresses a very different opinion from that which is held by most Russians who write, and who, apparently, mistake their patriotic pride in the first eminent work in their literature for critical approval. It is, in spite of its national subject, hardly more than an offshoot of Byronism on foreign soil. The "Captain's Daughter," which was translated into French about twenty years ago, and a new edition of which was lately announced, Mr. Glagau praises much more warmly. With equal justice he commends Gogol's *Taras*

* All books mentioned under this section are to be had at Schönholz and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew. Von OTTO GLAGAU. Berlin. 1872.

Drei Novellen. Von I. TURGENJEW. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1872.

Nanon. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris. 1872.

Les Nouvelles Amours d'Hermann et Dorothee. Par l'auteur du "Peché de Madeleine." Paris. 1872.

Boulba, which is certainly a remarkable novel. Of it, too, a new edition is announced. Mr. Glagau gives the reader an analysis of the story, for which we have not space here; we must content ourselves with simply recommending it to our readers, who will find in it a genuine flavor of the soil, a grim fierceness which marks the half-savage Cossack; besides this there is the same pathos which we find in Turgénieff's novels. With these exceptions, Russian literature was more remarkable for its formal imitations of various styles of composition than for any positive merit of its own; the country, or at least the cultivated portion, felt the same yearning, one might judge, that inspired those now three-quarters forgotten American writers who tried to give immortality to our early history and to the Revolutionary War by writing Virgilian epics about them.

The greater part of the book is taken up with a discussion of Turgénieff, giving us a brief account of his life, and detailed critical sketches of his various writings. Those who are familiar with these books will find themselves repaid by reading Mr. Glagau's remarks; and to those who have yet to make the acquaintance of, perhaps, the greatest novelist living, we can warmly recommend this book as an interesting introduction. With many merits, it has one noticeable omission, that, namely, of any definite statement of Turgénieff's high position as a writer; this is everywhere implied, to be sure, but a piecemeal criticism that goes over the ground without any summing up is as unsatisfactory as a trial without a verdict. Many of the critical remarks will be found to be true and often ingenious, while others again seem to us to be written with a very heavy hand. For Turgénieff's love of nature and his marvellous power of describing it, for his touching descriptions of the sufferings of the serfs and of their solemn resignation, Mr. Glagau gives him as much credit as the most enthusiastic admirer could demand. By means of his intelligent remarks and by his copious extracts the most indifferent reader would feel, supposing that he had never even heard of Turgénieff, that he had discovered a great author; but there are other remarks made, at which admirers might easily, and to our thinking very justly, take exception. Turgénieff's power as it is shown in his love-stories meets with very slight recognition; the author often, indeed, makes it the subject of very severe criticism. He does

not seem to discern the delicacy which marks Turgénieff's writing, even when his subject is one which, if coldly stated, would prepare the mind in its natural, modest state for something more than hardihood on the part of the writer. Most of Turgénieff's stories are full of passion; we have human beings whose whole nature is moved by one great impulse, and not as we commonly find in English novels, for instance, an account of a conflict between etiquette and love on the part of two amiable people. And in such subjects criticism always has one of its surest positions,—one namely, that demands of it to keep a watchful eye on literature, art, or whatever it may be, to see that morality is not offended by any artist who, naturally enough, looks more especially at the formal beauty of his work. A just critic should have full perception of this beauty, while, not so much by teaching the world as by expressing its opinion, he indicates to the artist what in the long run the world will demand of him. No formal rules can be put down, nor is this the place to try to clear away the ground for abstract principles; but in the specific case before us, Mr. Glagau, as we have said, seems to judge too hastily, or, to put it with greater justice, more severely than many will think warrantable. He does not seem to feel Turgénieff's real modesty, as it is shown, for example, in *Frühlingsfluthen*, of which mention was made in these pages a month or two since. Moreover, in judging these love-stories, Mr. Glagau seems to regard them with too cold an eye, trying to determine whether such or such a love-affair is reasonable, as if it were the universal rule that love-making should be reasonable, should be controlled by as careful coolness and forethought as a fop shows in the choice and preparation of his raiment. If Turgénieff selects a psychological impossibility for the subject of a story he deserves blame, but it is easier to detect the inadvisability of a match than it is to know all the subtle laws that control men's and women's hearts.

The few pages on Turgénieff's realism, and the comparison which is made between him and Pisemski, can be recommended; here the critic does both authors full justice.

Towards the end of the book we have an account of two imitators of Turgénieff, Karl Detlef and Sacher-Masoch. The best thing that this last-named author ever wrote appeared in a somewhat modified form, and modified to its credit, in the *Revue des*

Deux Mondes for October 1. It was called *Don Juan de Kolomea*, and the imitation of Turgénieff was clearly to be seen. Moreover, it was certainly a striking story, although in many ways an unpleasant one. But there never was a sadder case of misused talents; the author has sunk from bad to worse, and his later writings would deserve to be burned by the public hangman, if that were not the surest way of increasing their circulation. Mr. Glagau gives him the denunciatory criticism that he deserves. We hope that one result of the appearance of Mr. Glagau's book will be an increase in the number of the readers of Turgénieff; we on this side of the water need not mind the novelist's occasional flings at the Germans in Russia, which seem to rankle in his critic's breast, and every reader will find much food for thought in the author's treatment of his subjects.

— While we are speaking of Turgénieff, it may be well to mention the appearance of a new volume of a German translation of his works. It contains three stories. One, *The Lear of the Steppe*, appeared a few months ago in the *Revue*, in French, and in this country in "Every Saturday," while another translation is announced by Messrs. Holt and Williams. The third, *Der Oberst*, has appeared in French in a little volume of his shorter tales, under the title of *Le Brigadier*; while the second one, *Der Fatalist*, is here presented to Western Europe and to this country for the first time. *Der Oberst* is one of the most touching tales that Turgénieff ever wrote; by its pathos and simplicity it fascinates every reader. It would be perhaps as good a story as one could find through which to make Turgénieff's acquaintance. *The Lear of the Steppe* hardly deserves such praise; it is by no means one of this author's most successful stories. *Der Fatalist* is a short character-sketch, with apparently great local truth as the description of a type with which we of this age and country are unfamiliar; this fact, however, will probably only make it more interesting to us by partly idealizing a tale which, as it stands, needs any softening that can be given it, to alleviate its grimness. It is not, nor is it likely that it was intended to be, one of his masterpieces, but it is marvellously well told. Of course to those who have not read it all such phrases are as meaningless as gestures in the dark, but it is too much to ask of any one to spoil a story the merit of which lies in the telling.

— As noticeable a French book as any is George Sand's last novel, *Nanon*. We understand that this author lost the greater part of her property in the late war, and that for this reason she is compelled to continue writing at a time when she would probably be glad to lay down her pen. This novel is written in autobiographical form; it is the story of a peasant-girl who lived through the times of the Revolution, not among the horrors which the great cities saw, but in the country which had its own fears and distress. Running through it all is a love-story, as purely and innocently told as possible, with none of the uneasy curiosity that makes so many of this author's novels objectionable. But while the story has this merit, and contains a most charming description of Nanon's childhood, as a whole it is rather tedious; still it may be recommended as a harmless example of this remarkable woman's power of invention and narration. The reader who skips with ease will not be sorry to have read the novel; if it is dull, it is only dull in comparison with some other of her novels.

— Another story of a different sort is *Les Nouvelles Amours d'Hermann et Dorothee*. It is told by means of a series of letters between a Prussian officer who is in the army investing Paris and his fiancée, who is in Berlin. Of course there is plenty of ridicule of the *lourd Allemand*, but it is not merely that. It has, besides, a little love-story, showing how the Prussian succumbed to the graces of the Parisian siren. It is not a remarkable work of fiction, but it is very readable. It will readily kill an idle half-hour.

DANISH.*

DENMARK has always had the reputation of being a tender mother to her great sons, — after their death. In their lifetime she has seldom strewn their path with roses; and still, in spite of her step-motherly treatment, they have always clung to her with touching devotion. Tycho Brahe is no exception to this rule; persecuted and unjustly driven into exile, he thus addresses his ungrateful country: —

"Denmark, O what was my crime, that cruelly thou dost reject me?
O most beloved of lands, say, why as a foe thou dost treat me?"

* *Tyge Brahe. En Historisk Fremstilling. Efter Trykte og Utrykte Kilder.* By F. R. FRIS. (Tycho Brahe. An Historical Account. From Printed and Unprinted Sources.) Copenhagen. 1871.

Have I not swelled thy fame, and raised thee a
name among nations,
Crowned thy brow with laurels of praise and glory
eternal?
Tell me which of thy children hath given thee more
in possession?
Art thou then wroth, that on high on the firm-
ament's vast, vaulted arches,
Fatherland, I thy name have writ in the far-gleam-
ing star-world?
Why dost thou thrust me away? Sooth, thou wilt
know me hereafter,
Future ages shall sound thee my name and shall
cherish my labors,
Generations to come shall value the dower I left
thee."

Apropos of these verses, there are proba-
bly not many who have known Tycho Brahe
as a poet before; but this volume, which is,
by the way, a very charming volume in spite
of its somewhat pedantic style, gives us
many a pleasant glimpse of the great astron-
omer's every-day life and habits, and also
informs us that he was a very constant wor-
shipper of the Muses. Not only are his as-
tronomical books and manuscripts accord-
ing to the custom of the age furnished with
dedicatory verses and inscriptions, but even
the walls of his castles and his observatories
are covered with them. If a foreign prince
visits Tycho, it immediately inspires him to
write Latin hexameters; if he has chosen a
husband for his daughter, the invitations
for the wedding move to the same graceful
measure; and if, bowed down by disappoint-
ment and misfortune, he sits gazing at the
sky of a strange land, even his grief and
his longings seek relief in well-sounding
stanzas.

The present biography of Tycho Brahe
is in every sense of the word a scholarly
performance, being written by a man who
is gifted with that kind of microscopic sight
and indefatigable patience for scientific
research which we have got into the
habit of regarding as a peculiarly German
accomplishment. But Mr. Friis is a Dane,
and on every page gives evidence of his
Danish nationality. He compels us to ac-
cept nothing on his authority, but continu-
ally quotes his sources, and even in a num-
ber of instances prints his original document
in full, which probably adds not a little to
the scientific value of his work, while it de-
tracts considerably from its interest to the
general reader.

Tycho Brahe was born in December,
1546, and the reading of his life brings
one face to face with almost every famous
man of the sixteenth century. Monarchs,
diplomats, and men of science equally

courted his acquaintance and frequently
visited him at his wonderful establishment
on the island of Hoen, or, as he himself
calls it *Insula Venusia vulgo Hoenna*. With
a view toward educating himself for a diplo-
matic career he went abroad at the age of
sixteen, accompanied by his tutor, the cele-
brated Danish historian, Anders Vedel;
but the starry heavens already attract-
ed him more than diplomacy, and hav-
ing once formed his resolution, neither
threats, promises, contempt, nor the prohi-
bitions thrown in his way by his noble rela-
tives, could thwart his designs. Frederick
the Second of Denmark was himself a lover
of the sciences, and when Tycho's discovery
of a new star had attracted the attention
of the world to him, the king was not
slow to recognize and engage his services.
Of the discovery of the new star the author
gives the following account:—

"November 11, 1572, he (Tycho) had,
as was his wont, spent the greater part
of the day in his laboratory. The sky had for
several days been cloudy, but in the even-
ing, as he was walking from the laboratory
back to the mansion, it had cleared off. As,
according to his old custom, he lifted his
eyes toward the starry heavens, he was not
a little surprised to discover right above his
head in the constellation of Cassiopeia a
new and very bright star which he had never
seen before. Hardly knowing whether
to trust his own eyes or not, he hastened
back to his laboratory to ask his workmen
if they too could see it. He also addressed
the same question to some peasants who
just came driving along the road."

The portion of the book describing Tycho
Brahe's castle, Urainborg, his observatory,
laboratory, and various other establish-
ments at Hoen, reminds the reader forcibly
of a certain class of romantic fiction,
whose chief merit consists in a complicated
machinery of trap-doors, secret springs,
subterranean passages, etc. Here, how-
ever, you are not at liberty to indulge the
romantic fancies which naturally thrive in
such a mystic atmosphere, for at once
comes the author with his proofs, ground-
plans, bird's-eye views, and longitudes and
latitudes, and abundant references to Tycho
Brahe's and other people's writings, which
immediately convince you that you are
actually treading on *terra firma*. And
still we cannot help thinking that Tycho's
many and wonderful establishments, at the
same time that their value to science is
beyond dispute, would have furnished an ex-

cellent stage for dramas of the German Zacharias Werner school, which deal largely in astrologers, dooms, and subterranean scenery.

Tycho, in spite of his astrological lore, did not perceive the doom that was hanging over his own head. The old King Frederick died, and was succeeded by his son, Christian the Fourth, to whom Tycho and his science were equally indifferent. And looking upon his labors from a mere pecuniary point of view, it was not to be denied that they had cost the state a very considerable amount of money. The king, therefore, began to show his dissatisfaction by gradually depriving Tycho of all his abbeys and provinces, the income of which had hitherto gone to procure astronomical instruments and to keep up his costly establishments at Høen, and by continually harassing him with petty commands and investigations into his private affairs. Tycho was probably, like most other nobles of his age, no lenient master to his peasants; but, on the other hand, the persevering watchfulness with which the government now suddenly began to protect the interests of its subjects at Høen, has certainly a very suspicious flavor of wilful persecution. The biographer, for some reason or other, contin-

ually attempts to shield the king by throwing the blame for his injustice upon his counsellors, some of whom were known to be hostile to the astronomer. Had the king been a man of a weak and vacillating character, the excuse might have been a valid one; but Christian IV. was the ablest and most independent monarch of the whole Oldenburg race, and undoubtedly knew what he was about. In the year 1597, Tycho Brahe was compelled to leave the island, where he had spent the greater part of his life and his fortune in the service of his science and his country, but was soon after engaged by the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, who gave him the castle Benatky in Bohemia. But his life had already struck its roots too deeply into the paternal soil. A year later we find him vainly striving to extract some sorry solace from the old, comfortless maxim, *ubi bene, ibi patria*:

"Sacred and dear to me is each spot where the heavens high-arching
Over us roll, and men can read in the glittering star-world."

At Benatky he was visited by Kepler, who like himself had fled from the persecutions of a tyrannical government. Tycho Brahe died in the year 1601, four years after his arrival in Bohemia.

A R T.

MR. GEORGE INNESS, now of Rome, is a painter whose works should be studied by those who are desirous to estimate the present condition and prospects of American painting; and it has chanced that a good opportunity for such study has been offered, in a group of pictures exhibited at intervals during the past two months by Messrs. Williams and Everett, as well as in an earlier though minor work, to be seen at the rooms of Messrs. Doll and Richards. The smaller landscape was painted about twelve years ago, and shows the artist, not only in quite a different mood from that which prevails in the later works, but with a method somewhat bolder in appearance, though less pure and refined. Imagine a weird, wild, little yellow sunset, flaring up behind dark trees, with a sharp church-spire rising sombrely against the glow; in the foreground, shepherds in

blouses stand, chilled by the humid night-fall, among their flocks. All is swept in with strong strokes of a brush carrying a thick charge of color; and a deep sense of coming night is exhaled by the picture. But, if we speak of it critically, we must notice a certain excess of roughness and vigor in the handling of the color. There is some confusion among the curling dashes of paint welded together in this rich whole, they are rather knotted and tied together than woven into a unity wherein the points of connection become imperceptible. That, however, is what Mr. Inness could do twelve years ago. If, as it chanced to us the other day to do, we were to examine a piece of the artist's work executed at a period twice as far removed from the present, we should easily overlook any flaw of this kind, in the perception of how much he had advanced in the interval. About coeval with this

sunset is the earliest of the group now at Williams and Everett's. It represents the conflagration of a ship at sea. On the right goes up the volleyed mass of flame and black smoke from the burning vessel, scattering flaky sparks — blazing, tarry scraps — into the blackness of the night above. A brown sea rolls and swashes in long billows, from foreground to background, and upon it rides a small boat, manned by fugitives from the burning ship. We cannot say that we are acquainted with seas of this particular hue; but it rolls with the motion of the veritable ocean. And, what is more, the boat sweeps over the back of the wave with also a motion of its own. Not every man who can paint a boat upon moving waters can depict its gliding over the flood too. But, to tread on more familiar ground, let us now turn to a landscape conceived on a grand scale, and wrought out in a massive manner quite accordant with the size of the piece. We refer to a "Sunset near Medway," in the possession of Mr. H. E. Maynard of Boston, which serves to illustrate the time between the painting of our little yellow-clad landscape above, and the scenes from Italian neighborhoods which make up Mr. Inness's latest contribution to our knowledge of him. Again the sun descends solemnly, kindling the heavens with a splendor that seems to check and overawe the twilight, hovering timidly beneath the dusky trees. Hither comes, along the grass-grown road-bend from the left, the rough figure of a man bearing fagots, and with him, though lost in ruminations and meditations suited to their bovine nature, a group of cows. They bring to us the last breath of the departed sun. To the left, the imbrowned trees are growing vague in shadow, but through the darkness show faintly those fleecy weeds and grasses that lend their ageing whiteness to the year's maturity. A single file of trees leads the eye to the middle, where, behind them, the sky is aflame, and a still smoke goes up from a lonely house. Two or three birds dart about over the trees, and then we see the luminous clouds rising as if irradiated from the sun, recalling the vibrations of the earth-heated air on days of summer. This picture gives the whole chord of which the painter was continually sounding the key-note at this period. It is easy to see that this strong, poetic genius is tyrannized over by his moods. So long as golden sunsets melting into darksome nights moved him the most strongly, he would paint little

else. Whether it was after this time that Inness produced his great picture of a rainbow, "The Sign of Promise," we do not at this moment recall. We are inclined, however, to believe that it was. At least, it would have been a fitting solution to the vague problem which his brush is here ever striving to express. And the series of allegories which "The Sign of Promise" ushered in might well have cleared his temperamental atmosphere to some such degree as that in which we find it cleared when his large view of the Catskills looms up through it. Here he deals with the sunlight and the green as if he knew of nothing else. He has wooed Nature from another side, and she has responded in ways as fresh. Many noble pictures belong to this time. The painter is not spoiled by the favors of his mistress, but continues sincere and earnest. Still, you do not know quite what to look for in Mr. Inness next; and though he will not now return to the lonely evening, with its weariness and its turning homeward, still he can surprise, by unexpectedly expending all his power upon the most unpretending subject. Witness his "Coming out of the Woods," in which he gives the poetry of approaching the light and the open ground from the pillared maze of the forest. The landscapes from Italy, dated this year, display a feeling and style more serene and pure than that of his earlier years. That fit of symbolic landscape which preceded the works we have just described no doubt taught him that he would do best to follow Nature, without crowding upon her own peculiar and profound significance any additional meaning. We find him now content to give us the reticence of spring, the abundance of later summer, or the pensive glory of a sunset seen behind the dome of St. Peter's. From these pictures we gain a new impression of the native strength and independence of his genius. He does not go to Rome to paint street-scenes and *contadine*, but landscape, and this of a bold and sturdy kind. Here is a view of St. Peter's and the Vatican, taken from behind a bend in the Tiber. But it is light and color that the artist fixes his mind upon, and St. Peter's is a mere gray shade against the broad and beautiful sunset. There is a tender grace and refinement in these later works which is the legitimate outcome of a long course of sincerity and devotion. We wish we might describe how gently the painter lingers upon delicate distinctions of color in foliage,

how he clothes his vision of Italian sky in tints that seem borrowed from the vesture of the pearl.

But, if all must be said, there comes upon us, as we close this brief review of some of his best pieces, a sense of incompleteness in Mr. Inness's art. It is not that he is uneven in finish: the variation in this must be accounted for, if we regard the object which the painter proposes to himself in each of his undertakings, by the perception that different effects require different treatment. But there is a certain experimental air pervading all. The conquest of technicalities has not been completed, though carried far enough to win our admiration. This we speak of, not so much in its special application to Mr. Inness, as that we may remind our readers how very generally the same observation holds true of work by many most talented American painters. It is difficult to describe what we allude to; but, for one thing, we may say that American painters in especial, as all other painters in general, cannot too often remember Couture's advice, though it be addressed only to students, "*Dessinez, dessinez, matin et soir.*" It is just as good advice for mature painters. A writer can never afford not to be studying language; a painter must continually insinuate himself into the soul of lines. Meantime, Mr. Inness is leading his generation in many respects. His position in relation to the body of painters in America at this day will no doubt hereafter be placed with certainty somewhere near the high-water mark.

Modern art is not so distinctly characterized by symbolism as that of former epochs. But in the memorial sphinx, designed by Mr. Milmore of Boston, and recently placed opposite the chapel in Mount Auburn Cemetery, we have an example of fresh and vigorous symbolism in monumental art. The figure of the Union volunteer, in cloak and in arms, standing on guard or at rest over the pile raised to the memory of his comrades, or multiplied so as to occupy the four corners of the usual stone edifice, which, without any particular appropriateness, it has been the custom to build in commemoration of our fallen soldiers, has become worn by repetition, however fitting and pathetic in the first instance; and we must be understood as fully sympathizing with the tender feeling embodied in this figure of the sentinel comrade. But even after this sentiment is admitted, there would seem to be a doubt whether it fur-

nishes a sufficient reminder to the men of future generations. If there is any use in monuments, it is undoubtedly that, by presenting something inspiring to the sight, no less than truly symbolic of the event commemorated, they should rekindle noble memories. The offspring of great deeds, their faces should give the grand features of their ancestry. Enough, then, has been done to express the loss we suffered, and we are glad to receive a more hopeful emblem, inspired by the sense of a noble gain. In Mr. Milmore's design, the wistful figure of the mourning or sentinel volunteer has retired to give place to a monument which expresses the sum of all. The form of a sphinx, the body of which is copied from the Egyptian model, — being that of a wingless lion, — is couched upon a massive granite block, and there lies bathed in sunlight and backgrounded by trees. The head is clothed in the close and primly plaited hood which enfolds the Egyptian sphinx-heads with that peculiar look of silence which seems the absolute expression of the lonely desert; but above the brow this cap projects into the head of a bald-eagle, which looks down upon the sphinx's face, — a face belonging to the noblest type of American womanhood. A clear forehead, the delicate eyebrows bending away from the long, straight nose, with a slight droop at the temples, but not from weariness or care — rather, the expression of a patient steadfastness. However far this sphinx looks back, she is still prepared to gaze into an illimitable future, —

"Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes."

She is, however, a wholly new birth, we take it, and her past will date from to-day, — the to-day which has brought the two races, depicted in the African mythic figure and the American face, into such strange and close association. This association is expressed in the inscription on the pedestal: —

AMERICA CONSERVATA
AFRICA LIBERATA
POPULO MAGNO ASSURGENTE.
HEROUM SANGUINE FUSO.

Again, on either end of the granite block is sculptured a flower, the one a lotus, the other a white water-lily, which we may suppose to have drifted to their present places on the two currents of thought which meet in the conception of the Americanized sphinx.

MUSIC.*

WE notice with great pleasure the appearance of the "Fourth Music Reader." The want of good books of this sort, adapted to general musical instruction in our public schools, has long been felt in this country. Now that music has become one of the regular branches of our public-school education, the importance of having some systematically arranged text-book in which the simplest rudiments, not only of vocal culture and solmization, but also of harmony and the general theory of music, should be set down in a clear and compact form, cannot be overlooked. Of late years there has been no lack of musical instruction books of greater or less excellence; but they have been for the most part written on the self-sufficient, "music-without-a-master" plan, and have thus contained much that was superfluous, even embarrassing to both teacher and pupils, where used as text-books for class instruction. Moreover the literary value of these various "Methods," "Systems," etc., has often been more than questionable; and their authors, ambitious of forming general rules of an exhaustive and comprehensive nature, have been too prone to sacrifice clearness and exactness of expression to epigrammatic brevity and compactness of style; or else, fearful of the possibility of being misunderstood, they have clothed their teachings in that ingeniously involved diction so much affected by classical school-grammars, and which, in spite of its almost legal exactness of expression, fails to convey any very definite idea to the average school-boy or school-girl mind. But the "Music Reader" in question is, as it professes to be, a text-book, not a self-acting "instructor," and is well adapted for schools and classes. The theoretical part contains all that it is indispensable for the average music-lover to know, and the rules are set down clearly and briefly. Of course the book is only valuable in the hands of a competent teacher,

as there are many points that require more explanation than is found in its pages. We are sorry to see that it adopts the melodic minor scale, in which the leading note is dropped a semitone in descending. The explanations of the minor scale given in Chapter XXV. are for the most part excellent, although the statement in § 3, "A scale is said to be relative to another when it is composed of the same identical sounds," is not strictly true. No two scales can consist of "the same identical sounds," or they become one and the same scale. In fact § 8, of the same chapter, directly contradicts the statement by saying, "Every diatonic scale must have a leading note, consequently the G" (in the scale of A-minor) "must be sharpened," thus at once introducing a sound foreign to the scale of C-major, its relative. We would strongly oppose the idea that the leading note is a change introduced into the minor scale merely for the sake of euphony (like the sharpened sixth, for instance, in the ascending melodic scale). We cannot but look upon the leading note as a necessary and organic part in the structure of the minor as well as of the major scale; without it every scale immediately loses its identity. § 11 says: "The upper semitone of the minor scale is variable" (thus in turn contradicting § 8), "and the descending scale differs from the ascending." It may indeed be urged with some show of reason that the leading note is not so important in a descending scale as in an ascending one, but on the other hand, the scale, as aforesaid, completely loses its identity, and from being in A-minor, we suddenly find ourselves in C-major if the C^{\sharp} is put down to G^{\natural} . The long step of three semitones from the leading note to the sixth degree of the descending minor scale has indeed a certain ungainly appearance, but more to the eye than to the ear, and the best masters have found nothing disagreeable in it. In fact the descending minor scale with the flattened leading note is of very rare occurrence in music, whereas the descending scale with the long step between the leading note and the sixth degree is almost invariably used by classical composers. The exercises in the book for class practice are most excellent, not only for singing but for

* *The Fourth Music Reader.* By JULIUS EICHBERG, J. B. SHARLAND, H. E. HOLT, LUTHER W. MASON. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1872.

Two Morning Services. Composed by DUDLEY BUCK. Op. 53 and 60. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

St. Peter, an Oratorio. The Words selected from the Bible, and the Music composed by JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

cultivating the pupil's musical taste. Especially useful are the exercises intended to be sung in canon by dividing the class into two, three, or four parts. The collection of music in the latter half of the book is the best of its kind that we have yet seen, although we should be glad to see such things as "The Bird let loose in Eastern Skies" left out of this or indeed any collection. These arrangements *à la* Lowell Mason from instrumental works of the great masters are of very questionable value, educational or otherwise. In an exceedingly unmusical community these dilutions of fine music may possibly have some good effect in creating a kindly feeling toward the great composers in the tunelessly disposed masses; but there is in music enough good milk for babies as well as meat for strong men, without converting the works of great masters into ignoble pap for the bringing up of our sucklings. But by far the larger proportion of the duets and part-songs in the "Reader" are most admirably adapted to their intended use, and the book can well bear comparison with many similar collections in use in the schools in Germany.

Of two quite interesting Morning Services by Dudley Buck, we have before us a *Te Deum* in B-minor, with *Benedictus* in E and a *Te Deum* in C. Although they indubitably belong to that rather questionable class of compositions which long-established custom has forced us to accept as church music, they have excellences which place them above many compositions of their order. The Protestant church-service of to-day (always excepting the music of the German Lutheran Church) is, in its way, almost as much a hybrid form of composition as the modern parlor ballad, the mongrel character of which we have tried to point out in a previous number of this magazine.* From the time of Sebastian Bach, and even before then, down to the present day, the greater proportion of the music written especially to be used in Protestant churches has been the work of organists, and the prevailing style of organ-music of the day has had a strong influence upon the character of vocal church compositions. An organist lives in a somewhat different musical atmosphere from that of any other musician; from the nature of his special department of musical labor he is continually under some of the best and highest, as well as some of the worst musical influences. An organist, worthy of

the name, is a man of high if perhaps one-sided musical culture; he is brought into daily contact with many of the finest inspirations of the great masters, clothed in the highest and purest musical forms; the music that he instinctively looks to as his daily æsthetic food is of the highest intellectual and purely artistic character. But, on the other hand, his relations to the public are, especially in our own times, of the most perplexing nature, and he is forced in his professional work to cater to a far lower, or we should perhaps say a more perverted or undeveloped, musical taste than any other musician of equal culture and artistic good-will. One of the most perplexing features of the case is, that he is almost inevitably forced down from his artistic pedestal by much higher, at all events by much more amiable motives than induce other musicians to cater to an uncultivated public taste. An organist has to furnish music for a public who has no claims or even pretensions to being musical, but who are, nevertheless, capable of receiving pleasurable and even elevating musical impressions, and have firmly fixed musical likings and dislikes. A large proportion of the people who compose the congregations in our churches have never given music a thought unless it was directly forced upon them, never think of going to a concert, or of taking any pains whatever to hear music; yet when music comes to them in any form, they are quite as anxious to be pleased by what they are hearing as are people more distinctly musically disposed. An organist's business is to furnish music which these people can enjoy just as much as it is to appeal to higher musical organizations, and the church is just the place of all others in which the unmusical have equal claims with the musical. Other artists can always in a greater or less degree control their public; an organist is to the fullest extent the servant of his public. Thus an organist is forced to play and conduct much music that he does not in the least enjoy or even respect; and however high his motives may be in doing so, the constant playing of music which to his own perception is intellectually and artistically unworthy of its office cannot but end in degrading his æsthetic sense, and all the more so, if his artist's instinct—as in every wholesomely æsthetic nature it necessarily must—leads him to look for beauty even where there is in fact little but ugliness, until he at last persuades

* Atlantic for June, 1872.

himself that ugliness is beauty. The same influence that forces an organist to cater to a low musical taste in his playing and choir-leadership will also be felt in his compositions for church use; it is only the few "original men," as Carlyle has it, who write music or anything else for themselves and posterity, and he who writes for the present market must to some degree try to meet the popular demand. Thus it comes about that the church compositions of most organists, though they show more or less the genuine culture of the composer and the sound influences he has been under in his musical studies, yet also bear unmistakable marks of the poorer side-influences that he lives among. In most of the Episcopal Church music of to-day, which, by the way, is far the best, although we can trace the influence of the older classical English writers, of Handel, Haydn, and others, sometimes even of Sebastian Bach, we can yet almost invariably find touches of Lefébure Wély, Battiste, and others of the modern French sentimental organ school, not to mention other men and styles which have as little as possible to do with anything sacred. That wondrous, cosmopolitan mongrel, the modern ballad, has also some part in giving shape to our church music; and we have no doubt that, if things run on in their present course for some years more, we shall find touches of Offenbach, Hervé, and the like, in the sacred music of the time. But this last is as yet purely prophetic. Mr. Buck's compositions have the advantage of well-defined and often sympathetic melody, and easily flowing, scholarly harmony. Their besetting fault is a certain sentimentality, which at times suggests the Wély-Battiste organ-music, and which, to distinguish it from the would-be passionate sentimentalism of the modern love-ballad, we will characterize as *religious sentimentalism*, for want of a better epithet. *SENTIMENTALISM! Voilà le grand mot lâche!* All the bad influences to which an organist is exposed tend after all to this: sentimentalism, which in the end is but diluted sentiment. A great genius, one of the few elect of art, appeals to those who are below his own artistic level, by simplicity of form and expression; all lesser geniuses and talents seem to find it necessary to dilute their *ideas* to bring them within the comprehension of the multitude. This dilution is by no means necessarily voluntary, but is undoubtedly in a great measure the result of the composer's habit-

ual relation to his public. That Mr. Buck has ideas, even of the large, inspiring sort, has been abundantly proved by his "Festival Hymn," a composition which, in spite of some blemishes in style, especially in the contrapuntal figuration of the accompaniment, has nevertheless a flavor of real grandeur in its melody, harmony, and rhythm; and its sentiment, though it may strike some as a shade too sensuously intense, is still genuine and refined. Whatever we have said at all depreciating Mr. Buck's Church Services must not be understood to apply to them alone, but to the whole grade of compositions to which they belong. If music of this sort is to be sung in our churches, we know of no recent publications whose incontestible merits recommend them more strongly than these very things of Mr. Buck's.

Before fulfilling our promise of last month, of saying something about Monsieur Wieniawski, we must notice, for the present only cursorily, the most important original composition that has appeared in America for a long time, namely, Mr. John K. Paine's Oratorio of St. Peter, just published by Ditson and Company. It is impossible to give an adequate criticism upon a work of such importance, after only three or four days' acquaintance, and we must postpone all further notice of it to a future number.

In Monsieur Wieniawski we have the greatest violinist who has yet been heard in America. Of all violinists now living, Joachim alone can claim superiority over him. Of his executive ability it is needless to speak. His quality of tone, intonation, management of the bow and fingers, are all as absolutely perfect as we can imagine. His playing is characterized by the most admirable grace and refinement of style, grandly broad and delicately finished phrasing, that power of expression which makes every note tell upon his hearers, and above all, the perfection of artistic good taste. Of depth of sentiment, passion, and that absorption in the music which makes his hearers forget him in what he is playing, we see little in him. In whatever he is playing, Wieniawski himself is ever before us. We feel that every note is as he intended it should be, and that what he intended is right, but we also feel that his playing is as perfect as it is because he knew what was right and was able to do it, not because he was irresistibly impelled to do it and could not help it. In this respect

he stands in strong contrast to Rubinstein. Weinawski's playing is as perfect as faultless technique, artistic culture, great æsthetic sensibility, and perfect mastery over himself and his instrument can make it. It reminds us of Goethe's lines,—

"He is crowned with all achieving
Who first perceives and then performs." *

But with all its perfection, we cannot but feel that the great, original, heaven-and-earth-moving master-soul is wanting.

SCIENCE.

THE "Evolution of Life," by Dr. Henry T. Chapman, is a brief summary of the evidences of what is currently known as the Darwinian theory; and it is, likewise, so far as we know, the first attempt to place before the English reader, in connected shape, the results of Professor Haeckel's inquiries and speculations. The book is, indeed, to such an extent the mere reproduction of Haeckel's "*Schöpfungsgeschichte*," that, if the latter work had ever been rendered into English, the present work would have had no *raison d'être* at all. For, in passing through Dr. Chapman's mind, the theories of Haeckel have not undergone any further elaboration,—not even that kind of elaboration which would have been implied in the terse and condensed presenting of them. They are simply repeated, in a curtailed and fragmentary sort of way, as naturally results from the attempt to bring into a book of 180 pages the substance of a book five times as large. Nor can it be said that Dr. Chapman's style of exposition is such as to render more intelligible or more attractive the doctrines which he sets forth. We do not mean to imply that his sentences are ambiguous or obscure; certainly no one at all familiar with the subject can find any difficulty in following his exposition or in estimating the bearings of his arguments. But the "general reader"—that terrible bugbear which scientific writers profess to be so desirous of propitiating—will certainly be repelled by the pitiless way in which Dr. Chapman sets out to drag him into the midst of intricate mooted questions in comparative anatomy and classification; and he must often be puzzled, not to say bewildered, by the suddenness with which one line of argument is dropped and another taken up. For example, the subjects of the ability of natural selection to work deep-seated variations, of the pairing of hybrids, of transitional varieties, of the

duration of geologic time, of the acquirement of instincts and *a priori* ideas through inherited modifications of the nervous system, and of the development of complex organs, like the eye and ear, are all treated within the compass of three pages (157-160); so that, just as the reader's mind has become prepared to follow the further discussion of the question in hand, it is forthwith dropped, and a fresh question taken up.

Though not strikingly original, nor attractive, nor sufficiently thorough, Dr. Chapman's book is, however, by no means devoid of interest and value. Though we fear that the author will be disappointed in the expectation held out in the Preface, that much of the current misapprehension concerning the Darwinian theory will be cleared up by his book, there are nevertheless many persons, already somewhat familiar with natural history and the doctrine of evolution, who will find here much that is serviceable. Especially good are the genealogical tables of the animal and vegetal kingdoms, though they would have been more instructive if thrown into the form of family trees, as in the plates at the end of Haeckel's "*Generelle Morphologie*." In the absence of any translation of the last-named colossal work, or of its lesser companion, the "*Schöpfungsgeschichte*," it is a good thing to have presented in English the main outlines of Haeckel's classification. The sections on classification are the most satisfactory in the book. The author follows Haeckel in erecting a third kingdom, called protists, comprising such organisms as are neither distinctively animal nor vegetable; an arrangement which many naturalists condemn, but for which there is much to be said, provided no attempt be made to draw a hard and fast line between the protistic and the two higher kingdoms;

* Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "*Faust*," Part Second, Prologue.

and no follower of Haeckel is likely to make such an attempt. Since a *gregarina* or a *bacterium* is certainly not an animal, and certainly not a vegetable, while it is certainly a living thing, there would seem to be great convenience in having a region to which to assign it; though this "region" of protists, or lowest organisms, be not strictly a "kingdom," but rather the border-land between the animal and vegetable worlds on the one hand and the realm of inorganic existence on the other.

The old Cuvierian sub-kingdom of Radiata is broken up, as it ought to be, since it was merely a provisional grouping of all such animal forms as are neither Vertebrata, Annulosa, nor Mollusca, and thus brought together forms so utterly different as corals and star-fishes. Of the organisms which composed it, the infusoria are transferred to the kingdom of Protists, the echinoderms form a sub-kingdom by themselves, leaving for the lowest animal sub-kingdom the Cœlenterata, comprising on the one hand the actinozoa, represented by the anemones and corals, and on the other hand the hydrozoa, represented by the jelly-fish. Haeckel's views concerning the origin of the true radiate type, as exemplified in the echinoderms, are very interesting, and are strikingly similar to Mr. Spencer's explanation of the origin of the annulose type already commented on in these columns. First let us note that just above the cœlenterata, though not necessarily derived from any known forms of them, comes the group of Worms,—a feature of the old Linnæan classification revived. Whether it be regarded as a true sub-kingdom or not,—and it is in harmony with the doctrine of evolution that such a point should be difficult to settle,—it appears indubitable that the group of worms forms, as it were, the foundation for the four great groups, echinoderms, articulata, mollusca, and vertebrata. We have elsewhere (May, 1872,) remarked upon the probability that the annulose animal is originally a colony of little spheroidal animals, the coalescence being explicable as a case of arrested reproduction by spontaneous fission. In similar wise, Haeckel supposes the true radiate type, as exemplified in the star-fish, to have been formed by the coalescence of five worms. An analogous case is that of Botryllus, which is made up of many little ascidians; and, as Dr. Chapman observes, "there is nothing more extraordinary in five worms living together as a [primeval]

star-fish." Embryology favors this view. "The egg of the star-fish is transformed into a larva, provided with an intestine from the inner part of the body of the larva. Around its mouth appear five distinct layers, which, uniting at their posterior ends, form the body and arms of the mature animal. The same kind of reproduction is seen in the Sipunculi, which are supposed to be indirectly the ancestors of the star-fish, and also in the Nemertian worms from which, or their allies, the Sipunculi and other articulated worms have descended. Within a few years there have been found a very well-preserved group of fossil worms,—the Phractalminthes, or mailed worms. These are considered by Haeckel to be intermediate between the Sipunculus and the star-fish, they being scarcely distinguishable from the arms of the latter. Through the union of worms like the Phractalminthes have the star-fishes been produced. The origin of the star-fishes from the worms is in perfect harmony with the structure, development, and petrified remains of the group. The most striking facts of their economy are explainable on such a theory, but are perfectly meaningless on any other. The star-fishes are probably the ancestors of the remaining echinodermata."

While the union of primeval worms into this radiated structure has been productive of comparatively few forms of life, the longitudinal coalescence, on the other hand, has given rise to the great sub-kingdom of the articulata, numbering, in the insects alone, a greater variety of forms than is to be found in all the remainder of the animal world taken together. As a third and totally different offshoot from the group of worms, we have the Bryozoa, leading us up to the sub-kingdom of molluscs, and the Tunicata, an aberrant molluscoid type, of surpassing interest, from its close relationship to the lowest forms of vertebrate life. Kovalevski's important discovery of the correspondences in embryonic development between the ascidian and the amphioxus, or lowest surviving vertebrate, is well described by Dr. Chapman, who, here as elsewhere, closely follows Haeckel. Here the most considerable of all the "missing links," directly connecting the vertebrated animal with a lowly form rooted plant-like to the earth, has at last been found.

Passing over many interesting points, until we come to the classification of mammals, it is to be observed that Dr. Chapman, differing in this instance—though,

we think, unfortunately — from Haeckel, is inclined to derive the existing orders of monodelphians from various corresponding orders or pseudo-orders of didelphians; that is, the monkeys from a marsupial like the opossum, the ungulates from a marsupial like the kangaroo, the carnivora from a wolf-like marsupial, etc. On this view, we have to suppose that a great variety of animals, scattered all over the earth, have agreed in losing the pouch and in acquiring a placenta; while on the common view, that all monodelphians are the divergent progeny of some one didelphian, like the opossum, we have to suppose that exposure to similar physical conditions has caused several orders of monodelphians to undergo changes like those previously experienced by didelphians. And this is unquestionably the more probable supposition.

One of Haeckel's chief faults is his positiveness. In his most praiseworthy effort to trace the pedigree of man even back to the congeners of the ascidian, he is not content with stopping short of telling us, at each step, that we have *den sicheren Beweis*, "the sure proof," of the proceeding. We are strongly inclined to suspect that in no case have we as yet obtained "sure proof," save in the classification of man with the Catarrhinae, and in the indication of a proximity between the amphioxus and the ascidians. Undoubtedly our grandchildren will be able to point out many cases in which our scrutiny of the forms of animal life has been faulty. So, also, with regard to the submerged continent of "Lemuria," where, as Haeckel and Dr. Chapman think, the human race had its origin, we ought to be content to admit that we know next to nothing. That a continent has existed, connecting Madagascar with Sumatra and Java, seems to be quite probable; and it is not at all improbable that, if we could explore that submerged land, we might find traces of the earliest type of simioid man. But dogmatic statements on such a point are at present as absurd as they are unneeded.

Professor Tyndall's little book on the "Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," has just appeared, being the first volume of that "International Scientific Series" for which we are indebted to the zeal and energy of Dr. Youmans. It is a charming little book, pleasant for learned and unlearned readers alike. If this is a

fair specimen of the series which is to follow, Dr. Youmans will indeed be entitled to the gratitude of the four or five nations which share in the benefits of the undertaking. The next volume — "Physics and Politics," by Mr. Bagehot — is, not only a charming book, but a book rich in original thought, judging from the fragments we have seen; and when it appears we hope to call attention to some of the questions raised in it.

The Lowell Institute has seldom been so crowded as on the evenings of Professor Tyndall's lectures, and seldom has a Boston audience witnessed neater or more satisfactory experimentation. The manner of the lecturer, barring some slight nervousness, was agreeable; and the lectures were elementary (not to say *rudimentary*) enough in style and matter to satisfy even those who are most afraid of approaching abstruse subjects. One would suppose it difficult for any one to have heard the second lecture and not remember forever after what spectrum analysis means. There is one point, however, in which Professor Tyndall's usual explicitness seems to fail him, because, as we think, it is a subject on which one cannot attain the distinctness of conception upon which explicitness of expression depends. We refer to the hypothesis of a universal ether in which the molecules of all bodies float as in a boundless sea, the waves of which constitute heat, light, or actinism. The existence of such an ether is by many persons supposed to be a necessary postulate of the wave theory of light and heat; but so far is this from being true, that, not only Euler, one of the founders of the undulatory theory, but Mr. Grove, the greatest living English physicist, has rejected the hypothesis as a quite unnecessary encumbrance. We do not purpose here to enter into a discussion of the matter. But we do not think Professor Tyndall could possibly be better employed than in giving a course of lectures on the ether-hypothesis, in which, after rigorously defining the ether by its physical attributes, he should proceed to explain the known phenomena of undulation, without once (if we may be allowed the best expression for it) "going back on" his definition. We do not say it cannot be done. We do not know positively that it has not been done. But we should very much like to see it done.

POLITICS.

IN this period of statistics, encyclopædias, maps, charts, and pictorial and tabular knowledge of all kinds, it is singular that it has not occurred to the ingenuity of any one to make a series of historical maps or tables of what might be called International Affinities. Such tables would not be so difficult to construct as it may at the first blush seem; not so difficult, for instance, as the construction of those national rise-progress-and-decay maps which geographies used to contain. Every people changes from time to time its moral and intellectual relation to every other. During one century or half-century the international ties are very strong, during the next they become weak, loose their hold, disappear, the period of friendship or dependence being succeeded by one of limitation, doubt, distrust, fear, contempt, ignorance, or hatred. On such a table as we have in mind these friendships, alliances, and estrangements might be represented by the convergence or divergence of imaginary lines of national sentiment. Taking, for instance, England during the last fifty or sixty years, her line of international or popular affinities would first carry her (in close connection with the lines representing Russia and the other powers which took part in the anti-Napoleonic alliance) directly away from the line representing France, and this divergence would be at its maximum about 1815. The lines would afterwards begin to change their direction, those of England and France converging on the one hand, and diverging at the same time from that of Russia, these alterations of affinity reaching their maximum at the time of the Crimean War, or not long after it.

The line of the United States would be very curious and instructive. About the year 1765 the line of England would gradually divide itself into two; the angle of divergence becoming greater and greater during the last century and the early part of this; while the new line representing the United States would approach that of France and remain for a long period almost lost in it. At the same time the line representing Ireland would approach that of the United States, while at a later period the lines of Russia and this country would begin to near one another. In the second

quarter of the century, however, the English and American lines would slowly draw nearer one another, the angle of convergence increasing down to the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. Then there would be a sudden change, English and American lines separating at an angle of about ninety degrees at the date of the recognition of Confederate belligerency, the angle increasing to nearly one hundred and eighty degrees at the date of the escape of the Alabama, and after 1865 beginning to decrease again. Meanwhile the American line would begin to leave the Irish as well as the French, with a marked change of the Irish-American angle about the time of the New York riots, and another at the time of the discovery of the Ring frauds, and quite suddenly, in the year 1870 or thereabouts, it would exhibit a decided tendency towards that of Germany.

By carrying out this scheme conscientiously in detail, we might leave posterity a valuable skeleton record of historical emotions; of course there would be contemporaneous doubts as to the directions of lines and the size of angles, but there are always such doubts with regard to all historical facts. Some people, for instance, would no doubt question the accuracy of the opinion we have just expressed as to the *rapprochement* now beginning between this country and England, and the estrangement from Ireland and France. "What!" they might say, "friendship with our traditional enemy! Enmity with our traditional friends! The names of these countries represent to us ideas. With the name of Ireland, we have been taught from our cradles to connect that of resistance to tyranny, and with her resistance to English tyranny we have always sympathized deeply; France is the birthplace of democracy, and our long-tried and steadfast friend, in adversity as well as success. But with England we have nothing in common but language, no feeling for her but indignation. When we loved her with a filial love, she oppressed us; when we admired her afterwards as an equal, she treated us with contemptuous indifference; when, in a struggle for life, we asked at least for a just neutrality, she helped our enemy. Our love of peace may hereafter lead us to treat her with indiffer-

ence, but she need expect nothing else. All this talk about healing our wounds by arbitration, or an award of damages, or even by an apology, is politicians' nonsense, which is perfectly understood on both sides to be nonsense. Even now, with their usual dishonesty, the English are trying to impugn the motives which influenced the Emperor of Germany, in his San Juan award, while one of the arbitrators at Geneva gets off the bench on which he has been masquerading as a judge to declare his real character in a stump speech on behalf of his government. We may forgive, but we cannot forget."

On the other hand there are numbers of intelligent Englishmen who doubt the possibility of any permanent good feeling between the two countries on different grounds. Mr. Froude's self-imposed mission to the United States is an indication of the state of feeling on the other side of the water. Mr. Froude comes here, he tells us, to explain the real history of the relations between England and Ireland, because the misunderstanding of those relations in this country has led to a wide-spread and misplaced sympathy for Ireland and the Irish. This sympathy it is which has led to Fenianism and the raids on the Canadian border, and hence to general distrust on the part of England of our professions of good faith. Then, too, there is the old-fashioned belief in the "irrepressibility" of the conflict between such a form of social existence as that of England and such a form as ours. Besides this there is even among the most *bourgeois* of the English aristocracy a sincere and natural disgust with what they call the vulgarity and rawness of life here, and for which they still offer the old, foolish, *ex cathedra* explanation that it is the inevitable result of a democratic form of government. All Englishmen were naturally alarmed at the threats of repudiation in which some of our most notorious politicians indulged themselves a few years ago, and are horrified at the general dishonesty and venality of the political class throughout the country, the scandalous behavior of such State governments as that of South Carolina, the anarchy in Louisiana, the large popular following of such men as General Butler in Massachusetts, and O'Brien in New York, the condition of the bench and bar, and many more things at which we are beginning to be a little horrified ourselves.

Nevertheless we think it may be shown that there are many good reasons for believing that the two countries are likely to

become better friends as time goes on,—reasons which it would be well for the rabid politicians of both countries, but particularly of our own, to heed.

From a purely political point of view the settlement of the Alabama question and the ridiculous San Juan dispute removes from the field of controversy the more exasperating matters at issue between us. The Irish question may seem to Mr. Froude and Father Burke likely to give rise to grave international difficulties; and as they are no doubt sincere in their respective opinions, we suppose it will not do to quarrel with them for fanning into a momentary flame the embers of an old quarrel. But the idea that there is any large or influential party among native Americans which desires to take a part in the quarrel between Ireland and England is a sheer delusion. The "sympathy with struggling nationalities" was at its height thirty years ago. Undoubtedly at that time the best and most influential Americans felt deeply for the wrongs of Italians, Hungarians, Irishmen, or indeed any people that had suffered at the hands of any other. Possibly, if there had been no Irish emigration to this country, we might to-day believe in Fenianism. But having in so many parts of this country of late years been governed by the Irish, we can better understand why England thinks it impolitic and even inhuman to allow them to govern themselves.

That this wild, half-civilized race, barely emerged from the clan condition, being admitted into a civilized foreign state should have actually succeeded, even for a time, in obtaining and controlling with an iron hand the affairs of its chief commercial centre, will, perhaps, one of these days, appear to our descendants what it really is,—one of the curiosities of history. Meantime, contemporary observers have certainly not beheld the results of the Irish invasion with any peculiar satisfaction. Wherever in the country the Irish population has got the upper hand, government has shown a marked tendency to sink to a savage level. We have had "home rule" in New York.

There is another aspect of the Irish question, too, which it is quite important to consider, though not easy to mention with all the seriousness and gravity it deserves. At the same time that they undertook to do our governing for us, they also took upon themselves the no less delicate

though subordinate mission of domestic service, and in service as in politics they have distinguished themselves by the lack of every quality which makes service endurable to the employer or a wholesome life for the servant. In obedience, fidelity, care, and accuracy they have proved themselves the inferiors of every kind of servants known to modern society. In every kitchen in the land, as we may say, there has been at least one of these strange people stationed, doing her best for the last thirty years to wean us from all sentimental attachment to the country she came from. Besides this, the Irish have done their utmost to keep alive the Democratic party, and have proved the main stay of the Catholic religion,—two of the forces most thoroughly organized in this country for opposition to every modern idea. It is to their Catholic bigotry, and to the stupid kind of Protestantism which that bigotry engenders, that we owe the "Bible in the public schools" agitation,—an agitation which, turning as it does on the necessity of an amount of a religious instruction not sufficient to be more than mere form, ought long ago to have been ended by the mutual concession of secularization.

In short, in their various capacities of legislators, mayors, laborers, cooks, Democrats, and Catholics, the Irish have themselves been explaining the difficulties of the Irish problem to us in all its details. Perhaps the most fundamental feeling with regard to the Irish in the minds of Americans at the present day is a profound sense of fatigue with the various annoyances their immigration has inflicted upon us, combined with a vague, sad reminiscence of the sentiment of the by-gone days, when we knew them only from the portraits of O'Connell, and the fascinating pages of Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer, or the Irish melodrama, as conceived by English playwrights.

But how is all this consistent with our sympathy with the Fenians and the loud-mouthed professions of our politicians at the time of the raids on the Canadian border, and the establishment of the headquarters of the Irish Republic in New York? Without in the least defending these things, English people ought to remember that it was after all at the hands of the government of this country that the Fenian movement received its death blow. If any real sympathy with the movement for the conquest of Canada had been de-

veloped, the movement would be still going on. We have yet to hear of any native American who has ever given a dollar to the support of the Irish cause. There was indeed a good deal of amusement and satisfaction felt here at the raid, because Canada has never been much loved by Americans, and has always been laughed at as a Province, and the Alabama question was then still unsettled, and the Dominion scheme was looked upon by some people as a device by Great Britain for inserting a thorn in the national side. The general spirit of recklessness and love of disorder fostered by our war, then but just over, must be taken into account also. The news of a Fenian raid on Canada was welcomed by many newspapers and politicians as a joke, which they might exaggerate into a "sensation," and thus amuse themselves with the fears they excited. That this notion of the function of a newspaper or politician should exist is no doubt a great pity; but it does exist in the United States and in other countries. The mistake made in England is of taking newspapers and politicians of this class as representing the prevailing tendency of the country. It is of course difficult to substantiate general statements of this kind, but we think we speak within bounds when we say that there has been within the past few years a visible diminution in the influence upon the government of those spasmodic and frenetic ebullitions of popular excitement upon which sensational editors and politicians live. That the country is in the best hands, or that it is not threatened with very serious internal dangers, we are far from saying; but of that peculiar kind of danger which comes of the intentional fostering of civil dissensions among powers with which we are at peace, there is less and less. We may go wrong in international affairs from that spirit of lawlessness exhibited in such matters as the French arms sale and the San Domingo protectorate, or the disregard of decency shown in the preparation of our "case" in the Alabama arbitration; but the probability of our outraging the feelings of England by any warm sympathy for the wrongs of oppressed Ireland is extremely small. In fact, intelligent people are beginning to understand that in Ireland the Sassenach of to-day is doing all he can to make modern life possible to a people still singularly antique in their feelings, opinions, and customs, and that the main obstacle in the way of the

progress of the Irish nation is their own intellectual and moral condition.

But there are other and deeper reasons for thinking that the American anglophobia of the past will probably be succeeded, though not by angliomania, certainly by respect and esteem. It is not only that the political differences of the past are being swept into oblivion, but that a certain amount of *rapprochement* is going on steadily between the moral and social conditions of the two countries.

In the first place it is a truism to say that the work which was begun by steam is now completed by the telegraph, and England and the United States, which a generation since were in opposite worlds, are now next-door neighbors. The intimate union thus effected must year by year gradually blend together the commercial and intellectual interest of the two divisions of the English-speaking race.* Every additional merchant who draws on London or New York is one more guaranty of the peace between the two countries. Every additional English author who writes for American readers, every additional American author whose books go to England, even in the present pitiful condition of the copyright question, make war additionally difficult. Of course this would not be the case if there were any wide diversity of interests. The intimate business connections of the North with the South did not prevent slavery from bringing us to war. But there is no such diversity. Both nations are commercial; both are Protestant; both govern themselves through the machinery of representation; in both are to be found the same general division of the powers of government; and in both speech and opinion are free.

Both countries, too, are every year coming more and more under the influence of capital. In England wealth obtains political power by getting hold of the House of Commons; in the United States it is working its way into every department of the government,—an inevitable result of breaking down all the barriers which a secure tenure of official positions interposes. In fact, we may say, speaking in a general way, that England is governed by capital, and this country is governed by such politicians as capital sanctions by silence or approval. The Legislature of New York did whatever they were requested to do by Fisk, until Fisk's own exertions had called into existence a capitalized hostility powerful

enough to overthrow him. As soon as a large enough number of stockholders had been defrauded by Fisk, and a large enough number of other capitalists had been swindled by Fisk's judges, the balance of power was reversed, and Fisk, or rather Fisk's assigns, were removed from power. Now Vanderbilt's capital controls the movement of the political machinery. In the same way, the effect of capital upon politics is seen in the total failure of the repudiation scheme of a few years ago; and in the recent election, it was not questioned that one of the heaviest blows suffered by the Greeley party was the capitalists' support of Grant. The escape of taxation by large corporations in this country, and in England the expense of Parliamentary elections, point in the same directions. Some of the results are bad, others good; but the general fact of the steadily increasing influence of capital on politics in both countries, and the tendency of this influence to unite the two countries, cannot be disputed. "Erie Reform," it will be remembered, was originally an English movement, stimulated solely by self-interest.

There are people who will insist that the two countries are necessarily foes, because one is democratic and the other an aristocracy. No doubt, if the aristocracy of England were what it was in the days of George III., and the democracy of the United States were throughout a community of New England town governments, there might be some reason to think that there was little hope of an understanding of one country by the other. But although there is still a great difference between the social system of England and the United States, a steady assimilation has been for a long time going on.

In the last hundred years almost everything which made England a representative of mediæval customs and ideas has passed away. Religious freedom has taken the place of intolerance, extended suffrage of rotten boroughs, speech and opinion and trade have won their way to absolute freedom, the crown has been shorn of most of its power, the bench has become in fact, as well as in theory, the dispenser of justice, the press has obtained a power and dignity unknown elsewhere, the foreign policy of the country has become peaceful, while the whole community has thrown itself into commercial pursuits with an ardor that has easily enabled it to distance all competitors. The social hierarchy still exists, and

serves to give a fierce zest to the struggle for existence, but it is idle to compare the English aristocracy of to-day with that of the last century. A hierarchy into which the lowest born may find his way if he is successful in art, law, letters, even trade, soon ceases to have many features in common with an historic order which makes military ancestry the test of admission. When, in 1832, the English ministry threatened to force the Reform Bill of that year through the House of Lords by the creation of new peerages, a principle was admitted into the government fatal to the old *régime*. The English peerage of to-day is a peerage created within the last two hundred years, and of which half the titles are no older than the present century. Such a peerage is no doubt a useful order, but it is not an aristocracy in the old sense of the word.

As regards the relations of employer and employed, England has completely changed her system. Although the manufacturing districts in England are not perhaps even yet the workingman's paradise, the laborer has Americanized his condition to such an extent that he is almost as well off as if he undertakes to Americanize it by emigration. The purchasing power of wages is so much greater there than here, and the taxation so much more fairly adjusted, that the skilled laborer is perhaps better off in England. It is the unskilled workmen, the poorest kind of laborers, who improve their chances in life now by coming to this country. The difficulty of obtaining skill, accuracy, and fidelity is universally admitted to be one of the most serious obstacles in the way of the pursuit of the higher branches of industry in the United States. Forty years ago this was not so. When Lowell was the seat of the most-intelligent factories in the world, the United States could fairly claim the right of advising even the best English artisans to change their citizenship. But everything wears a new face to-day; our factories are full of unskilled, ignorant hands, while the lesson originally learnt from us the English have made such good use of, that we must now learn it again from them.

In the organization of industry, too, far more progress has been made in England than with us. Whether or not we regard co-operation or trades-unions as the probable ultimate solution of the labor question, it is not difficult to see that both have been most effectually organized in England. Almost the only successful co-operative exper-

iments have taken place there, and the testimony taken by Parliament certainly shows that the trade-union system has obtained a hold upon the public opinion of the working classes which far outstrips anything we have in this country. Should the trade-union prove, as seems not impossible, the necessary stepping-stone from the contract to the co-operative system, they are nearer by far to one important social goal than we are.

In her vices, too, England has become as modern as she has in other respects. The day of fox-hunting priests, drunken noblemen, and duelling legislators is gone by, but speculation and fraud have come in. Brutality yields the place to cunning, the philistine passion for material comfort has become the general appetite of the country. The "mean admiration of mean things," which was never an historic peculiarity of the English race, has been held up to the public for scorn by the chief modern English satirist, as a modern tendency of English society. In the corruption which prevails at elections, too, in the gradual disappearance from Parliament of all oratorical power, and the rise into legislative influence of men whose sole title to such distinction is their wealth, and in the growing power and reckless irresponsibility of corporations, we see the same tendencies which are at work on this side of the Atlantic, and may, too, for convenience, be termed modern.

While England has been with every year losing its hold upon the past, and really bringing itself under the influence of the spirit which it was the fashion a generation ago to call "American," but which now really belongs to no one country, but is the common spirit which animates civilized society at large,—while England has been moving slowly in this direction, America has been gradually placing herself in a position in which intellectual and moral aid from England is as useful for her further advance.

Naturally enough, at the time of the Revolution, Americans looked to France, not only for sympathy, but instruction; it is too late now to blame Jefferson and his followers for having gone to France for political metaphysics at a time when France was a great centre of intellectual activity, and when every branch of knowledge, from politics to theology, was based on metaphysical speculation of some sort. The American system was as little dependent for practical construction upon metaphysics, as a

tree is for its growth upon a knowledge of organic chemistry on the part of the planter. But the theories with regard to the nature, origin, and province of government made use of by the party which soon acquired control of the machinery, undoubtedly derived their force from the highly metaphysical speculations of the French political writers of the last century. And no doubt, in the existing condition of knowledge, the abstract rights of abstract man, and the social contract, were realities sufficiently solid to build societies upon, or destroy them with.

To-day the case is quite different. We are as much in need now of the anti-metaphysical, positive kind of knowledge, which the experience of England has yielded her, as we then were of the speculative. Both law and the art of government have been raised above the metaphysical level of the past century into the clear light of positive knowledge by the exertions of English students. Whether we think of such writings as those of Austin and Mann and Hare, or such practical discoveries as those of the Irish prison system, or the abolition of political patronage in the civil service, or the immense improvement in the machinery of the administration of justice and the repression of crime, it is impossible not to see that, in many of the matters which concern the deepest interests of society, we must go to England for instruction and advice; and when we turn to reflect upon the loud-mouthed vapidity of the men who have lately called themselves our statesmen, on such custom-houses as those of New Orleans, on such legislatures as those of South Carolina and Louisiana, on such judges and jails as those of New York, on the irresponsibility of our officials, on such recklessness of property and life as we have lately seen in Chicago and Boston, we must admit that the sooner we begin to borrow what we may from the experience of England the better it will be for us.

Intellectual assistance is not the only aid which we may derive from England. There are many moral qualities which are the common inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race, but which to-day exhibit themselves in the English branch of it far more than in the American. In the furious scramble for wealth which has been going on here for the last generation, our traditional virtues of self-respect, dignity, moderation, rever-

ence, love of law, have been sadly lost sight of. It is useless to attempt to persuade the world that this is true only of a certain class of Americans. The disease breaks out in too many classes not to be epidemic; there are too many politicians exposed, too many railroad-men arrested for fraud, too many insurance companies disappear after great fires, too many lawyers have understandings with judges, too many newspapers publish the evidence of too many editors' rascality, for the world to believe that there is not throughout the country a wide-spread capacity to exhibit sudden immorality of a very startling kind.

As we have already said, there is plenty of speculation and plenty of commercial immorality in England; that there is too much self-respect, reverence, and love of decency and decorum in either country we are not inclined to believe; but no one who is unprejudiced and is at all familiar with English character can doubt that these virtues are more common than with us, or, to say the least, that in the control of public affairs, in the management of business, and giving public expression to the national character in a literary form, those Englishmen who have these qualities have far more influence than the same sort of man has with us.

We have no desire to be prophetic as to the relations of England and America; and in what we have been saying we have merely endeavored to point out certain considerations, which have an important bearing on those relations, and which from motives of national vanity are frequently kept in the background. It is high time that the cheap philosophy of that patriotism which inculcates it as a duty to frown upon all public criticism of the defects of one's own nationality should come to an end. For better or for worse, the English race has become cosmopolitan, and cosmopolitan powers cannot indulge themselves in provincial emotions. Neither England nor the United States is an ideal state, but their ideals are so alike, and their interests so closely united, that each may find in the experience of the other the surest guide. During the early portion of the history of this country, England derived many valuable lessons from the "American experiment." It is now our turn to learn from England.

